MEMOIRS OF THE HARVARD DEAD

IN THE WAR AGAINST GERMANY

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OF THE HARVARD DEAD
IN THE WAR
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II

MEMOIRS OF THE HARVARD DEAD IN THE WAR AGAINST GERMANY

By M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

VOLUME II

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PREFACE

In the reading of each volume of these memoirs of the men whose names are inscribed on the Harvard Roll of Honor a statement from the Preface to the first volume should be remembered. It is as follows:

"There has deliberately been no attempt to 'standardize' the memoirs with respect either to length or to character. It has seemed better simply to make in each instance what could be made, within reasonable bounds, of the material at hand. Every effort has been put forth to secure equal supplies of material from all sources, but without success. This will explain in some measure the varying lengths of the memoirs that follow."

The first volume dealt with the thirty men who died before the United States entered the war. This volume contains memoirs of the fifty-one who died within one year from April 6, 1917.

M. A. DeW. H.

Boston, *June, 1921.*

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MEMOIRS

They willingly left the unachieved purpose of their lives in order that all life should not be wrenched from its purpose, and without fear they turned from these gates of learning to those of the grave.

RUDYARD KIPLING

HAROLD CHANDLER KIMBALL

CLASS OF 1912

THIS second volume of "Memoirs of the Harvard Dead" is separated from the first by the line which marked the entrance of the United States, on April 6, 1917, into the War against Germany. The thirty memoirs in the first volume deal, in the order of their deaths, with the men who died before that date. The first Harvard man to meet his death in the war after April 6 was Harold Chandler Kimball, of the Class of 1912, who fell in action at the taking of Vimy Ridge, April 9, 1917. Like others whose names appear after him on the Roll of Honor, some near its very end in point of time, he had entered the war long before his country associated itself with the Allied Powers. The "vanguard" of volunteers and the main body of Harvard

men attached to the American forces are therefore not to be subjected to any sharp division. A common pervading spirit may indeed be said to have blended them into a single body. If there is anything symbolic in dates, it is worth noting that Kimball, born in Rochester, New York, February 22, 1891, the anniversary of the birth of Washington, died April 9, 1917, the anniversary of Lee's surrender at Appomattox. Two such significant dates in American history are not often to be associated with an individual life.

He was the son of Harold Chandler and Martha Whitney (Pond) Kimball. At the age of twelve, in 1903, he entered St. George's School, Newport, Rhode Island, and graduated in 1907. There he is remembered as a quiet, unassuming boy who stood high in his classes and attended strictly to his school work. Without asserting qualities of leadership he was well liked by his schoolmates and masters, and took part in many school activities. Leaving school at sixteen he spent a year of study between St. George's and Harvard at the University of Rochester. He entered Harvard in 1908, played on the freshman golf team in 1909, joined the Cercle Français, the Fencing, Yacht, and Mining Clubs, and left college in 1912, before graduation, to take up a manufacturing occupation in Rochester. A year later he defined his employment as that of a machinist, and in 1915 as "machinist with the Rochester Boring Machine Co., Rochester, New York." In June of 1914 he was married in London, to Miss Irene Agnew, of New York.

Kimball's war service was entirely with the Canadian forces. On April 5, 1916, he enlisted at Montreal as a private in the 178th Battalion, Infantry. On August 11 he

was transferred to the 117th Battalion, with which, three days later, he went over-seas. In December, 1916, he was transferred again, to the 24th Battalion, soon to proceed to France. Here he remained until he was instantly killed in action, April 9, 1917, in the charge on Vimy Ridge. He was buried near Neuville St. Vaast.

ALEXANDER DALE MUIR

GRADUATE SCHOOL, 1912–15

ALEXANDER DALE MUIR, son of the Reverend George Muir and Margaret Love (Ronald) Muir, now of Bradwardine, Manitoba, was born at Possilpark, Glasgow, Scotland, on March 10, 1887. For a short time he attended Whitehill School, Dennistown, Glasgow, but later, when his father accepted a call to the U. F. Church in Methven,

Perthshire, he became a pupil at the Methven Public School, whence he entered Perth Academy, Perth, for his high school training. For four years he there held the McDougall Scholarship and won, in the two final years, the Classics Medal, Dux Boy Medal, and Dux Medal.

In 1904, at the age of seventeen, he went to Glasgow University and, during his three years of attendance on the classes, held valuable scholarships. He took all but one of the examinations for his degree, but, owing to the state of his health, he found it necessary to remove to Canada in March, 1907. As it was then his intention to enter the Presbyterian ministry, he obtained an appointment as Student Missionary in the Jack Fish Lake District, North Battleford, Saskatchewan, and held it for one and a half years. At the end of this period he went further west to British Columbia and the Yukon, doing manual work and living with the toilers, working on the streets, in boats, and in lumbering camps — anywhere — in order to learn the conditions of such an existence and to come into close contact with the mind of the laboring class. In 1909 he returned to mission work and served well during his year's tenure of office in the Gull Lake District, Saskatchewan.

He had originally intended to return to Scotland to complete his studies, but by this time his family had come to Canada and were living in Gainsboro, Saskatchewan; therefore he decided to finish his undergraduate work at McGill. In order to take the Honors English and History course there, he entered the third year, Arts, in 1910, graduating with First Rank Honors in 1912.

During his time at McGill he took part in mission work, and on alternate evenings assisted at the desk in the McGill

Library. Under the Presbyterian Church Extension Committee in Montreal, he began, with a little group of a dozen persons, the Plateau Mission, which, before he left, had grown into a flourishing congregation occupying its own church of St. Luke, the building of which had been due to his inspiration and faith.

But his opinions had been changing slowly, and before he left McGill he had given up all thought of the ministry, for he felt that he could no longer accept the tenets of the Church in their entirety. It was at this time that he came to Harvard as a student of history in the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. In his first year, 1912–13, he was a University Scholar in History, in his second a Harris Fellow, and at the end of the third, in 1915, he won the award of the Charles Eliot Norton Fellowship, providing for a year at the American School of Classical Studies in Athens. From the opportunity there awaiting him he was well qualified to profit.

By nature a student, he took his recreation from serious studies rather in lighter reading than in outdoor sports — with the exception of walking, for of that he was very fond and delighted in searching out quaint old houses in corners of historic interest. He also found much pleasure in music, especially the study of the organ. Evidently he was not of the type to which the war could have made the appeal of physical adventure. But by June of 1915 the seriousness of its issues had become so evident to all that he could see but one thing to do, namely, to serve as best he might, in whatever capacity. His Fellowship was held open to him in the hope of his return.

In June of 1915, therefore, he broke with his student's

life. On Tuesday the 15th he set sail on the *Bohemian* (Leyland line), working his passage across by caring for horses. He gave two reasons for the step he had been obliged to take: — that his highest ideals of liberty had been learned from the traditions of Great Britain, and that such ideals should be defended by every one of her sons; and that in the war he should see history in the making, in proportions never before imagined as possible, and that, if he were spared to come back, his experience would have given him a breadth of outlook that could not fail to render his future work in history more valuable.

In writing of his decision to his mother he said: "Though you will feel pain at the step that I have found it necessary to take, you will, I am sure, be brave enough to recognize that what I have done is a right thing to do, and you will perhaps be proud that your sons [George, his brother, enlisted at the same time] are proving not entirely unworthy of the traditions of liberty in which you have nourished them."

Making his way to his native Scotland, he went to Perth. He feared that defective eyesight would debar him from service in the infantry, but was fortunate enough to obtain a second lieutenancy, and that in the Black Watch. He went into training at Bridge of Earn, then for some time attended an Officers' Training School in Leeds. In January, 1916, he crossed to France. There he underwent training with his regiment, which very shortly was sent "up the line." He served on the Somme and in the Ypres salient. Towards the end of April he had his first and only "leave." Near the end of September he was mentioned in despatches for a first lieutenancy, but he was not gazetted

for this promotion until after he had been incapacitated through illness.

In September also his letters told of ill health, lassitude, and nervous strain. In December he was sent to guard prisoners behind the lines; later he was moved farther back to guard a water supply. Finally he was taken, in January, to a hospital. Toward the end of the month he was removed to Yorkhill Hospital, Glasgow. He was very weak and ill and knew that there could be no further service for him. He therefore resigned his commission in order to be transferred to a sanatorium outside of Perth, and in the midst of his boyhood friends, many of whom had made his stay in Yorkhill Hospital very happy by visiting him there. His letters up to the last told of hopes that he would soon return to Canada, but he grew steadily weaker, and died on April 12, 1917.

To the foregoing summary of Muir's record, provided almost entire by his sister, Miss Mary Dale Muir, for this book, the testimony of two of his teachers at Harvard can fortunately be added. The impression his personality and character produced upon Professor Haskins, Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, and Professor W. S. Ferguson, of the Department of History, under whom much of Muir's work at Cambridge was done, is clearly set forth in the following expressions from them.

Dean Haskins has recently written:

> I was well acquainted with Alexander Dale Muir, who was for a year one of my assistants and had a room in my house. He was a particularly likable and admirable type of man. To first-rate ability he joined an uncompromising devotion to truth and a loyalty to conviction which, at much personal sacrifice, took

him into the war. He then gave up the Charles Eliot Norton Fellowship, which had been awarded him for study at Athens in his chosen field of Ancient History. More than one of his American associates in the Graduate School envied him the calm serenity with which he started for service as a volunteer. His example did much to bring the war home to our graduate students in the period before the United States entered it. His occasional letters from the front were always cheerful, the natural expression of a sincere and earnest nature which took duty, however unpleasant, as a matter of course.

Professor Ferguson, writing in more detail, has said:

The call to service came to him in circumstances that made his response little short of heroic. Though alert and quick in his movements and almost unnecessarily active, he was not physically robust. The animal in him shrank from war. He had obligations to his family which long held him back (for he began to think of going in August, 1914) and made his eventual decision to go an agony to him. The path of duty was not clearly indicated. He was never happy unless he had found some general principle, valid to him personally, to which he could subordinate his actions. He had been, as it were, converted to the study of History, for which he had marked aptitude — a mind fertile of ideas, a strong imagination, a good memory, facility for languages and a vigorous, facile style. In his work at Harvard he had achieved success: he had passed his preliminary examinations for the Doctorate with marked distinction, had finished an essay on Ptolemaic Egypt which was to serve as the basis for a biography of Ptolemy Philadelphus, and had been awarded the Charles Eliot Norton Fellowship which would have enabled him to spend the year 1915–16 in Greece. His career lay open before him and he had a keen relish for it.

It was his study of the Seven Years' War and his teaching of the campaigns of Frederick the Great to his sections of History I in Harvard that settled the matter for him. He came to see, as

he put it on coming to inquire if I could get him off before the end of the college year, that "the Prussians would stand a lot of beating." It was not the spirit of adventure that took him "home" to Scotland, nor did he have any illusions as to the nature of the ordeal he was to encounter in France. He was not the sort that succumbed to the contagion of ideas and enlisted because otherwise he might be thought a coward. He saw that even he could not be spared if the Germans were to be prevented from dominating the world.

Once his mind was made up he was impatient to be off. Rejected because of defective eye-sight — one eye was useless — he memorized the tests and "got by." How he crossed on a cattle ship, got a commission in the Black Watch "through the joint influence of a clergyman — a friend of his father — and John Dewar the whiskey king," studied in the officers' school at Leeds, fought mock battles and dug real trenches for months in the drizzle of East Scotland, got his baptism of fire on an open road in France on his stomach, went through the Somme Campaign of 1916, and succumbed to the mud and cold of the next winter in Flanders, you will have learned from other sources.

In all the aspects of Muir's relation to the war, he appears as a notable type of the scholar in arms.

RONALD WOOD HOSKIER

CLASS OF 1918

RONALD WOOD HOSKIER entered Harvard from St. George's School, Newport, Rhode Island, in the autumn of 1914. During a school year passed in Europe he proved his quality of loyalty, after he had made the first ascent of a peak in the Alps and was permitted to give it a name, by calling it "Pic St. Georges." It was on St. George's Day, April 23, 1917, that he met his death in France, fighting alone, as a member of the Lafayette Escadrille, against three German airplanes.

He was born in South Orange, New Jersey, March 21, 1896, a son of Herman Charles and Harriet A. (Wood) Hoskier. The characteristics that marked his boyhood are

clearly indicated in a paragraph from a page about him in *St. George's Alumni Bulletin* of June, 1917:

> At school Ronald was of a retiring, reserved disposition, going about his own work with quiet determination, and not easily making friends with masters or boys. His interests were literary rather than social. He was a good student, standing high in his classes. In his Sixth Form year he was made a prefect in recognition of his sterling qualities and fine school spirit. He did not in the least court this position, as he shrank from the prominence it would give him; but he accepted it as a duty and showed by daily example a keen sense of the responsibility he had assumed.

In his last year at St. George's he was also editor-in-chief of the school paper, *The Dragon*, to which he was a frequent contributor of prose and verse that spoke for a boy's sound thought and feeling. He took his part in athletics, and in all his school relations exerted the positive influence of a well-rounded character.

When the war came, he was passing the summer holiday between school and college in Europe. All his impulses, unrestrained, would have carried him at once into the fight against Germany. But he returned to America, entered Harvard, and began his college course with zest and devotion. His writing in the freshman course in English composition broadened the promise of his schoolboy work. He interested himself in fencing, and became secretary of the Fencing Association. He was elected a member of the Institute of 1770, D.K.E., Iroquois, and Fly Clubs. All the while his thoughts were in France, where his father, as early as 1915, had joined the ambulance work directed by Richard Norton, for his part in which he was later decorated with the Legion of Honor. In the summer of 1915

Ronald Hoskier himself went to England and, with the hope of qualifying as an aviator when the United States should enter the war, got his first experience of flying at Hendon, rising daily at 4 A. M., often only to wait about for hours without flying, owing to a paucity of planes. But his patience did not carry him to that day, and in February of 1916 he left college, sailed for France, enlisted in the Lafayette Escadrille on April 5, and began his period of training at Dijon on May 10.

The spirit in which he entered this service is suggested by some verses, hitherto unpublished, which he wrote for his mother in Paris at the end of March after they had witnessed together a ceremony of distributing military medals at the Invalides:

The Courtyard of Les Invalides is lit
With gladdening sunshine: all the world is gay.
The crowds press round about the barricades.
The heroes of the war are decked today.
So bright the scene there hardly seems a place
For any touch of sorrow. Are not these
Thy sons, O France; and this the glorious day
When their sure valor finds its fit reward?
There stands a mother, dressed in deepest black,
And in her arms a child, but half awake;
So young he never knew his noble sire,
Who gave his life, a hero's life, for France.
Now comes her turn. The woman's downcast eyes
Lift to the sunshine with the light of hope.
She holds her son, and on his breast is pinned
The ribboned Cross for which his father gave
A generous life. An echo of a sigh
Blows through the Square: each banner now unfurls,
As softly fall the sunbeams on his curls.

After Hoskier's death one of the men in his Escadrille said to his mother: "Mrs. Hoskier, almost all men have two sides, one that is known to their mothers, and one that is known to their men friends. Ronald had but one side, and that was the one known to his mother." A characteristic incident illustrates the relation between this mother and son. "Before sailing for France in February, 1916" — the father tells the story — "he went through the old home, then closed and very cold (it had been shut up since June, 1914). He had his hat on, but before entering his mother's room he uncovered himself as if entering a church or moving on to holy ground. The old attendant who accompanied him protested, but he waved her aside, 'I could not think of entering Mother's room with my hat on.'" Only a week before his death he was with his mother in Paris, and coming to her rooms to say good-night after the Harvard dinner he had attended, exclaimed as he opened the door, "Oh, Mother, why does any man ever go to any college but Harvard!" Professor Royce's philosophy of loyalty had in him a perfect illustration.

In his training as a French aviator he worked through the schools at Buc, Bourges, Cazaux, Pau, and Plessis-Belleville without a single accident, always first in his class, and arrived finally at the Somme front on December 13, 1916. In a little more than two months he was recommended for a sergeantship, and in April, 1917, was gazetted sergeant. Pitted against the best German pilots, he fought many battles indecisive with respect to receiving credit for enemy planes actually brought down, but always successful in putting to flight those that ventured over the French lines.

The following passages from a letter written to his friend and master at St. George's School, Herbert F. Preston (Harvard, '04), picture Hoskier's experiences while still in training:

October 8, 1916.

The actual business of flying has become so natural that it seems strange to write about it, but I have gone fast through the training, yet I have been at work for nearly four and a half months and am not in harness yet. Things go slowly. As you look back, each step of the training seems dull, yet, at the time, it was supremely interesting. Had I crossed to France merely to learn to fly, I could have fallen upon no more wonderful opportunity. A civilian school teaches you nothing compared with what the army gives. Here you really learn to fly, or else get kicked out. In the early stages, the measure of a pupil's success is judged for the most part in the number of machines he has NOT smashed up. Each *élève pilote* represents to the French Government a certain investment. If he increases his cost by the expense of broken machines, he is an unsatisfactory investment and is sent back where he came from — to the infantry, the cavalry or the artillery, or perhaps he becomes an observer and aerial machine-gunner. It takes something under three months to make a pilot and then more time is given to perfecting him in various branches of his work.

These first three months are passed in one of the big schools. I'd like to show you the school I was at at Buc. Picture a great plateau of rolling green with the hangars and officers making a corner at one end. Over the plateau are crawling dozens of aeroplanes and the queer smell of burnt petrol and oil from rotary engines hangs in the air. This is the Blériot School and the machines are not wandering aimlessly over the field, as it appears, but each has its separate spot to work on. Here are men in the early stages of their training, learning to taxi their machines in a straight line, either not getting off the ground at all, or else merely rising to twenty or thirty feet and coming down at once.

They are learning to land their machines, the most difficult thing for the beginner to do, and some of the landings do not come off quite as intended. The plane comes down with a smack and a jangling bang as if Raffles had dropped his bag of swag over the area railings, and then the machine bounds into the air again like a frightened grasshopper of titanic size and finally comes to rest after a series of crashes and leaps, similar to the first, but in diminuendo. If the pupil is lucky, nothing has broken, for the Blériot is a hardy beast, but a bump heavier than the rest may have found a weak spot in the chassis and then the machine comes down on its knees like a stumbling horse and results in "a pile" as the English pilots call it, something like the end of the "Wonderful One-Horse Shay."

At another side of the field is a more advanced class, the Blériot sixty horse power. Dainty machines are these as they float across the *piste* and rise against the sky. There one comes down in a wide sweeping curve, straightens out, flashes for a hundred yards breast high across the field, and comes to earth as gently as a butterfly, "*comme une fleur*," as the pleased instructor puts it; it is his best pupil.

For the pilot's exams. the pupil has to learn and use another machine, a Caudron bi-plane. The Caudron controls are heavy on the hand after the delicate Blériot, but the plane is wonderfully stable and the experienced pilot can throw it round in the air at almost any angle with impunity. The hardest tests are the three triangular, cross-country flights of about 130 miles each. My last was the most interesting. I left Buc at 7.40 A.M. The weather did not look over-promising, but I got comfortably up to 3500 feet, steering by map and compass over country I knew slightly from two former trips flown in the opposite direction. Presently I saw a darker blur on the drab of the distant country below and in front of me, which I knew for the town of Chartres. This side of it was the aerodrome which was my first objective. About the same time I noticed a sea of gray clouds driving toward me at about my own altitude. It is never safe to fly into

clouds unless you can see something of the ground on the other side, for in a cloud all sense of orientation is lost, and the machine is as apt as not to turn on its side or even its back without the pilot being aware of it. He has nothing to judge by as to whether he is level or not, and appalling wing-slips and tail-dives are often the result. I was n't taking chances, so shut off my motor and planed down a thousand feet, the advance guard of the cloud bank blowing past me, wispy bits of floating mist. At 2500 feet I got through and a few minutes later dropped on down to the aerodrome at Chartres. There I made my report and telephoned on to Evreux, my next stop. From there they told me the clouds were down to 1200 feet, but I wanted to get finished, and started again. I hit the ceiling, the bottom of the cloud bank, at 1700 feet and came down a bit. By this time the weather was very hot, and the combination of heat and clouds was kicking up a tremendous rumpus in the air. I passed from one air pocket to another and the machine rocked and plunged like a ship in a storm. There was wind blowing from the side too and I drifted a bit. I tried different altitudes, but each seemed more undesirable than the last. After the tossing my machine had had, I was not sorry to land in the aerodome at Evreux, nor surprised to find one of my control wires snapped off. Luckily its fellow had held firm. From Evreux back to Buc I had some more of the same heavy going, but the clouds had now risen a little. Landing at Buc I nearly came to grief, for some stupid mechanic had left the wind indicator pointing in the wrong direction and I came down with the wind almost behind me with the result that my machine landed at a fantastic speed.

Less than a month before his death he wrote thus to his mother of an experience in the day's work:

We had an early lunch and went out *en patrouille* at 11.30. The Captain and I were in Spads and I followed him. It was strange weather. The clouds were at all altitudes and formed into mountains and valleys of cotton wool, through which I had

to follow "his Nibs," as Ted calls the Captain. To add to the worry of having to play hide-and-seek, on a machine with which I had only a bowing acquaintance, I found the wind-shield much too low, and received most of the icy blast on my head and face, and it *was* cold! We could see the ground only through drifting clouds and before we reached the lines, the Captain turned west again. I suppose he meant to go home again and was lost. Heaven knew I could not have helped him find the way. He did some clever diving into cloud holes, and I finally dove after him through a snow flurry to find myself over our old hunting ground at Cachy — 'way north. The air crawled with three big English machines, but I saw no sign of the Captain; circled a little, and then set out for home. I passed Montdidier all right, but the evil weather was forcing me nearer the ground. Over the end of our home wood, I swung to the right and saw a black wall of cloud almost close enough to touch. I dove down below 300 feet and there saw the edges of the snow storm sweep below me and envelop the tops of the trees. Lower I went, but the storm was lashing the very ground, and there was no escape that way. Landing was out of the question. There remained one thing — to climb. But now the storm was all about me, and the tiny snow flakes dashing by and into my face. My glasses began to freeze over. I was shut into my machine as by a gray curtain, let down from the edges of the planes. I could not tell at what angle I flew: all I could do was to put all my controls in the centre and watch my altimeter go up. I'd have liked to go north into the wind, but felt I dared not move my controls: I must hold a straight course. Then I threw up my elbow to look at my compass. It was slowly revolving. I *was* turning! I sat and endured something of Hell, and prayed very earnestly that I might weather the storm. How my brain flew! As a dog's must when he is on the operating table, tied down — no outward movement, but raging activity within. Once I caught a glimpse of the sun, but it was hidden again at once in a swelter of flying gray. For almost ten minutes I flew in the gray light you would find in a

broken tomb, with death very closely beside me. At 8000 feet I saw the blessèd sun and the blue sky. I was in much the same place as when I had entered the storm (12.35, by the way) and I was able to drop down through a hole on to the field at Menil-St. Georges, where I waited better weather to come home. . . .

On returning I found both Ted and the Captain had landed elsewhere. Another machine was out in my storm turning right above our field and unable to land. They could hear the sound of his motor. I have conceived a sort of affection for the new Spad: we pulled it off together.

Of Hoskier's final flight his father has written, in "St. George's School in the War":

When he flew to his death on 23rd April, 1917, he was out for the last time on an unsatisfactory machine, a Morane Parasol two-seater. It was not strong enough for scouting and manoeuvring, and was to be abandoned. He who always prided himself on keeping in touch with his fellow-scouts got separated in some thick, white, woolly clouds, an ideal condition for the grouped and waiting Boches, and found himself in presence of three enemy machines. He circled once, but finding no friends, attacked the three Boches. Something went wrong, we don't know what: perhaps a cable was shattered; perhaps he was struck in the head at once; at any rate, his own machine-gun-belt had been emptied and that of his *mitrailleur* nearly so. The machine fell from 8000 feet just inside the French lines. The bodies were recovered only at nightfall by the usual devotion of his fellow-members, as the enemy bombarded the spot all day. They are buried at Ham.

Hoskier's father has written elsewhere of his son, "no more spotless life has been offered for humanity"; and from the St. George's volume two passages may well be quoted to the same purport—one from the funeral oration pronounced by Captain Thénault, Commanding Officer of

the Escadrille: "*C'était une nature droite, une âme intelligente, éprise d'idéal et de beauté*"; the other from the citation of General Franchet d'Esperey, when conferring the *Croix de Guerre* with palm: "*Citoyen américain, engagé au service de la France. Véritable âme d'élite pour sa bravoure et son esprit de sacrifice. Est tombé le 23 Avril, après une héroïque défense, dans un combat contre trois appareils ennemis.*"

Falling thus in the forefront of the Americans to die after the declaration of war by the United States, an event that fell much later than he and his father had hoped, he enjoyed, as his father has expressed it, "the satisfaction previously of knowing that he was at last fighting under an unfurled flag."

FRANCIS BERGEN

LL.B. 1917

FRANCIS BERGEN takes his place on the Harvard Roll of Honor as the first representative of the Law School to meet his death after the United States entered the war. He occupies a corresponding place at Yale as the first graduate of that university so to die. His title to this double enrollment rests upon a record of purpose to which achievement was denied through tragic accident. Bergen, who had spent the summers of 1915 and 1916 at the Plattsburg camps, serving as an artillery and machine gun instructor in the second year, was nearing the end of his Law School course when Congress declared war. He immediately enlisted for active military service, was accepted by the army authorities in Boston early in May, and ordered to report

with Company 5, New England Division, Plattsburg Barracks, on May 12. On his way to Plattsburg, May 11, 1917, the motor car in which he was driving alone "turned turtle" near Glens Falls, New York. The accident was unwitnessed, and Bergen was found dead, wearing the uniform of the United States Army. In this he was buried. So culminated a brief life of uncommon promise.

Bergen was born in Montclair, New Jersey, January 30, 1892, the only son of Frank and Lydia Swift (Gardiner) Bergen. His father, descended from Hans Hansen Bergen, who emigrated from Holland to Long Island in 1633, is one of the leading lawyers of New Jersey. Through his mother he traced descent from the New England family of Gardiner whose name is preserved in Gardiner's Island in Long Island Sound. He prepared for college at the Pingry School, Elizabeth, New Jersey. In his junior year at college he received a "First Colloquy," and as a senior a "Second Dispute." In this year also he served on the editorial board of the *Yale Literary Magazine*. He was a member of Psi Upsilon, Scroll and Key, and the University and Elizabethan Clubs. "The Yale Book of Student Verse, 1910–1919," dedicated to "Francis Bergen, James Fenimore Cooper, Jr., and Kenneth Rand, three Yale poets who gave their lives in the service of their country," contains one of Bergen's poems, "Kismet," published in *The Lit* in his junior year, and revealing a marked delicacy of thought and expression.

The impression produced by his personality during his undergraduate days was something quite different from the fond, indefinite memory left behind by many a "good fellow." Professor William Lyon Phelps wrote of him:

He took all my courses and I knew him most intimately and had many long talks with him. He was one of the ablest students I ever had, one of the most truly original, one of the most charming. I have never known a man who combined such wit and such fantasy with such admirable common sense. I shall never forget him as long as I live.

And a college contemporary has filled out the picture by writing, apropos of a sketch of him:

I could wish that some of the endearing quirks of his character had been emphasized — the peculiar quality of his wit, half irritating, altogether delightful, the adventurous trend of his mind that set him wandering on the by-paths rather than the high-roads of knowledge. Another thing was the stimulating influence he had on his friends, which he acquired by a mixture of scolding and encouragement. For myself I owe more to him than to any friend I ever had. He was able to make one believe in oneself through the strength of his own confidence, and his interest and sympathy were unfailing.

His attitude towards the war, long before his country joined it, was shown in a letter he wrote, October 17, 1914, to a friend:

Blood of Mars, how I wish I were in the war! I really believe I'd exchange the human birthright of being some day in love for having a commission in the British Army! I read your letter narrowly and repeatedly, and happily say that I cannot accuse you of being one of our horde of despicable peace advocates. I have neither patience nor moderation before those soulless effeminates who cry down war. It is the high tide, the magnification of living; all the heroism, all the woe, pathos, and suffering of generations marched with you in inspiring or accusing array.

Another letter, written only two days before his death, to his father's friend, Judge Collins, of New Jersey, one of

three who endorsed Francis Bergen's application for admission to the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg speaks with gratitude of the opportunity before him, and contains this significant paragraph: "I do not find myself exercised over the possible consequences to my legal career. The business in hand seems to me to be a prerequisite to be accomplished by every able-bodied young man before he sets up for himself." It was of young men with this spirit that our best officers were made.

Bergen has been commemorated, most fitly, at Yale by his father's foundation of "The Francis Bergen Lectures," four annual lectures, under provisions of generous flexibility, on the following preferred subjects: Recent English Poetry; Recent English Prose Literature; Recent Dramatic Literature and Drama; Recent Advances and Achievements in Science.

JEAN SANCHEZ ABREU

CLASS OF 1914

THE parents of Jean Sanchez Abreu, Dr. Domingo Sanchez Toledo and Rosalia Abreu y Arenchia, were Cubans by birth and descent, but, owing to the unsettled conditions in Cuba at the time their son Jean was born, October 11, 1892, were then living in Paris. "Thus it was," says his brother Pierre (Harvard, '11), writing about him for a 1914 Class Report, "that Jean Sanchez Abreu spoke

French from his very childhood, and received the brand of French culture and civilization before any other influence. In 1899, at the close of the Spanish-American War, he returned to Cuba with his family, but his education was for many years entrusted to French governesses. From his thirteenth to his seventeenth year, he studied at his home in Cuba with American tutors who prepared him for an American college. Then he spent a year at 'La Villa,' a boarding-school situated near Lausanne, Switzerland, and finally entered Harvard College in the fall of 1910."

The records of his time at Cambridge do not show that he took an active part in undergraduate life, beyond serving as secretary of the Cercle Français. He must have pursued his studies to good purpose, for he received his bachelor's degree in February of 1914. Of the work that brought him to this point, and of all that followed, the brother's report, already quoted, presents an excellent summary:

Taking advantage of the very broad selective system which was still in vigor, he followed courses on the most varied subjects, wishing to complete in the most general possible sense his eclectic and cosmopolitan training already acquired. However, his interest in economic subjects gradually increased with his college years, and brought him to a practical specialization in them towards the close of his college career.

After obtaining his degree in three years, he returned to France, where in the meantime he has spent most of his summers, and entered the Law School of the University of Paris. There the war found him in 1914, and urged by his love for France, he immediately tried to enlist in the French Army. As he was a Cuban citizen, however, he found the regular ranks closed to him, and that he could only join the *Légion Étrangère.* He preferred offering his services to the French Red Cross, for which he drove a motor during the first six months of the war,

until the French Government opposed having foreigners within the military zone.

Jean Sanchez Abreu then resumed his interrupted studies of law, and by a very courageous effort managed to pass his second year examinations in 1915. But his desire to help France in the life struggle in which she was engaged urged him to join her armies. The Lafayette Flying Squadron had been formed with American elements officially engaged in the *Légion Étrangère*, but who had been directly employed in the Air Service, and in this he enlisted.

He was a very experienced motorist, having always owned and driven a car since his freshman year. He quickly became a very skilful pilot of airplanes. At the Chartres Military Flying School he astonished his teachers by the speed with which he progressed, and finally, on May 23, 1917, he passed with high marks the practical examinations and trials for the degree of military pilot. On the next day he obtained the customary leave of absence granted to newly brevetted pilots, and decided to spend it in Paris. But instead of taking the train, he decided to motor over, with his "Itala" Grand Prix racing car. Maurice de Ganay, a close friend, and comrade at the Chartres School, who had also finished his training on the twenty-third, accompanied him. For some as yet unknown reason, probably a broken steering gear, the car hit three trees in succession on a stretch of straight road, and toppled over and over. Both its occupants were instantly killed. Jean Sanchez Abreu's mangled remains were brought to Paris, and buried in the Cimitière du Nord.

Since Abreu's death his library, more than a thousand volumes on the history of Cuba and on French literature, has been presented by his family to the Library of Harvard College.

In all the long Roll of Honor the name of Jean Sanchez Abreu stands alone as that of one in whose person Spain was identified with Harvard and with the Allies.

EDWARD BLAKE ROBINS, Jr.

Class of 1910

Edward Blake Robins, Jr., was born in Boston, March 20, 1889, the son of Edward Blake Robins, of the Harvard Class of 1864, and Elizabeth Wildes (Tebbetts) Robins. His father, a son of Richard Robins (Harvard, 1826), served in the Civil and Spanish Wars, and has maintained a life-long interest in military matters. His only uncle and every cousin of suitable age served in the Civil War. Thus by every leading of inheritance and influence Blake Robins was among the first to respond to the call his country made to the young men of his generation.

He received his preparation for college at Noble and Greenough's School in Boston. At Harvard he was a member of the Institute of 1770, the Hasty Pudding, and Iro-

quois Clubs, and the Cercle Français, and stood, before reaching his twenty-first birthday, among the members of his class who completed the college course of study in three years and a half. The first two years of the business career for which he had prepared himself were passed in Portland, Oregon, in the employ of the Portland Railway, Light, and Power Company, a property controlled by the Philadelphia banking firm of E. W. Clark & Co. In 1912 he was placed in charge of the Boston office of this firm, a position of trust which he still held when he enlisted, November 2, 1915, in Troop B, Cavalry, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, for the term of three years.

In June, 1916, this unit was called into service on the Mexican border. Robins was mustered into federal service, June 26, 1916, for "border service," and was mustered out of federal service, November 16, 1916, when the Troop returned to Boston. On February 13, 1917, he was honorably discharged from Troop B. On March 20, he applied for examination for the Officers' Reserve Corps, which but for certain clerical errors would have been held before April 18, when all such examinations were suspended by the War Department. On May 14, however, he reported, on order of the Department, at the Reserve Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg, and was mustered into the United States Service in Company 11, First Provisional Training Regiment. In Texas he had contracted a serious and mysterious illness, found only by autopsy to be amoebic dysentery, which had worn down his vitality through the months of office work in Boston while he was deciding between his duty to the firm which had treated him with much generosity and to his country. He had gone

to Plattsburg out of condition and did full duty there for a week under the uncomfortable conditions of a new camp, but with increasing pain, which ended in utter exhaustion. On May 20 he underwent an operation for appendicitis. The infection was then found to be in the intestines, not the appendix, and on June 7 he was "discharged on account of slow recovery from an operation," but with the expectation that he could thus recuperate completely and join the Plattsburg Camp that was to open August 15. On June 8 he left the Champlain Valley Hospital at Plattsburg in an ambulance, and reached the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston the following day. Here he died, June 27, 1917.

The expressions of an office associate who, on hearing of his death, had said, "He was the most conscientious man I ever saw," should be recorded here:

> Intimately associated as I was with Blake Robins prior to his army service, I was always deeply impressed with his conscientiousness and loyalty. Cheerful and energetic in work and play, he looked facts squarely in the face and ever acted according to the high standards which governed his life. On the eve of business success, having been appointed New England manager for the banking firm of E. W. Clark & Company of Philadelphia, when his country called, I remember his expression so well. It was not "how I regret having to give up the opportunity that is before me," but "how badly men of my type, unmarried and free to give their lives, will be needed." A straight thinker and a straight actor was Blake Robins, but above all a loyal friend and an honorable gentleman.

On July 3, 1917, a tribute to Blake Robins, signed "J. G. R." appeared in the *Boston Evening Transcript*. The following paragraphs are taken from it:

In his few years of active business life, Blake Robins showed such aptitude as to win the respect and confidence of all associated with him, while his attractive personality drew to him friends from far and near.

When the call came for troops on the Texan border a year ago, he served faithfully his term of five months, and it was there that the seeds of the disease were sown which cost him his life. On his return, loyalty to the business firm which had held his position for him during his absence made him refuse the vacation and rest then so sorely needed, and he threw himself heart and soul into work for his firm, and with ever-increasing success.

Another test came when our country went to war — whether to stay on where his special talents and tastes held him, as well as material interests. A stern sense of loyalty to his country bade him offer his services, though it cost him dearly to turn his back on the business for which he was especially fitted, while having no natural taste for military life. He had been ailing all winter from this insidious poison in his system — though always making light of it — and his physician argued long, telling him how totally unfit he was then for military life — all to no purpose. "I cannot be thought to belong to the army of slackers," was Blake's reply. He resigned his business and went to Plattsburg. The evening before starting, he said to the present writer with deep earnestness, "Our country needs just this discipline. We have been too much given up to material things and amusements, and this war will be the making of us as it has been of England and France."

With these high aspirations in his heart, our young patriot left home and all he loved, fully prepared to offer his life for his country. He struggled along with almost constant pain for nearly a week in camp, trying not to shirk any duty. An operation for appendicitis was found imperatively necessary at once, and though after it he seemed to rally, it was only for a short time, and graver symptoms soon set in, and in less than six weeks — weeks of dreadful exhaustion and suffering — death

came to him as a release. He leaves hosts of friends to mourn for him, and the loss in his own family circle can never be filled; but the blessed heritage left by him is most truly that of a "*chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*," who gave his life for his country as truly as if on the battlefield.

HARMON BUSHNELL CRAIG

CLASS OF 1919

HARMON BUSHNELL CRAIG, known in a wide circle of friends as "Ham" Craig, was born in New York City, July 1, 1895, the elder son of John Craig and Mary Young, whose achievements as actors and theatrical managers have made their names and their work happily familiar to the American public. In the lineage of Mrs. Craig (Mary Young) the good Connecticut names of George Wyllys, an early governor, of John and William Pynchon, Joseph and William Whiting, speak for true American inheritances. Harmon Craig and his brother, John Richard Craig, Jr., passed through typical American boyhoods to their participation in the war. It was in the public schools of Brookline, Massachusetts, that Harmon Craig gave early evi-

dence of the qualities of energy, devotion and leadership which characterized the final months of his brief life.

A classmate in the Brookline Grammar School and High School recalls him first of all as "a dreamer, who while he dreamed was at the same time awake — a boy whose dreams had to do with realities." When the members of his Grammar School class were called upon to express one by one their choice among the pianola selections to which a half hour was periodically devoted in the school, he chose without fail Schumann's "Träumerei." Yet when the music was done he worked and played, especially at baseball, just as hard as if dreams were of no concern to him. He was president of his Grammar School class at graduation. For three of his four years in the High School he was president of his class, and in the third its treasurer. Here also he took a prominent part in the school plays, was a member of the debating team, baseball manager, and in his final year editor-in-chief of the school paper, *The Sagamore*. One of the poems, "The Passing of an Army," contributed to that journal, reveals the turning of the boy's imagination to scenes he was soon to know in reality.

A thoughtful, well-rounded youth, confirmed a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church while pursuing his school studies, in which, despite his many interests outside the classroom, he maintained an "A" and "B" standard of scholarship throughout his course, he entered Harvard in the autumn of 1915, full of promise. In college he promptly "went out," by means of the usual competition, for a *Crimson* editorship, and became an active member of the Harvard Dramatic Club. He was one of the committee of his class which brought out the "Red Book" at the end of his

freshman year, and was elected in the next year to the Institute of 1770 and the D.K.E. His sophomore year was only half spent when, on February 19, 1917, he sailed from New York with a group of college students, including his brother in the Harvard contingent, as a volunteer for the ambulance work of the American Field Service in France.

Early in March he began this service in the Argonne region, as a member of Section 2 with the 65th Division of the French Army, and conducted himself with an unselfishness and valor that won the highest praise. Towards the end of June his mother came to Paris, where her two sons were permitted to visit her. During their absence from the front their unit was shifted from the Argonne to the neighborhood of Verdun. In a little more than two weeks after the brothers rejoined their comrades Harmon Craig received his fatal injury. A few passages from his journal during this final fortnight shall speak for its arduous days:

VILLE-SUR-COUSANCES,
June 28, 1917.

Just back from a wonderful permission with Mother in Paris. How sweet it is to revel in the luxury and comfort of a hotel after three months at the front. I enjoyed every minute of my time, seeing many fellows that I know, meeting them unexpectedly in Paris. During the week we heard frequent rumors of a large Verdun offensive. We also heard from the section that trucks and camions and artillery wagons were pouring through the Argonne every night, consequently when word came that the section had moved over near Verdun, we knew that all the excitement we wanted was in store for us. Jack and I and John Ames took the noon train for Bar-le-Duc. We arrived at five, but because of the usual blunders, no car met us until eleven. It was quite dark when we started for Dombasle, where Section 2 is

quartered, and before we had been riding twenty minutes, I was brought face to face with the reality of the coming offensive, and began to appreciate on what enormous and terrifying a scale a modern attack is carried out.

As soon as we reached the main road we came upon an endless line of camions all rumbling along in the darkness. Each was filled with infantry to its uttermost capacity, men being jammed in like cattle. There were also guns, huge guns such as I have never seen in the Argonne. For three hours we kept passing this solemn parade of men and cannon. At each cross road were stationed officers and sentinels with shrouded lanterns who directed and urged on the procession. Most of the men were riding in silence, many even managing to sleep in their awkward positions, but occasionally we passed a camion whose crew was chanting some weird song of war or a love song. This concentration of men has been going on for many days. Immediately after sundown the roads become alive with teams and trucks, and every route to Verdun is choked with slowly creeping processions.

Here at Dombasle the whole atmosphere is impregnated with the vague imminence of an approaching offensive. This section is totally different from the Argonne. The country is barren and deserted and the fields of stubble stretch for miles along the white and dusty roads. The sun is burning everything and the thick white alkali dust gives all objects a gray and withered appearance. We no longer see the beautiful rich green of the Argonne vegetation. Here the country seems baked and dead. Every three or four miles one comes upon a small ruined village, now deserted. The whole region has been blasted by shells; nowhere does the country fail to remind one of the terrible struggle that has been going on in this Sector for so long. Dombasle itself is nothing but a group of wrecked houses. It is quite close to the front and there is certainly much more activity here than in our former sector. The aeroplanes are especially active, a fact which signifies a great deal, and promises a lot of excitement before long. Shells from the Boche trenches frequently go moaning

over our heads. They are big boys and do not whistle as the 105's and 150's used to, but pass over with a long drawn out wail. Putting it literally, this section was baptized in fire as soon as it reached Dombasle.

Tonight about 8.30 a dispatch rider came tearing up to the Bureau on his motorcycle and said that the Boches were attacking at Hill 304. Instantly we began to hustle around and prepare for heavy work. Some shells went sailing over our heads toward Jubécourt, and in the distance the heavy firing told us that something out of the ordinary was happening. Harper and I were the first to leave for Montzéville, he being the driver, and myself orderly. As we passed out of Dombasle we saw several artillery field pieces hurrying up the road toward Esnes, which is directly back of the first lines, and later passed two battalions of the 346th drawn up by the roadside and ready to be sent ahead. A heavy rain was falling, frequent flashes of lightning lit up the country, but the night was not very dark and we had little difficulty in keeping on the road. Montzéville is about seven or eight kilometres from Dombasle. The road is well screened all the way and of course we could not use any lights. French batteries on both sides of us were firing steadily. The whistle of the departing shells was incessant, but we heard no Boche shells coming in.

At Montzéville we found the Lieutenant hurriedly giving directions to the fellows. It was my first visit to the *poste*, but the darkness prevented my seeing anything except the few shattered remains of houses. No one knew what had happened or what was happening, but there came to us frequent reports that the Boches had made a successful *coup de main* on a pretty big scale, and that they succeeded in reaching the second line trenches, and surrounding two companies of the 367th regiment. We heard also that the French were to counter-attack at daybreak. No *blessés* had come in as yet, but many were expected.

Before long Whytlaw came down from Esnes with a load, and Harper and I started up to relieve him. I had heard a lot about the danger of this *poste*, and in no detail was it exaggerated. The

road is covered with rocks which have been hurriedly thrown into shell holes, and there were also many new holes which had not been filled in. For over a mile after making Hell's Corner we are in plain sight of the Boche trenches. We can see their star shells start from the ground, and it seems as if they exploded directly over our heads. The road is being shelled all the time, but one can never go fast on account of the danger of shell holes. We passed several camions and trucks, and also some squads of infantry, all of which were difficult to see in the darkness. By this time the din of the cannonading was terrific and we could see the bursting of the Boche shells at no very comfortable distance. The road grew worse and worse, and just before reaching Esnes it became almost impassable. I doubt if any car but a Ford could ever make that trip at night. I didn't go sight-seeing at all but made a fairly straight line toward the *abri*.

Here we learned that Bixby's car had just been smashed by a shell while standing in the yard and would be useless for the rest of the night. We were also told that the Boches had just dropped in some gas bombs, and to be sure that our masks were in readiness. Ray and I were the first to go back after having a brief smoke in the shelter of the *abri*. We carried an *assis* and two *couchés*. We breathed a lot more easily after once gaining Hell's Corner and accomplished the rest of the trip without mishap. We carried our *blessés* to Dombasle and from there to Cousances. It was after two when we got back to Dombasle, but as a counter-attack was expected we had to await word and be ready to start out any minute. Both of us crawled into the car and managed very easily to fall asleep. We slept soundly until the "Lieut." woke us and told us to go to bed as we probably shouldn't be needed. Thus ended a very busy and by no means uninteresting evening.

Sunday, July 1st.

It is now three days since the attack commenced and it appears to be still going on. There are Boche attacks, and then French counter-attacks, then artillery duels, and then more at-

tacks. As close as we are to the lines, we know very little of what happens, or who is winning. The losses have been terrible on both sides, but this does not mean that the attacks have failed. Our section has been working at a terrific pace. I am so tired that the events of the past few days seem all confused and even unreal. It is such a wonderful relief to be sitting way back here in perfect safety and with no responsibilities that I feel as if I had just recovered from a long sickness. I slept quite late Friday after the hard work of the night before, and after rising had little to do for the rest of the day; both sides had ceased activities for the time, and we heard but little firing until evening, but we were warned to be prepared for a large dose at night, as the French were scheduled to attempt a rush on their lost positions. About 6.30, just after the dinner gong had rung, and as I was leaving my room, there was suddenly a "swish bang" and a big shell exploded on the opposite side of the road, about 50 yards from our headquarters. Of course I flopped on the ground as soon as I heard the warning whistle, and then rising, proceeded with more or less undignified hustle for the *abri*, which is under our main building. Everybody else thought of the very same place and joined in the general stampede. We were very much surprised, although the place had been shelled frequently before.

In about three minutes another came in and we could hear the *éclats* flying about outside and clipping pieces of stone off the houses. After a few more shells the Boches let up on us for a while, and we went upstairs and started dinner. We hadn't finished our soup before they started dropping again, the first one managing to startle us enough so that we spilled more or less soup around the room. We stayed and continued eating, however, until suddenly there was a terrific explosion and then a horrible crunching sound of falling bricks and plaster. A shell larger than the others had struck the house, or what remained of the house, directly opposite our building and caused a remarkable change in its appearance. It would have been foolish of us to remain where we were, because our building, already tottering

from the effects of many shellings would bury us alive if one of those big *marmites* ever landed squarely on it. The *abri* was also a dangerous place, being very poorly made and liable to cave in upon us. The safest place, therefore, was out-doors, so we all streaked for a field which was well removed from all the crumbling foundations which make up Dombasle and which would fall almost from the mere concussion of a large shell. We gathered behind a large haystack where already several others had collected, and waited. The shells came in regularly every once in a while, striking some building and reducing it to still further ruin. One landed about thirty yards from the big tent where twenty of us sleep and we later found over a dozen rips in it, some big enough to admit one's body. No shells came near enough to do any damage, but at every explosion one had to lie flat in order to avoid the flying *éclats*.

At 7.15, the time that those on duty had to start for the *poste*, the shells were coming in about every minute. There was nothing to do but to streak for our cars, which were in front of the main building near to where the majority of the shells were landing, and to make as quick a get-away as possible. The "General" and Reed left first, and the last we saw of them they were streaking very ungracefully over the rough field to where our cars were, about 250 yards away.

The "Lieut." told Newcomb and myself to get ready and to start as soon as the next shell landed. We lined up as if we were runners waiting for the sound of the starting pistol. As soon as the "B-B-ang" came in we legged it. One shell came in while we were running and we both went down on our bellies. We gained the house before the next one landed, and then waited for it. It came in too close for comfort and then I went out and cranked my car while Newcomb ran back to his shack for his coat. Just as I had gotten the motor started I received one of the biggest scares of my life. A shell came in and burst so close that I thought surely it had me. I was just getting into the car and so couldn't flop. I was hit by flying dirt and falling stones thrown

up by the shell, striking the car in several places, one even glancing off my helmet. Newcomb appeared then, looking surprised to see me still alive, and before the next shell landed we were well down the road and both joined in a long drawn out sigh of genuine relief.

The French attack had fairly commenced when we reached Montzéville and on all sides of us the batteries were pounding away. Not for a moment did the screeching of shells and the pounding of guns cease. John Ames and I clambered up on a ruined house and took a look over the country. It was a view I shall never forget.

The road from Dombasle to Esnes is the most damnable stretch of land I have ever passed over. As fast as the old shell holes are filled in with rocks, new ones are made. As we drive along in the darkness, straining our eyes to keep the car out of holes and ditches, the noise of the French batteries and German shells is deafening. Far down the road we see a flash followed by a roar. It is a German shrapnel and we crouch instinctively in our seats as we realize that in another minute we shall be passing over that spot. In back of us is an explosion and flying rocks and earth are scattered about the slowly moving car. We can't go faster because of the condition of the road, although instinct cries out to us to open the throttle and streak for our destination. We plod slowly along, trying to talk unconcernedly and longing for the termination of the ride. . . .

It is the day after an attack that our hardest work takes place. The wounded men are being brought in continuously, and we have more work than we can handle. I had to stay on all day. I grew dizzy with the monotony of the work. Several of my wounded were Boches, and I managed to get a steel helmet and a couple of buttons as souvenirs. The attack was something of a failure and everyone was horribly depressed. Some of our *blessés* were frightfully mangled. The dead at the Esnes *poste* were so numerous that many were lying around the yard uncovered and

uncared for. It is sights such as this that have a terribly depressing effect upon one's morale. I thought I could go back and rest at seven after having worked twenty-four hours without any sleep, with only a little cold canned meat to eat. I was tired, and moreover felt very depressed, but word came that another big attack was to be made that evening, so I had to stay on and work. Some of the other fellows who had worked much longer than myself simply had to leave and return for rest. At nine the artillery duel commenced and it was worse even than the firing of the previous evening. Some large naval guns opened up on the German positions and it seemed as if the earth must split open, so great was the shock of the explosion. At eleven the Boches started shelling Montzéville and we all retired to *abris*. The shells were big ones and the *éclats* from them flew for almost a quarter of a mile. Going up to Esnes under that bombardment was no simple task. I managed to get an hour's sleep about four in the morning, dozing off as I sat in the *abri* waiting for my next turn. About five I went up to Esnes and upon returning saw a terrible sight. A caisson or artillery truck had been hit by a shell about four o'clock and three men had been killed and one wounded. Of the six horses four were killed and the other two untouched. This happened right on our road over which we had been going back and forth all night. The dead men were terribly disfigured and presented a horrible sight. I think this made my morale drop about fifty per cent, and I doubt if I could have made another trip to Esnes. At any rate when I reached Dombasle with my load I found Whitney there asleep. He had brought down a load and was so fatigued that he had to have a short nap before returning to work. We both decided that we couldn't go on and so telephoned to Cousances where the section had moved after the bombardment of Dombasle and asked for men to relieve us. There were several fresh men just starting for Montzéville, so we drove to the camp and both rolled in for a long sleep. I have driven thirty-five hours with three very scanty meals of cold canned meat and bread and less than two hours' sleep. When I

got back my brother Jack reminded me that it was my birthday by presenting me with a handsome "Sam Brown" belt.

July 4.

. . . It is no joke spending twenty-four hours in sight of Mort Homme. There were very few wounded but plenty of shells. Monday night the Boches shelled Montzéville, dropping in "210's" every minute. A *poilu* was wounded in front of our *abri*. I was in the room when his wounds were dressed and it didn't make me feel at all like biting bullets. The air outside was so thick with dust that had been kicked up that we couldn't see the cars. I don't mind admitting that my knees were shaking when we got a call to go to Esnes. I rode up with Reed and only one shell came in on the trip, but it was a big one and not too far away. I managed to get three hours' sleep at Esnes although they were shelling all around us. Four of us were cooped two in a bed three feet wide in a little back stuffy room in the cellar of the château. The 272nd, a wonderful regiment which has been sent to this division and which has received two army citations for its work in Champagne, pulled off an attack this morning. They took sixty metres of the hill with very few losses.

As we come around Hell's Bend, we get an excellent view of Mort Homme. It is a fearful place and one can always see the smoke from shells rising and floating slowly away. There are no trees, no houses, no sign of any living thing on that bare shell-racked stretch of land. Several new holes were put in our road today, but there were really no narrow escapes. The château at Esnes where the *poste* is located has been hammered again and again by shells. Most of its western wall is still standing, and it is behind this meagre protection that we pull up and leave our cars. Only the cellar of the house can be used and very few ever venture out of the court where our cars are for more than a minute. Not fifty yards from where we sleep is the morgue, a room where the dead are placed when brought in from the trenches. Sometimes when the losses have been great, the corpses are piled

one upon the other until the room is so full that many dead are left on stretchers in the court. We certainly are being continually impressed with the most horrible side of war. A parting shell landed at Hell's Bend just ahead of us on my last trip.

July 9.

At Esnes we eat beside the morgue, and the odor is sickening. Moreover the room is very unprotected and often we are forced to interrupt our eating long enough to drop when a shell lands somewhere near, but the bedroom is worse. In a dark little hole where the sun and fresh air never penetrate, we are two in a bed, one above the other, with loose straw for mattresses. The straw is damp and "earthy" and is alive with fleas. This is where we sleep when a lull gives us a short *repos*, but one can't sleep there, one merely drops, if fortunate, into a spasmodic and feverish subconsciousness. The inconvenience of resting two in a bed combined with the noise of the shells outside, make complete rest an impossible luxury. I shall never forget those moments as we lay there waiting for our next call. Nor shall I forget some of the conversations we had, embracing all possible topics, but usually falling somewhere between the horrors of war and the pleasures that we promised ourselves when it would be over. Everybody is beginning to be troubled by fleas, even those who have been insisting that they were never bothered by these pests are now scratching and scratching with the rest of us. The playful little animals have lately been mobilizing in our shack where sleep Freer,[1] Atwater, J. Craig, Jr., and H. Craig, and last night held a very successful *coup de main* on my bed. They retired after inflicting serious damages with the loss of but one man who lingered too long on my nose where I caught him. . . .

Tuesday, July 10.

Just as I got into bed last night I was called out to go for two *blessés* at Béthelainville. It was pouring and there was no moon, so the trip wasn't too pleasant, especially since the road was new

[1] Gorham F. Freer (Harvard, '18).

to me. Everything is in a fever of excitement here for the attack is due to start tonight or tomorrow morning. Over 4000 big guns are clustered on this bank of the Meuse ready to drench the German lines when the word comes. The bombardment will probably start tomorrow, and as I am going up to the *poste* tonight I will be present at a wonderful and mighty spectacle. They have been shelling all around Montzéville today and shells landed in the road this side of the place. Boit had a narrow escape at the cross-road today. I think when this attack begins the roads will be riddled by German shells. Section 67 with the big Fiat trucks will carry the wounded from Dombasle, thereby helping a great deal.

Thursday, July 12.

The attack has not begun yet, although the "Lieut." said today that everything was in readiness. The recent rain has caused so much mud that assaulting the hill would be a difficult job. Last night the Boches shelled our front line trenches. With "210's" they pulverized the place. Fifty men and an officer were buried when a shell closed up an *abri*, and as yet they have not been rescued. No one can find where the *abri* was located, the place is so changed. The French positions now on Mort Homme and on Hill 304 are absolutely untenable. The Boches in their higher positions can sweep our trenches at will with their big guns. Their guns on Mort Homme have a side range on the French trenches in front of the hill. The French must either take these two hills or abandon their positions. The attack on this bank, therefore, is designed to gain these two hills. I think if it is successful that it will be followed by another attack on the eastern bank. This will put the French on a very strong position on this front. Of course the Boches are expecting the attack. Their soldiers have put up signs in front of their trenches saying that they were ready to smother it and that the French had no chance of succeeding but this, of course, means little. The German authorities may be frantic and their positions may not be well defended by reserve troops. The sun has been out all day and

the country is getting a good drying out, so the artillery may open up at any time. Fifteen new batteries were set up just outside of Montzéville last night. . . .

July 14.

We are the third section to have covered this *poste* since Christmas and as yet not a man has been hurt, so that, considering our country is at war, we got off pretty easily. It is fascinating work especially during an attack when all the batteries are blasting away in one prolonged roar. When I stand at our *poste* and hear that terrible din, I take my hat off to the line of men at the very front who are charging bravely across "No Man's Land" in disregard of those murderous shells. The men in the infantry are the bravest in the war, and I think this war calls for more real bravery and endurance than any that has ever been fought. As we stand and watch this mighty spectacle a rocket will go up from the front line. The artillery stops suddenly as if for breath, and then just as suddenly bursts out again in a steady roar. This means that they have lengthened their fire, that the *poilus* have taken the first German trenches.

A thrill ran through me as I saw these hills over which so many bitter struggles had taken place. Now I was a privileged spectator of a horrible attack. Our shells were bursting in a regulated barrage making a yellow horizon sweep across the two hills. I shall never forget that curtain of red flame which writhed and twisted like a serpent. At the base of the hill, the German shells were falling among our trenches, but the fire was erratic and poor. Somewhere between the two zones of fire we knew that men were struggling and dying, but it was too far to see this, and perhaps it was just as well.

With these words Harmon Craig's journal came to an end. All the next day, July 15, he was at his work of mercy and peril. Towards evening the Germans began shelling the railroad at Dombasle as a reprisal for the success of the French in taking their first line. The range was short and

the shells fell thick and fast. Craig was in the act of helping to load an ambulance, not his own, when an eight-inch shell fell close to the spot where the car was standing. Three men were killed outright. Craig's right leg was nearly shot away, and he suffered several smaller wounds. How he reached the *abri* is not known. When found there he was lying in a corner cheerfully directing the young attendants to minister to the French lieutenant, wounded by the same shell, whose injuries he considered more vital than his own. But these were such that he was taken back to a hospital at Ville-sur-Cousances, where it was found necessary to amputate his shattered leg. "I'll need to buy only one shoe then," he characteristically said when told what he must face. On July 16, about four hours after the operation, he died from the effects of it, unknowing that at the same time the gallant soldiers of France whom he so admired were sweeping up and over Hill 304, capturing it all and a thousand yards of trenches.

He was buried with the honors of war in a small military cemetery at Ville-sur-Cousances, the only American among the French officers there interred. Three weeks later a special service in his memory was held at the Church of the Advent, in Boston. "If we ever despair of the Republic," said the rector of the church on that occasion, "I think the answer which our young men made even before war was declared would suffice to reassure us and make us feel that all the best traditions of our past are still alive."

For his gallantry at Verdun, Craig was honored by a posthumous award of the *Croix de Guerre*, and the following individual citation in the Orders of the 16th Corps of the French Army for August 30, 1917:

HARMON BUSHNELL CRAIG

Volontaire Américain, conducteur très consciencieux et de grand sang-froid, a donné en toutes circonstances sous le feu de l'artillerie ennemie des preuves de dévouement et de mépris du danger; a montré notamment les 28 et 29 Juin 1917, la plus grande énergie en accomplissant son service sur une route découverte et bombardée. A été mortellement atteint le 15 Juillet 1917 par un éclat d'obus devant le Poste de Secours au moment où il assurait sous un bombardement des plus violents, l'évacuation des blessés.

BRAXTON BIGELOW

Class of 1909

Braxton Bigelow was the son of Lieutenant-Colonel John Bigelow, U. S. A., retired, and Mary Braxton (Dallam) Bigelow. His paternal grandfather was John Bigelow, of New York, editor, author, United States Minister to France under Lincoln. His mother's father was Judge Henry Clay Dallam, of Baltimore. He was born in New York City, January 17, 1887. His schooling, like that of

many sons of army officers, was highly diversified. It began under a French governess, was continued, from 1894 to 1898, at public and private schools in Boston and Brookline, Massachusetts, with single following years at Baltimore and San Francisco, with two in Cuba, and three, though not continuous, at the Morristown School, Morristown, New Jersey, from which, in the autumn of 1905, he entered Harvard College, with the Class of 1909. At Morristown he was a member of the 1904 football team, and also in 1904 won the Scribner English Theme Prize. At Harvard he remained only two years, at the end of which he entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where his father was Professor of French. While still at Harvard, Braxton Bigelow became a member of Battery A, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, in which he was enrolled until the summer of 1910. In that year, after three years of study in mining engineering at Technology, he took his degree of S.B.

In the very summer of his graduation he began the life of extraordinary hardship as a mining engineer which filled the next ensuing four years. While on a tour of observation of mines and smelting works in the Western United States and Canada, with instructors of the Institute, he accepted an offer of employment at the Porcupine Claim in Canada and at the end of July reported for work at the Dome Mines. In this neighborhood, with work of the most menial kind, and in association with those roughest specimens of human nature which the mining camp assembles, he received his initiation into the practical knowledge of mining which he regarded as important to later success in his profession. From the Porcupine region he proceeded in No-

vember, 1910, to Alaska, where for nearly two years — till September, 1912 — he worked for the Treadwell Gold Mining Company, of Treadwell, Alaska.

The letters he wrote to his family from Alaska, as from Canada, reveal a life of constant discomforts and frequent hardships that may fairly be called extreme. On his way to Treadwell he wrote from Vancouver:

My idea is to go up there and, donning overalls, strike the shift-bosses for an underground job. I am not going to the office as a college graduate but to the foreman as an ordinary laborer. After I have worked underground long enough and at enough different jobs to be called a miner, I shall try to get into their mill and work there. . . . Of course, if they are full up I shall try at the office to get in on the engineering staff or assaying until I can get an underground job. That programme, if I am able to follow it out, will take several years, but will be worth it. . . . Porcupine gave me a most amazing insight into how utterly ignorant I am about my profession.

This, in the rough, was the programme he put into effect. The details of it he frequently hated, and with good reason. The mere physical strain of the work was excessive. Of his human surroundings one passage from a letter will suggest many things:

Everything about the eating place is clean, but I must say the men are not, and the table manners are something atrocious. Men are polite enough about passing things and all that, but the way a man will "go to it" is a caution. In helping one's self always turn the vegetable dish (or whatever it is) upside down over one's own plate until heaping full; do this for several different articles. Then add half a pound of butter, sugar, ketchup, and anything else handy, to the mess and violently stir with knife and fork. Be sure it is well mixed; what you don't want slop over

on the table. Then sink the face to within three inches of the plate and open the mouth. With knife shovel in the food as rapidly as possible, and use the fork for catching stray portions. Brr! Sometimes for days at a time I am oblivious to it all. Then of a sudden the whole place gets on my nerves.

In these conditions Bigelow, as revealed in his letters, was reading with lively interest the few books and papers that came in his way, following eagerly the progress of affairs in Mexico, with a strong inclination — still stronger as our own Mexican relations became more critical — to take a personal part in them, avowing himself an admirer of Hamilton far more than of Jefferson, and altogether a believer in fighting things out as they are rather than indulging in dreams about their possible improvement. In the conduct of his own affairs there was no shrinking from the fight, however bitter its terms might be. In August of 1912, however, he wrote home: "I am thinking of wandering out of here and going underground again in a place where they use different mining methods than are in vogue here." A passage from the same letter suggests ample ground for his consideration of a change.

Things here [he wrote] are dragging along in a rather slow and unexciting fashion. We haven't very much to do in the refinery where I am now working, and it is hard to raise much enthusiasm over it. After one works here a while one gets feeling pretty dopy and listless anyhow, as the result of getting cyanide in the system. It never affected me as much as some people because I came here from the mine, where I learned to eat gas and smoke and holler for more. Our foreman has just been laid off after four years at the game; the medico says he has enough cyanide in him to kill a dozen men if taken at once. Mining is a lovely business all right. Underground you get blown up and then squashed, in

the mill you go deaf and spit out your teeth from mercury poisoning, and here you drink out of the wrong tap and cash in pronto, subito, P.D.Q. I believe I will go into the business of selling corsets to the Siwashes.

Instead of turning to so safe a pursuit, Bigelow left Alaska in the autumn of 1912, and for more than a year continued, in the United States, his hard apprenticeship to his profession — at Goldfield, Nevada, until May, and until November, 1913, at the mines of the Bunker Hill Company, Kellogg, Idaho. As that employment was drawing to an end he wrote home: "I won't have many more shifts to put in before boarding an East-bound express. I am looking forward to that event and life at the other end with considerable eagerness. After which back to the mines, the Lord knows where."

"Back to the mines" came soon enough, for on February 7, 1914, Bigelow left New York for South America, arriving, about March 1 at Morococha, Peru, where he remained until the following December, in the employ of the Morococha Mining Company, first as "mine sampler," then as "shift boss." While still on his long journey from New York to this employment he was elected a member of the American Institute of Mining and Metallurgical Engineers. Before the war broke out his letters from Morococha expressed his strong desire to secure a commission in the United States Army in the event of actual war with Mexico. When it came, he read with intense interest the scanty reports of it that reached him in Peru, and gave, in his letters, early evidence of his repugnance to the aims and methods of Germany. The instinctive fighting spirit of youth in him found expression when he wrote October 26:

"There really seems to be a first-class war in progress on the Continent, and I rather hate to miss it. As I put thirty-odd pounds in the German bank in Lima and cannot get it out, I feel I have a perfectly legitimate reason for taking it out of their hide." The greatly curtailed demand for copper seriously affected his prospects at Morococha, and on the day before Christmas he was back in New York, freshly inured to hardships by an experience perhaps even more trying than that of his mining work in North America, and ready to bear a part in the European fight. The haste and enthusiasm with which he left Peru are indicated by the fact that on the eve of his departure he disposed of his horse and saddle, by raffle, for one pound sterling.

On the day after Christmas, 1914, Bigelow sailed from New York for Europe, and about January 15, 1915, enlisted in the ambulance service of the American Hospital of Paris. He would have preferred to join an active fighting unit, but yielded to the wishes of his parents in this regard. The ambulance work never satisfied him in Paris, or at the French front. Neither did his work from April to July, 1915, in Serbia, as an orderly at a British Naval Hospital in Belgrade. For his good service there he received afterwards the award of the *Croix de la Miséricorde* bestowed by the Prince Regent of Serbia. But his own attitude towards it all was summed up in a few words from a letter written to his father from Belgrade in May, 1915: "There is not enough action about a hospital to suit my book; anyway you look at it, it is an old woman's game." Small wonder then that in August he found himself back in London, and, having surmounted the obstacles to an American citizen's service in the British Army, in possession of a

commission as Second Lieutenant, Royal Field Artillery (Special Reserve).

In September he embarked for service in France, where he was attached to the 170th Tunnelling Company, Royal Engineers, a branch of the army for which his experience as a mining engineer peculiarly fitted him. In the following March he was definitively transferred from the Royal Field Artillery to the Royal Engineers, as Second Lieutenant. Before his promotion, July 1, 1917, to Lieutenant, Royal Engineers, he served through many weeks of 1916 as Acting Captain, commanding a section of the 170th Tunnelling Company, R. E.

The work this service entailed was eminently the work for such a realist as Bigelow was both by training and by temperament. His letters, abounding, on the political side, in condemnation of the authorities at Washington, portrayed with no glamor of illusion the realities of his daily life. His service in Flanders and France extended from September, 1915 — with an intermission in England and Scotland from September to December, 1916, for recovery from severe wounds — until July 23, 1917, when he was killed in action at Halluch near Lens.

Passages from his letters written at the front have both an autobiographical and a more general value:

October 8, 1915.

We have to fight as if we were up against so many Hottentots or Apaches. If possible, we never allow them to get our wounded, as it is all off with them then. One of our officers who was in a town the other day during the counter-attack saw the Hun collect our wounded in a traverse of a trench and then bomb the lot of them to death. I suppose you have heard of the famous case

last winter when one of the Princess Pats was captured. They nailed him to a barn door and hoisted the door onto their parapet in front of the Princess Pats' line. A fat chance a German has of being captured by that regiment now. The other night they called over that they had four of our "brave soldiers" in that trench as prisoners after one of our attacks; next morning they had the cheek to shout over that they considered them too good to live and had finished them off. Can you beat that for effrontery? They pride themselves on being savages. They have never taken any of ours alive and I doubt if they ever do. We have known each other too long. I should hate to be the German up against this crowd; short shrift he would get or deserve.

October 13, 1915.

Our late second-in-command has just been given his captaincy and sent down to the base to form a new company. I was sorry to see him go. We came up from Peru together. He got the Military Cross a few months ago by breaking into a Boche gallery where they were charging a mine and charging his own mine alongside of the enemy and getting it off before they did. It was pretty snappy work; his mine sent the Boche mine up as well as a lot of Boches.

Awfully cool and clever chaps, these R. E. officers. They are all older and more experienced than I, so it is rattling good training for me. They are wonderfully clever, too, at getting ahead of the Germans. One of them, not so very long ago, heard the enemy working below one of his galleries, so he went to work and sunk a shaft to get below him. Of course the Boche heard him and knew what was up. When we stopped working they stopped. When we worked they did. Our people got below him and started loading at the same time Fritz did. Then it was a race and we won. Our mine sent theirs up as well. Another Cross to the company! Another chap's gallery broke into the enemy's; he went down alone and in the dark and cleaned them out of their own mine with a revolver and held the place until a sandbag revetment could be built, a charge placed and tamped, and

the place sent up. He also got the Cross, of course. Taken all in all we have gotten the best of it, but of course the Boche does score once in a while; but pretty seldom.

January 1, 1916.

After the day before yesterday I think I can come through most anything. I had two of the narrowest squeaks I ever want to have. They blew up the place I had been listening at twenty minutes after I left it. And it was the biggest mine I have ever seen go up — they must have had a twenty ton charge at least. At the same time they gave us the most intense bombardment and machine gun fire I have ever seen. It simply beggars description. I thought they were coming over and had to get back to my men some distance off. Was buried by a shell but beyond a jarring, unhurt. Rather providential for twice in an afternoon. I thought our show of the twenty-fourth would be hard to beat, but what they gave us this time made ours look sick. Our front line, support lines, and communication trenches were simply a mass of flying sandbags, earth, and flame. You would think nothing could live through it. No wonder they take men out raving mad. All this in rain and knee deep in mud and water.

January 31, 1916.

We have been in one of the warmest parts for three solid months, and the Lord only knows when we will get away. That sort of thing begins to tell on a man after a while. It's shelling of the communication and support trenches every day, and bombs, rifle grenades, and trench mortars in the front line day and night. They can throw handbombs in our line from their saps, and we do the same to them. At first I didn't mind it, but after a while one's nerve begins to go. It is a saying with ours that a chap in his fourth month here is at his best; after that he starts busting up. I haven't started going yet, but if I have another month like the last one I will be about done. Two months ago I could trot about and do things without thinking about it. Now it's a case of saying to myself, "B. B., you've damn well got to." I've got a leave coming in about six weeks and perhaps I don't want it.

It's strange the way we have gone back to ancient methods of fighting. We carry loaded sticks, spiked and knobbed clubs, daggers, and knives of all sorts and shapes, and I have even seen brass knuckles. We all wear a "tin hat" which is much like the helmet of a XIII Century man-at-arms. Some people wear cuirasses of linked plates, but I don't think they are of much use. The R.A.M.C.people say that the tin hat has saved a lot of lives. Until recently, when it was ordered, one never saw an officer in one. Now we have to wear them, whether there are enough for the men or not. As you can imagine, they are not particularly light or comfortable.

Tommy Atkins is a wonderful animal. Gutter snipe that he is, and a drinking, thieving rascal to boot, treat him properly — which doesn't mean gently necessarily — and he will do anything and go anywhere for one. Cheerful and joking in the worst shelling, nothing seems to depress him — except an accident to the rum ration. What do you think of a man shot in the throat who wanted me to let him walk down to the dressing station alone because he knew I was short of men? He died an hour after he was hit and never left the place where he fell.

February 18, 1916.

I knew when I entered the army that the war would be long. I have never regretted entering the service and would not think of leaving until the Hun is smashed. Whether I chuck it after the war remains to be seen. That will be in so far distant a time as not to be worth worrying about now. . . . I may get fed up and do, but I am heart and soul in this fight and certainly intend to see its finish or be put out.

February 22, 1916.

I have just come down from a session in the trenches, and a very busy one. Sitting in a gallery listening to the Hun working is interesting for a while but soon becomes rather wearisome. While you hear him picking and shovelling it is all right, but when you haven't heard anything for four or five hours you can't

help wondering how soon he is going to put one up. Of course the game is to let him get just on the point of breaking through before firing. As it takes considerable time to load a mine it requires a little judgment as to when to start loading. Picking up distances and direction with the ear alone is very difficult. We have made some awfully lucky guesses — which is about what it comes down to. Then it is so easy to have things go wrong through not being able to get powder up through the trenches when you want — owing to a *Strafe* of one kind or another being on, which of course can be serious. However, I put two up this morning on each side of Fritz, and he was closer than I cared about having him. So his mine is properly wrecked and I expect an easy time for a week or so. And then it begins again in the same cycle. He is just heard faintly. We guess where. Go after him. Try some artful dodges to scare him into blowing before he can do any harm. Failing that manoeuvre, about — all by ear — so as to head him off and blow him as he comes through — thereby destroying all his galleries.

June 9, 1916.

Thomas Atkins must be a fearful disappointment to the Boche. He is so very unimpressionable. He regards the Hymn of Hate as a species of comic song, always asks the Boche to sing it to him, and doesn't seem to care a rap about all the frightfulness invented. Do you know the Boche soldiers still carry their little book of marching songs with them? I got one off a dead Boche not so very long [ago]. I remember there were fifty-four in the book. Just the sort of thing that would delight the heart of a Boche — Throne and King, Fatherland and all such sort of muck. I suppose they gravely pull out their books and sing these things going up and down from the trenches.

The letters from England during Bigelow's convalescence in the autumn of 1916 were full of gratitude for the many kindnesses he received at English hands. When the United States entered the war, Bigelow, always out of sym-

pathy with the administration in America, felt no impulse to seek a transfer from the British to the United States service. In April of 1917 he was mentioned in the army dispatches for "distinguished and gallant services and devotion to duty." Two months later he wrote to a member of his family:

June 11, 1917.

I have just come back from some mad performances south of us where we tried to take a place and caught it badly in the neck. It was "over you go and the best of luck" three mornings running. The first two very successful, but the last was a pretty poisonous entertainment. So we have drawn off to lick our wounds and await developments. Boche chewed us up with his machine gunners. I saw very few infantry, and those on the run. But he had machine guns in every cellar which were popping up behind us and from all directions with anything but happy results.

Boche defensive works are very good. What appears to be the empty walls of the shell of a house on inspection turns out to be a huge mass of concrete, loopholed and built inside the ruins. Everything is mined, and he spares no effort to give us a thoroughly thin time.

On July 21 an evident premonition of a special danger caused him to appoint his aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest, his executrix. On the very day of his death, July 23, he wrote to his father:

I am taking a party of volunteers over tonight to visit the Hun, to enter his mining system, and to raise the devil generally. The men are very keen; there was the devil of a row in picking the party owing to there being too many offers for the number allowed to go. The N.C.O.'s are English and most of the men Irish and Scots. Two of them are under suspended sentence of two years hard, and most of them populate the guard room when in billets. But they are just the sort you want for a show of this

kind. One of the mess servants even wanted to go. In consideration of his ability to mix cocktails this was not allowed.

We should do the beggars in the eye. The only out about a raid is getting back. Boche generally claps down his barrage on No Man's Land, his and our front line, and one is generally in for a thin time coming through it. There is no use worrying about me. You will get a wire long before you get this, if I peg out. If not, you can take it that everything in the garden is lovely.

Two days later a fellow officer of the Royal Engineers wrote thus to Bigelow's father:

July 25, 1917.

Dear Major Bigelow,

I very much regret to have to give you bad news of your son Braxton. He is missing.

On the evening of July 23rd, 1917, he was in charge of a party of men of this unit, taking part in a raid on the enemy trenches. They got over all right and from the men's account did good work, bombing dug-outs and looking for mine shafts in some craters.

One by one his men (few in number) became casualties, until he had only two left. With these he found, after exploring the enemy trenches, the entrance to a mine; leaving one man at the top, he and the other man descended. They met a Boche, took him prisoner, and proceeded, coming to a junction.

Your son told his man to wait at this junction and proceeded to explore, making the Boche go in front; after some time had elapsed the man, hearing no more of his officer, fetched his comrade from the mine entrance down into the mine and went in the direction his officer had taken. After a while they found the prisoner, who took them to the foot of a vertical shaft 30′ about in depth, pointed up it to the sky, and said the officer had gone up there. They could see no sign of him, or get any answer to their shouting, so they retraced their steps and searched for your son when they regained the trench, but could find no trace of

him, so they decided to take the prisoner back to our lines, according to orders given previously.

Nothing more has been heard of your son, and I am afraid there is no doubt that he is a prisoner. At least we all hope and trust he is. His two men wanted to go back and look for him, but were not allowed to go, as the infantry who made the raid had already returned when they got back with their prisoner, according to time-table. I am being perfectly open and straight in saying that the best we can hope is that he is still alive, possibly wounded.

In the mess we all called Braxton "Bags." I was in the company when he joined and have known him ever since; perhaps more than any one else in the company. I know his sterling qualities, soundness and kindness of heart.

We had heaps of rows, but were really fond and very much attached to each other. Dear old Bags. His men would have followed him anywhere, and thought the world of him, though he was always pretty strict with them. We are all very cut up at losing, for the time being, a good friend and an able officer. The company can ill afford to lose him.

I think it will interest and please you to know that several of the infantry officers and quite a number of the infantry who went over on the night of the 23rd are full of praise for him; telling us how he was absolutely fearless, dashing about all over the place, keen as mustard and first in everything, in fact on two occasions before he got to the mine, he gathered small parties of infantry together and bombed the enemy dug-outs. He supervised placing two mobile charges in dug-outs, deliberately taking the lead and setting a splendid example of fearlessness to the men. All this apart from the jobs he was sent over for, to explore the craters and locate enemy mines. Although they were excited and full of the incidents of the raid, the infantry kept repeating how well your son had done and what decorations he deserved.

You can't help being proud, you and his mother, at hearing this. Please let me know if there is anything more I can do or tell

you about my dear old friend "Bags." I have written to Hon. Mrs. Lionel Guest, and his belongings will be sent to Cox & Co., who will store them in London until they are claimed. I will notify Mrs. Guest of this.

Major Manning is, I know, writing to you, and will tell you things that I know, but which I should like to leave to him. But any of you that love the boy will be very proud to realize he has been a credit to the family name.

I only wish I could give you more grounds for hope, but at present I can only say that I expect to hear of him by letter, by his drawing a cheque on his bankers, or officially as a prisoner of war, through the authorities.

Let me know, please, if there is any one else you think he would like me to write to.

Braxton's sincere friend,

GEOFFREY COBBETT.

A fortnight later Major R. C. Manning, commanding Bigelow's company of the Royal Engineers, wrote in similar vein and said:

I feel certain that Captain Bigelow was not lost in the mines, but that in assisting the infantry in mopping up dug-outs he was either taken prisoner or killed. We all cherish a slight hope that he is a prisoner, but from our experience of this war dare not build largely on it. Usually some three months is sufficient to bring word from our prisoners, though often it is longer.

The hoped-for word never came.

OLIVER MOULTON CHADWICK

Class of 1911

Oliver Moulton Chadwick was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, September 23, 1888, the only son of Austin Kilham Chadwick, President of the Lowell Five Cents Savings Bank, and Julia May (Moulton) Chadwick. He was prepared for college in the public schools of Lowell, and at Phillips-Exeter Academy, the school of his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather. On his graduation at Exeter he received the "Yale Cup," awarded annually by the Yale Club of Boston to "that member of the senior class who best combines excellence in athletics with satisfactory standing in his studies." As an undergraduate at Harvard he made a creditable scholastic record, became a member of the Institute, Hasty Pudding, Fencing, and Western

Clubs, and was an excellent all-round athlete, winning his "H" as a member of the hockey team, for which he was a brilliant goal tender, of the Varsity soccer team, and on the track squad — throwing the hammer and running hurdles. From the College he passed into the Law School, where his marked abilities found ample exercise. Here he was a member of the Ames-Gray Law Club. On receiving his LL.B. degree in 1914, he entered the law department of Stone and Webster. From the very beginning of the European War he felt that he must take part in it, and, besides enlisting in Battery A for military training and spending the summer of 1916 at Plattsburg, made more than one unsuccessful attempt to join the fighting forces. Early in 1916 he had applied for membership in the Foreign Legion, but was ordered with his battery to the Mexican border, where he served four months. On his return he was convinced that the best service he could render the Allies would be as an aviator. Accordingly he went at once to the Curtiss Flying School at Newport News, and before the end of 1916, having become fairly proficient in aviation, sailed for France. Here he enlisted, January 17, 1917, prepared to serve in the trenches with the Foreign Legion if he could not make himself more useful as an aviator. From January 23 to July 25, 1917, he attended the aviation schools of Buc, Avord, Cazaux, Pau, and G. D. E. (*Groupe des Divisions d'Entrainement*). He was brevetted pilot May 4, 1917 (Blériot), and on July 28 was assigned to Escadrille Spad 73, the famous squadron of which Captain Guynemer was the most famous member. With the rank of corporal he was killed in combat, north of Bixschoote, August 14, 1917.

Such is the bare outline of Chadwick's twenty-nine years of life. It is fortunately possible to supplement it with passages from a long letter by his classmate at Exeter, who became also his roommate at Harvard, and afterwards his brother-in-law, James P. Long, from a few letters of his own, and from letters of a Law School classmate, Charles J. Biddle of Philadelphia (Princeton, A.B. 1911, Harvard, LL.B. 1914), who was his intimate friend in the Escadrille. The letter of James P. Long (Harvard, 1911) records in particular a student life of fine quality:

I became acquainted with Oliver Chadwick in my upper middle year at Phillips-Exeter Academy. The occasion of our meeting was characteristic of his viewpoint in several ways. I was trying for the track team in the high jump and not making very good success of it. In fact the coaches were leaving me alone, and I was plugging away by myself in the Gym, which was generally empty at that time of year. One day Oliver came in while I was working and gave me a smile, and the first kind words I had had on my track aspirations. He gave me some suggestions on modifying my form which were practical, told me about certain men who failed to make their preparatory school teams and proved valuable men at college, heard my boast that I had jumped 5 feet a few days before without telling me that he could jump 5 feet 6 inches, and had been Lowell High School's high jumper the year before, and left me with a pleasantly stimulated feeling. That is what he always did. He was interested in the stranger, not only enough to listen to him, but enough to study him and his work. His mental calibre was such that he could see those needs and his interest was such that he was anxious to help fill them. And his modesty was such that he never told about his own successes.

We drifted together off and on at Exeter, never getting very intimate but growing gradually closer together. . . . At Har-

vard we became very close friends, rooming together our last three years, and we might as well have roomed together our first, as we spent all our waking hours together. Oliver got me into the Fencing Club. . . . This practically furnished our club experience. We both of us received the usual invitations and did join one or two clubs, but we did it more because it was the proper thing to do and did not use them.

During the fall of our freshman year we commenced going to Lowell for over Sunday with the Chadwicks. This custom continued practically without interruption during the rest of our college course. I don't believe that there was anything Oliver enjoyed so much as those visits to his family. He didn't say or do much — in fact, he generally took a book and read or studied if we weren't driving in the car, but I have known him repeatedly to pass up invitations and amusements of one sort or another which one would suppose would appeal to him especially, to go up and sit there with hardly a word. And so it was, with his family occupying the larger part of his mind, that he checked everything by comparing with his family or with what his family would think of such a thing. Of a certain invitation to visit a family where there were two daughters and which I told him he ought to accept, he said, "Wouldn't you rather go to Lowell and play around with Frances?" — Frances being his sister. When I said "Yes," he said, "So would I." I believe that was one thing which kept him so fine. The thought was constantly before him "What would Father, Mother, or Frances think of that?" So it is small wonder that during all my acquaintance with him I never knew him to do a small or beastly thing. . . .

We led a care-free, happy life— competed in athletics some, saw our share of shows in Boston, and incidentally picked up the rudiments of an education. Oliver's viewpoint on athletics was essentially sane. They were there for him, not he for them. He spread himself so thin over all branches of sport that he is not remembered as an athlete although I should not be surprised if he should be ranked as one of the greatest of them all. In football

he was a really brilliant kicker, with good nerve, and an ability to get them off from any angle. His mother objected to varsity football, so he played on the class teams and on the Varsity Soccer Team.

He was picked as the greatest college goal his first year on the hockey team and some of the leading sporting writers afterward placed him above the goal tenders of all time. He could give a creditable performance in any event, but the sprints on a track team have repeatedly turned in scores in the all-arounds with Bill Quinn, the field coach, which bettered the year's winning score. He has gone through to the fifth round of a national tennis championship without practice. The one summer he played golf he was defeated in an extra hole match for his club championship by H. H. Wilder, the scratch man for Massachusetts that year. Add to that the fact that he was a clever wrestler and a hard-hitting boxer — a dead shot with rifle or shotgun — that he was a man who never was rattled or excited in competition in his life, and you have the makings of a wonderful athlete. The glory of achievement was a minor matter to him. It was the competition he was interested in. If he could get a first place by confining his activities to one event, or four thirds by competing in six he would take the thirds every time.

In our room we had competitions "to burn"—wrestling, boxing, standing high jumps, shooting sparrows with an air-gun, various card games, notably California Jack, and what has since turned out in an extremely unforeseen way — the manufacture of paper gliders after the shape of aeroplanes. For a long time — over a year, I believe — we made model after model till finally my interest fell away and I stopped making them. But right up until he sailed for France Oliver kept at it, and I have one here now which we found after his last visit just before he went to Newport News.

I stayed with him pretty well on most of his gunnings, but I can't say it was fun to me to go out and run ten or twelve miles in the middle of the night, and when, as he frequently did, he would

come in from the theatre and invite me to walk up to Lowell for breakfast I would let him go without me.

In his studies it was the same, he spread his courses over as broad a surface as possible. He once claimed that he and I had taken every "1" and "A" course in College. Be that as it may, he was a quick student, and if the course he was taking appealed to him he did a great deal of outside reading on the subject, sometimes ending up far away from the matter at hand. For instance, the English instructor who made some remarks about Christian Science in the course of a lecture touching on some required reading in the Bible little knew that he started a two months' session on "Science and Health" which ended up in a thesis which exploded a congregation of Christian Scientists in a western city, and sent most of them back to the more orthodox folds.

Oliver learned shorthand and kept very full and complete notes of all his lectures. His set of notebooks is very beautiful, but does not mean anything to me. I believe that his favorite courses were those which Professor Kittredge gave, and if I remember correctly Oliver had a course with him each of his last three years. As a consequence he became well acquainted with Shakespeare and used to read him a great deal. Two other courses which he enjoyed were an elementary psychology course and a course in accounting by Cole.

I left College in January of my senior year and did not see Oliver very much after that. I believe not more than five times, when I graduated, when he acted as best man for me when I married his sister, and on three short visits to me here on the farm.

About the most noteworthy thing about Oliver was his power of rising to the occasion. He was never found lacking in a tight place, and he was never so dangerous as when you thought you had him beaten. In his last race at Exeter he ran the high hurdles against John Kilpatrick of Andover, the interscholastic champion and a man of great ability. Oliver had run against him six or eight times and had always been defeated. In this

meet Exeter needed a first or a tie for first to win and Oliver ran Kilpatrick a dead heat in 2/5 of a second faster time than he had ever run before.

In hockey, if the Harvard team were way ahead it seemed fairly easy to get a goal by Oliver; but in a tight game — as for instance in one McGill University game where Oliver stopped over 60 shots for one score — he would do wonders. This was due in part to his nerve. As Bill Quinn once said: "He has the cold gray nerve." He never got rattled, and seemed to think best under pressure. That was why he could do things like passing off Advanced French for Harvard when his instructor didn't think him worthy of recommendation for the elementary examination. He wasn't flurried and was able to make everything count for him. But another element which entered into it was his habit of completely mastering whatever he took up. When his father bought a car Oliver went into the shop and saw one put together. He got books and mastered the theory and then he took the car apart down to the last burr and put it together again. As a result when anything happened on the road he was in no danger of getting excited and would be able to pay strict attention to the business in hand.

When engaging in a new sport he went about it in the same way — he got right back to fundamentals and as a result he knew the whole thing from the beginning. That is why he made a good coach. He knew how and why to do it and he could say it. Knowing a thing perfectly he was able to do the act instinctively and in a pinch he did not have to think about what he was doing, but could just try.

Furthermore he was always fit. He never had to train, because that was the life he lived. I have never known a man who so instinctively enjoyed the right thing as he did. Consequently neither his body nor his mind had ever been abused and they were his servants, not he theirs. Whether on a 16 pound hammer or some delicate adjustment in a physics experiment his touch was sure and unfaltering.

With all this great natural ability and self-respect, which includes pride of family, he was most democratic. I know that the thought never occurred to him "How much money has so and so?" The question was always "What sort of a fellow is he?" If he did not like a person, no matter how successful or prominent that person might be, he was made to understand clearly just where he stood — that is, if he tried to press the acquaintance; if not, Oliver could say "How d'y do" and pass by as pleasantly as anybody. I recall one man — one of the most popular in school and later a class officer who cut Oliver religiously whenever they passed. Oliver always spoke to him. When I remonstrated he said, "I consider it a recommendation of my character. It makes me proud to be cut by a skunk like him." I never knew what the fight was over.

Whenever an honor did come his way it always took him by surprise. When he was awarded the Yale Cup at Exeter for the man who best combines proficiency in athletics with excellence in studies he was the most astonished man in the room. Whenever something complimentary was said about him he always turned it off to some one else or seemed to apologize for being in the way. This unassuming way held him back, so that he was not appreciated until his last year and his course at law.

It is difficult to write concerning one who has held the central place in your affection for so long and is lost so suddenly. I can only say that I am overjoyed at being permitted to pay tribute to one who has always been my ideal of Christian gentleman and true sportsman.

The following passages from Chadwick's own letters to his family while he was in training and at the front in France, with one written to Professor E. H. Warren of the Harvard Law School during the final fortnight of his life, are of autobiographic value:

PAU, *February 3, 1917.*

Last night I went with a New York fellow — one who has been in France since the beginning of the war, and is now completing his course — to a little town two miles south of here, it is called Lascas or something of the sort. We had with us a young Frenchman also about through his work. Our objective was the home of a splendid French peasant family which gains its principal livelihood through farming, but also does washing, carrying letters, etc. As families go over here that one is considered prosperous and certainly lives a very happy as well as industrious life. Upon a previous trip to leave laundry we had arranged to come last night to supper. This was entirely thanks to Barkley, my American friend. The house is 270 years old, but was put in good condition again ten or a dozen years ago. We only saw one room, but that was all it should be, with the fire on the floor and ample room to sit close to it on three sides and with a short, broad bed built into one wall.

The father of the household told us most impressively how one of his sons, while on outpost between the trenches, had been surrounded by seven Boches, and had killed five of them and driven the other two away, only to be killed himself a little later when he struck a match to light a cigarette which he was to smoke in celebration of his victory.

The other son was at home, for he had been badly injured in his left hand and arm. He proudly showed us his injuries and the certificate of citation which had been given him by the government in recognition of his marked bravery and splendid service.

In the midst of the meal he went out for a few minutes to attend to several of his duties as postman. Presently he returned much excited, and it was then and there that we learned of the breach of diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany. There was much rejoicing and shaking of hands, and many speculations made as to what would be the effect of this new move on the conditions of the war. It was splendid to have the news come to us thus in the midst of a French family which

had suffered so much but was so ready to do whatever else was in its power.

DEAR PA, CAZAUX, *June 28, 1917.*

Am leaving *École de Tir* (Fire) *Aérien, Cazaux*, where I have been for nine days. Finished three weeks' work in two days, because I found that through previous thought I had mastered the principles of the thing. I was sent here for a week, so had to stay it out, and there were the usual delays at each end. Twiddled my thumbs, bathed in the sea, looked busy, etc., for seven days, and then passed examinations which will result in the commander of the school writing to the French Minister of War to have him write to the U. S. Sec. of War, to have me sent back to the U. S. as instructor in shooting from a plane against a plane. However, I suppose I shan't be sent, if I don't want to go, so his special interview with the American wonder, his many compliments and kind actions can be accepted as feathers in one's cap, and accepted gladly.

If a plane is going 3 miles a minute at 15,000 feet N. E. and at a rising angle of 15° and is then attacked from the side, above, and behind by a machine which is 600 feet away and moving at a velocity of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles a minute and in rapid descent, in a path which will meet that of the other plane one half a mile off, where will the machine gunner of the first aim so as to hit the second, and that on the second aim so as to hit the first? If you will answer me that, I will give you the job of instructor.

Hit five circus day gas balloons in succession at about 100 yards with a cross wind, 35 carbine. Am sending you several cards made at 15 yards shooting "off hand."

Return tonight to Pau for uniform I do not want, do not need, must have, but could not get before finishing here. That is the way red tape works, killing four days of a pilot's time when the country is in desperate need of more pilots and can give them only one hour of air tumbling.

With love, OLIVER.

Esc. N. 73, S. P. 15, France,
August 2, 1917.

(To Professor Edward Warren, Harvard Law School)

Dear Mr. Warren:

With most of us I believe, with me certainly, time obliterates from the memory a greater part of the things which were once there. Fortunately it leaves some treasures which grow even brighter. It is one of these latter which is the occasion of this note.

Here in France on all the public buildings is written "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*" and the blood of the nation is making them even more sacred. Here in a tent, alone, within hearing of the thunder of the guns of the world's greatest offensive, are two students of yours, of the Class of '14 in the Law School. I made my first efforts to enter the fight in the fall of 1914, but men were more numerous than munitions and I was not wanted. In 1915 I went to Canada to enlist, but was called upon to take an oath of allegiance to the King, which I would not do. In the spring of 1916 I could stand it no longer, so gave up my position and made application for the Foreign Legion, but was called to the Border with my battery and could not get over here until the end of the year. The other, Biddle, came here in March and is also a soldier of the Legion, both being aviators.

This afternoon there is no flying and we have been talking over things of the past. One has grown brighter and brighter in my mind as the years have gone by, a thing which I think of when I see that "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*" and when I think of the sacrifices being made to uphold them. I spoke of it this afternoon and got a quick response from Biddle. It was your talk to the Class of '14 at its farewell dinner, "The Equality of a Democracy; equality, not in achievement or reward, but in opportunity." You meant what you said, you said it well, your words went home, and I think it will please you to know that by some of us, and I believe many, it is and will be remembered.

It is because some of us have found truth in words like yours that we have been unable to "remain neutral in thought and act," even when so charged by our President.

Sincerely yours,

OLIVER M. CHADWICK.

August 3, 1917.

I am now "somewhere." And I can describe it no more definitely than by saying that I should rather be there than anywhere else.

One of the first things I saw when arriving here was Captain Guynemer. I saw him go up, and an hour later come back. In this mean time he had got his 50th official — and he must have dropped about as many more out of sight behind the German lines.

One of the other things of interest which I saw here was a machine which had been hit by several explosive bullets. They do a thorough job. The men here are a splendid lot. It is the most famous group of escadrilles in the world and has the finest commander. If I don't learn how to be a good Boche hunter here, it will be my own fault. I am not at liberty to say where I am or much about what is going on, but here is a generality drawn from the past, which will probably hold good for the future: Wherever the pot boils fastest, there is to be found *Groupe de Combat 12*. So if aerial warfare gets hotter at the South Pole than anywhere else, it is from there you may expect to get a letter.

(CHADWICK'S LAST LETTER TO HIS FATHER)

SOMEWHERE ON THE WESTERN FRONT,
August 9, 1917.

DEAR PA:

Just at the time when there are the most things of real interest to write about, there is the greatest necessity to be careful not to deal in particulars as to places, times, combats, etc. However, I believe there can be no objection to my recounting what a battlefield looks like from the air, because there are certain charac-

teristics which are common from the sea to the mountains, and it will be an old story save that it comes through my eyes.

Let us look at half a day of the normal working of any *chasse* group. There are two sorts of things to do, attack and defend. Attack enemy machines and balloons and defend our own, also defend our positions from spying eyes. The day dawns clear and if we are really pushing the fight, there is a daylight bombardment on. Some of the pilots go off with a group of bombing machines to protect them. Others do patrol work. Let us suppose I am designated for the latter.

The land fighting used to be in two dimensions, but now it is coming to be in three. However, its dimension in height is measured in feet while that of the air frontier is in thousands of metres (how many I am not at liberty to say, but obviously it is as high as a machine and pilot can mount). To guard a front with as great a height as that there must obviously be a number of divisions, for a lad close to the ground cannot keep a Boche, thousands of metres up, from sauntering over the lines and dropping things or taking pictures.

Let us suppose that I have the lowest patrol, the one from which the ground can be seen with the most detail. First the planes circle about a given altitude until all are there, then they follow the leader to the sector which it is their duty to patrol. Perhaps they are told to fly over their own lines, perhaps over the enemy's. Perhaps they are merely to strut around with chips on their shoulders. Perhaps they are to look for trouble. It all depends upon where it is policy to have the air front in relation to that on the ground. If the low patrol is over the enemy's lines, the pilot can see the whole show, if he has time.

No one can miss the front, the lines, even where the fighting has not been of the hottest. There is a dead area of considerable width where there are no houses, trees, animals, or other living things of any size except the men who can sometimes be seen in the trenches. If the sector has been the scene of a powerful drive, preceded by many days of artillery preparation, the lines are

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even more clearly marked, for it is all brown: every living blade of vegetation being blown to atoms or buried many feet under the ground. The ground itself looks like an enormous slag heap which has bubbled slowly, leaving great craters over the entire surface. In such sectors the trenches themselves have been obliterated, and it is those craters, those shell holes, that are held by the infantry. When the bombardment is heaviest towns cease to exist, and not only towns, but the roads leading into them. I have been over several which could be spotted only by the line of roads from which can be conjectured the point of intersection. Larger cities seem never to be completely wiped out, though nothing is serviceable in them.

Just about the time you have noticed a very small part of this it occurs to you to look up and behind (you had better do that about every ten seconds) and about the time you are looking up or behind or under your tail . . . and the Boche are at you with their anti-aircraft guns.

The first salvo is rather pleasing, because it means that at last you have got to the point where the Huns are taking notice of you. After a bit, however, these bangs and black clouds of smoke get annoying, they are so cussed persistent. Some batteries are better than others, some you laugh at, others set you dodging.

This heavy fighting in the semi-darkness, while there is a certain amount of light several thousand metres up, seems like another world. One hovering about in the upper air and light seems like a voyager from one world who is getting a glimpse of another, one which he would not wish to inhabit and one whose inhabitants must be very different from us.

I must stop now and be off again for more flying.

With love, OLIVER.

The graphic letters of Charles J. Biddle have been brought together in his book "The Way of the Eagle" (Scribners, 1919) dedicated "To Oliver Moulton Chadwick, killed in action, August 14, 1917." They abound in

references to Chadwick, whom he greatly admired as a fellow-aviator, both in training and in action, and as a man. When the two friends were ordered to *Escadrille* No. 73, *Groupe de Combat* 12, Biddle wrote (July 28, 1917):

This group is the most famous fighting one in the army and admittedly the best, so you can see that Chadwick and I were very lucky to get into it. It contains more famous fighting pilots than any of the other French flying units, one in particular, Guynemer, who has to date brought down about forty-eight Boches officially and many more unofficially. . . . Chadwick and I and two other Americans who came with us are the first Americans to be sent to this group. An *escadrille*, a squadron in the French service, numbers about fifteen pilots and machines. We are indeed fortunate to get into this crack group, but as it has suffered rather heavily lately, they had to fill up, and so we got our chance.

It was only a little more than two weeks later that the two friends parted for the last time and Chadwick fell in gallant action. A letter of Biddle's recounts the circumstances, and characterizes Chadwick, as follows:

The next morning, August 14 (1917), Oliver and I were not scheduled to fly until the afternoon, but as we were both anxious to get all the practice possible, we went to the field in the morning in the hope that they might need an extra man. A patrol was just going out, and being short one man they asked Oliver to fill up. I saw him off and was a little disappointed that he had gotten the job instead of myself, as he had already had an hour or two more over the lines than I. He went out with three Frenchmen and never came back. They reported that at about 9.45, shortly after they had reached the lines, they had lost track of Oliver while manoeuvering near some clouds. Shortly after lunch we received a telephone message, that the infantry had seen a machine of the type Oliver was flying shot down in the course

of a combat from about 2000 meters and fall about 1200 metres north of Bixschoote at a place known as the "Ferme Carnot." According to the report, the French machine went to the assistance of an English one that was being attacked by a Boche, and at the same time was itself attacked from the rear by two other Boches. The French machine was *nettement descendu*, as they say, and took a sheer fall of over 6000 feet, until it crashed into the ground.

I had hoped against hope that there might be some mistake; that the machine was merely forced to land, or perhaps that it was not Oliver's machine at all, or that he might be only a prisoner. I have been doing everything I could think of to get all the detailed information possible, as it will mean so much to his family to know just what happened and whether or not he is really dead. The commander has been very kind in trying to help me to collect this information, but it has seemed almost impossible to trace what clues we have. Where so many thousands are being killed and have been for the past three years, a dead man, no longer able to help in the fight, is nothing, and men busy with the great business of war have no time to spend in trying to find one.

Oliver fell between the lines, but very close to the German. The recent French advance has, however, put the spot just within our own lines, and I wanted to go up myself and have a look, but it seems impossible. I thought perhaps I might be able to find his body or the machine or something. Even though I could not do this, my efforts seem to be bearing fruit, and there seems to be no longer any doubt that the machine was his.

To-day I received a photograph of the machine taken by a priest attached to the infantry and also some details of what happened when the machine fell. It seems that both the Boche and French soldiers rushed out of their trenches to try and get possession of it, and a fight followed in which both were forced to retire. The picture was taken after the advance a day or so later and shows a tangled mass of wreckage and beside it the dead

body of a Boche. No trace could be found of Oliver's body, but this is easily explained by the fact that pilots often have papers on them of military importance, and his body would therefore have been taken and searched. This would have been easy for the Germans to do at night, as the machine was so close to their front-line trenches. I am now trying to get the number of the fallen machine and to find some one who actually saw it fall. I think then we shall have everything. What chance has a man who falls like that from such a height? I have seen the result of a fall of one tenth the distance or less too often not to know. I have a large-scale map showing the spot where he fell. It will, of course, always be impossible to find out where he is buried.

I wish you could have known Oliver Chadwick, as I am sure he would have appealed to you as he did to me. He was the kind of a man that it takes generations to make and then you only get them once in a thousand times. A man with a great deal of brains, he was also a very hard worker and had learned much about aviation and had made himself the best pilot I have ever seen for one of his experience. He was one of the very few I have met over here who came over long before America entered the war, simply because he felt it was his duty to fight for what he knew was right. That was why he was fighting and what he was fully prepared to die for. His ideals were of the highest and he was morally the cleanest man I have ever known. Physically he had always been a splendid athlete and was a particularly fine specimen. Absolutely fearless and using his brains every minute, if he had only had a chance to really get started and to gain a little experience, he should have developed into the best of them all. The Boche that got him certainly did a good job from their point of view, for if he had lived long enough to become really proficient, they would have known it to their sorrow, and I doubt if they would ever have gotten him.

We were in the Law School together, but I never saw much of him there, as we lived far apart and had a different set of friends. Since I came over here, however, and went to the aviation

schools, we had been almost constantly together. We had lived together, eaten together, flown together, and planned all our work together. Always a gentleman and thinking of the other fellow, he was the most congenial man to me that I had ever known. I had come to regard him as my best friend, and it is astonishing how well you can get to know one with whom you work in this business, whom you often rely on for your life and who you know relies on you in the same way. There is nothing I would not have done for Oliver Chadwick and I know he would have done the same for me. He was the finest man of his age that it has ever been my good fortune to meet and was my idea of what a gentleman should be. I am very glad to have known him, and I think it did me a great deal of good. When a man of this rare stamp goes down almost unnoticed, it seems, it makes one appreciate what this war means. To me, personally, his death naturally leaves a pretty big hole, but I am glad that if he had to die, he died fighting, as he wanted to. I know he himself never expected to survive the war, but his only fear was that he might be killed in some miserable accident.

He was a great favorite with all the instructors, both because of his amiability and because they could not help but admire his skill and his fearlessness. The Commander here regarded him as one of the most courageous men he had ever had, which is saying a great deal in this organization.

One of the officers tried to tell me that Oliver should not have left his patrol and gone to help out the other machine. I think he did exactly what he should have done. He could not well stand by when he saw a comrade in trouble and leave him to shift for himself. What one admires in a man more than anything else is the doing of his duty regardless of the consequences to himself, and this was Oliver all over. As soon as I heard what had happened I felt sure that it was he. My great regret is that I could not have been on the same patrol, as we usually stuck pretty close together and might have been able to help one another out.

A few months later Biddle was able to identify the spot where Chadwick fell. Finding among the fragments of a shattered machine a piece bearing the number of Chadwick's plane, 1429, and a rough grave with a wooden cross on which was inscribed: "*Ici repose un aviateur inconnu,*" he felt sure that he had come upon his friend's resting place. In a letter of November 18, 1917, he wrote:

I am having a plate engraved by one of our mechanics who was an engraver before the war; on it will be, "Oliver Moulton Chadwick, of Lowell, Massachusetts, U. S., a Pilot in the French Aviation, born September 23rd, 1888; enlisted January 22nd, 1917; killed in action August 14th, 1917." This will show that he was an American pilot in the French service, enlisted as a volunteer before America entered the war. I think the simpler such things are, the better. Around the grave now is a little black wooden railing, which we put there, and a neat oaken cross; on the cross a bronze palm, with the inscription, "*Mort pour la patrie.*" The captain and I are going back soon to put the plate on the cross and I have bought a little French flag and an American one, for I think he would like this. Also I thought I would try and get a few flowers. The spot should be a peaceful one after the war.

Chadwick's memory was honored, in January, 1918, by the award of the War Medal of the Aero Club of America, "in recognition of valor and distinguished service." In July, 1919, the *Croix de Guerre* with a silver star indicating his citation for bravery in the Army Orders of the *Division Aérienne*, was presented in person to Chadwick's father by Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, on behalf of the French Minister of War. The citation reads:

OLIVER MOULTON CHADWICK

Chadwick, Olivier Moulton

Caporal — pilote — aviateur

Jeune pilote, venu au front après quelques mois d'École, a fait preuve d'une haute bravoure, d'un noble caractère et, malgré l'inexpérience des combats aériens, a affirmé, dès son arrivée dans une unité française (Spa 73), l'ardente volonté de prendre part à la lutte.

Au cours d'une mission à basse altitude, sur les lignes ennemis, a soutenu un dur combat au cours duquel il est mort en Héros.

Copie certifiée conforme au G. H. Q. le 7 juin,

Le Général Commandant l'aviation française.

M. Duval.

In a letter to the President of Columbia University Baron d'Estournelles de Constant wrote, besides, of Chadwick:

He has literally flown to the defense of liberty and might be likened to a young god. The letters which he wrote me filled me at the same time with admiration and with anxiety, for he had but one thought. He was intensely eager to devote himself to the service at the earliest possible hour. I have often thought that he was one of those whom we describe as too good for this earth. When I consider such a loss, the only consolation which I find is that self-sacrifice such as that of Chadwick bears more beautiful fruit perhaps after death than during life. Such a beautiful generosity awakens in souls still undeveloped unexpected inspirations and a desire to emulate. The heroic devotion of a single person is sufficient to animate suddenly the indifference of a crowd, of an army, of a nation, of a world. And then all humanity profits by the death of these magnificent young people apparently wasted, but in reality most fruitful. I desire that my profound sympathy be expressed to the family of young Chadwick.

EVERT JANSEN WENDELL

Class of 1882

The Harvard Roll of Honor contains the names not only of the many who lost their lives in active military or naval service but also of that smaller number who died abroad while connected with recognized services auxiliary to the war. The name of Evert Wendell was inscribed soon after his death on this Roll by virtue of his having gone to

France with two definite responsibilities related to the war. One was to serve as the representative of Harvard in the establishment of the American University Union in Paris — a relation recognized immediately upon his death in a vote of warm appreciation adopted by the surviving members of the executive committee of the Union, representing Yale, Princeton, and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The other was to act for the Aero Club of America in establishing a fund for the benefit of American aviators in France. That he did not live to fulfil either mission must be counted with those frustrations of hope and purpose which brought death to many a soldier before he reached the front.

Edward S. Martin, of the Harvard Class of 1877, writing in *Life* of "Evert Wendell, College Man," described him as "a pioneer in a new calling," that of being "a college man." When Wendell graduated at Harvard in 1882, said Mr. Martin, "the impression still prevailed that when a man got out of college it became him to get clear out, and replace college interests as soon as possible with the interests of the larger world. But Evert Wendell never got out. He took college with him into the world, and kept it with him, worked for it, along with other things, as he went along."

As a "college man" in college, he was secretary of his class through his four undergraduate years, and treasurer in the second of them; he was a member of the Bicycle Club, the Institute, the St. Paul's Society, the Hasty Pudding, of which he was secretary, the Glee Club, the Zeta Psi, A. D., and Alpha Delta Phi Clubs. But it was chiefly as an athlete that he was conspicuous. He was the first "sprinter" to bring the record for the 100 yards' dash

down to ten seconds. He ran in eighty races, and won all but four of them. From this beginning he grew to be known as "the father of track athletics at Harvard." Another undergraduate interest was acting in college theatricals. This was the beginning of a devotion to the theatre which culminated in the bequest of his dramatic library, a vast collection of books and papers, to Harvard, together with the sum of $10,000, the income of which is to be applied to further increase of the Theatre Collection, already so rich that the duplicates afforded by the Wendell Collection were found to possess a value, at sale, of more than $24,000.

These were but two out of a large number of interests — in the broadest sense, social — which engaged him as a youth and held him to the end. His picturesque figure was perhaps the most familiar of all Harvard figures of his generation to frequenters of Harvard athletic contests, Class Days, Commencements, and other gatherings. With both the outer and the inner Evert Wendell his classmate, Owen Wister, had an intimate and affectionate acquaintance. In the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* of March, 1918, he wrote about this friend in terms which render a wholly new memoir of him superfluous. With Mr. Wister's permission, a large portion of that article is here reproduced:

In the days following his death on August 27, 1917, in the hospital at Neuilly, people spoke of the multitude of Evert Wendell's acquaintances. A multitude they were, assuredly. From bishops, headmasters, Overseers, undergraduates, comedians, genealogists, runners, jumpers, oarsmen, all the way through to waifs of the curb, he counted them not by hundreds but by thousands. Usually this betokens a superficial, and generally a politi-

cal, character. But these many acquaintances sincerely grieved that Evert Wendell was dead; grieved for a greater reason than personal loss. To this the occasion of his burial bore witness. At Calvary Church, New York, on All Saints' Day, Thursday, November 1, 1917, the delegates of twenty-nine societies, clubs, and organizations attended the funeral service. These bodies were as various as could well be: academic and social, like the Harvard Club of New York, which he had served with such faithful enthusiasm in so many capacities since its earliest days — more than two hundred members of this club were there. The Yale Club had a delegation. Historical, literary, dramatic, and athletic societies sent representatives, and the Boy Scouts of America, and the Newsboys' Lodging House, and the Children's Aid Society, and many more. Their mere names disclose the large number of subjects and causes which interested Evert Wendell. They reveal also his generous fund of energy. To these organizations, a concourse of individual friends was added, friends important and friends humble. This was two months after he had died in France — time enough in such times as these for events more recent to have turned attention away from him. But nothing had done this. Nothing of the occasion was perfunctory or official. From his old friend, the Reverend Theodore Sedgwick, who conducted the service, to the boys whose many troubles he had helped and healed, Evert Wendell was truly mourned by that whole assembly. What had drawn them there and united them in sorrow was the very wonderful kindness — wonderful and efficient — with which he glowed, which had marked him a personage quite as signally as great genius marks a man. The loss which they felt beyond their own was the vanishing of a moral force so strange and so ardent as to be wholly apart from everyday goodness, wholly kin to something which in earlier centuries caused its possessors to be canonized. For this Evert Wendell was so valued and beloved, that to say the news of his death brought sadness to a wide host of hearts outside Calvary Church and far away from his community is no extravagance; it is

merely the plain truth. By a deep instinct we lament the vanishing of a bright spirit more than the cessation of a great brain.

The place Evert Wendell held was shown at once by the newspapers. They wrote of him as they seldom write of any one. Affection lay beneath whatever they chronicled. Few figures could have been more familiar to them. College games and events had made him a visible conspicuous presence for years. His copious and seemingly affected manner might well have estranged journalists, who respect but few things and still fewer persons. But nothing that he displayed of the eccentric or effusive veiled the real man to these newspaper writers, and they paid him a tribute as perfectly genuine as he was himself. There was much to be told of him as an athlete, as an amateur actor, as a singer of entertaining songs, as the perennial symbol incarnate of college life — graduate and undergraduate — and as a rare and original humanitarian with a method so much his own that it may very well have been no conscious method at all; none of this was why the newspapers spoke their regret with such evident personal warmth — it was that radiant sympathy which animated all his doings, touched human distress with a hand like no other, and lay at the root of all his relations with life. The variety of these has been seen by the character of that gathering on All Saints' Day in Calvary Church; possibly the depth may be measured by the action of the "old boys" of the Brace Farm — the boys of the Children's Aid Society of New York. But two weeks after the funeral service, over twelve hundred letters had come from these boys to Mr. Brace, enclosing sums of from ten cents to ten dollars, toward a fund in Evert Wendell's memory. By mid-January, 2673 such letters had been received, bringing a total of $1468.85 from these slender and sometimes ragged pockets. . . .

Evert Wendell was a nature as little complex, as nearly simple, as any richly endowed character can be. Pick it up at any point early or late, and you will find his life consistently matching itself. A catalogue of the many clubs to which he belonged would

show the range of his interests — but it would obscure him. Of multifarious participations, tastes, sympathies, endowed with several gifts not at all like each other — the man was nevertheless wholly of one piece. What made him so, notwithstanding his quite dissimilar enthusiasms, was that dominating agent which held them all in solution, turned them all to its own account, his cheery, impregnable innocence. With this spiritual talisman he walked gay and unspotted through the world. It is only the powers of the body and mind which ripen and decay. The qualities of the spirit remain constant, as complete in the beginning as at the end, life merely affecting their channels of expression. Thus Evert Wendell at fifty-seven was the Evert of our freshman year. Having known many men, having seen many lands — India with Phillips Brooks, the Nile, and Europe often, — his heart and nature remained singularly untraveled. That the breaker and holder of track records had matured into the influential patron of wholesome sport both here and abroad, or that the personator of Cedric the Saxon in a "Dickey" burlesque of "Ivanhoe" had his organic sequel in the collector of more dramatic prints, playbills, and other theatrical documents than any other American seems to have gathered — such coherent growth and following out of tastes and talents wrought no change whatever in the man himself. Evert never "grew up," if you choose to put it backwards; put the right way, his innocence never shrank from its full original stature. All the misery and all the evil that he had to know because he had to fight it at close quarters, ran off this shining innocence, leaving it stainless. That eagerness he had in college he never lost, nor his boyish capacity for enthusiasm. Beneath this lived the sympathy that gave to the word "neighbor" its widest meaning. He would send a rare book to the man who would prize it most, he would sing songs for an evening-club of newsboys, he would quicken the cynical and disheartened to hope and faith in life. In a sermon preached about him at West Point, the quality in him of the good Samaritan was dwelt upon: and a writer who had witnessed his power

to win the love and trust of homeless boys compared this to some traits of Saint Francis of Assisi. . . .

Yes, with him the cause was all, and his causes were manifold, and none did he ever desert. From his voice, too light both in speaking and singing, and his manner which seemed always to be wearing too big a flower in its coat, no guess could be made of that humanity truly deep and that determination truly of steel which lay unstirred and changeless beneath. These governed him, whatever he was doing. In his earliest and his latest voyage they appear as inveterately as they appeared throughout his life between. In June, 1882, he sailed for the first time and for the first time sang in the ship's concert, organized by the composer, Alfred Cellier. Rough water always upset him to the dregs. The night of the concert was very rough. His songs required (they mostly did) much of comic vigor. Any one that has known seasickness knows that then comic vigor is perhaps the deepest drowned of all one's capacities. But the cause was all. Evert Wendell would not fail the programme. As near fresh air as he could get he awaited his turn, green and limp, and plied by a cherishing lady with sips of cracked ice and champagne. Then he marched upright into the saloon, gave both his songs with admirable vivacity, and while the applause continued vanished to sink beside the cherishing lady like a shirt blown down from a clothesline. With him on this first crossing went a young undergraduate, counseled and befriended in that early day, just as were to be hundreds and thousands of boys during the years to come. In August, 1914, upon another ship, he was the organizer of the concert, and delighted the company by singing with that same velocity and distinctness of enunciation which he had already developed in the undergraduate "patter songs" of his "Dickey" and Hasty Pudding theatricals. This day he had smooth water, but not on some others; yet only one of these stopped his dearest activity. During several hours each morning he wrote. On the eighth day he finished the task — which was the sending upon picture post-cards, bought for the purpose in Europe, many hun-

dred messages of individual remembrance to his "boys" in Texas and everywhere else. The single day he had to keep his bed he spent part of the time in going over certain portions of newly bought dramatic documents, These filled nine boxes, large boxes, cubes, two feet high, which later on the deck were much eyed by the custom-house officer. On this day, too, in the leisure and privacy of his cabin, he dropped an unsuspected veil of reserve, speaking of certain acquaintances with more severity than his hearer had supposed he could feel, breaking through what must have been a principle with him — not to "mention things." He generally appeared to be mentioning so much that it was easy to think nothing was left. But there was a good deal left. His temper remained as young as the rest of him. At a lack of response from the boys at the Brace farm he would sometimes fling on his coat and go off and be in a huff for a day — for the sake of the cause, not himself. To this boy-saving, his work, his life, his oldest friends and nearest blood were curiously blind; which hurt him so much that it became one of the things which he on principle did not mention. Again we think of Saint Francis of Assisi. Of such "principles" he probably had but few. He was not theoretical. As a militant for righteousness he belonged not to the abstract type — which can be ruthless, sacrificing persons to ideas. He worked always through the concrete, considerate and tender of the individual; of reasoning intellect he had but little. . . .

It was again the cause that beckoned him to his last voyage. To the cause he attended, not to his doctor, who bade him keep his bed, where a heat stroke had laid him during July, 1917. That he also had a grave disease he probably did not suspect. Was this, perhaps, aggravated by his abnormal love of soda and sweet beverages? Disobeying the doctor he sailed on August 3 for France, there to establish a fund for American aviators (flying was one of his enthusiasms; he lived after his mother's death at the Aero Club) and to represent Harvard in the foundation of the American University Union in Paris. His whole life long he

had been wont to make heavy drafts upon a store of energy so abundant that a handsome balance always remained; but now at length he overdrew this account, shrunk already by illness and elderliness. Yet still he was leading spirit of the ship's concert, and once more grasped the chance to serve and guard youth, as this fragment from a letter tells: "At one of our meetings attention was called to the gambling of a certain unit in the smoking-room. I asked that it be left to me to refer to Evert Jansen Wendell who sits next to me at table. As I had hoped, he managed the problem with consummate skill so that not only the young boys were saved from sharpers, but were very grateful; and their officer has shown a new standard of conduct. I hope to have the coöperation of Mr. Wendell in our work. In fact he promised to sing for us and referee games." This hope and this promise (the writer quoted was associated with work on the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations) never met fulfilment; Evert Wendell had made his farewell appearance. Never again was he to sit at a piano, his hands vigorously beating the keys, his face turned to the audience confidentially, that they might fully catch each vivacious look, each rapid, distinct syllable. Never again was he to accompany other singers with art and sympathy. Never again was he to arrive late at a dinner, voluble with greetings and excuses, not a whit penitent, his white waistcoat and his yellow head beaming, like a sort of increase in the electric lights. Landed from shipboard, he journeyed only to the hospital where presently he died, trying in his last conscious hours to sing a popular song of cheer: "Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag and smile." To him also France accorded "that rare privilege of dying well." The pen trembles a little in writing of his end.

Whence came his inheritances? Somehow he fell heir to much more than is common. The possession of independent fortune set him free from the business life that he tried for a while. For such as he to have to earn their bread is a waste and a loss. The fortune, then, came from his father, Jacob Wendell, who moved

from Boston to New York three years after Evert's birth, December 5, 1860. Was it also from this Dutch blood (which had been American since 1640) that his kindness came? — kindness that would send him running after the driver of a dump-cart to restore the tail-board which had fallen off; kindness that would take him, after he had warned a friend in the street that his ear was frozen and that he must rub snow on it directly he reached his office — would take him later to that office to make sure that the snow had been used and that the ear was all right? Or was it from the other, the New England side, that he derived this rare gift of sympathy which he turned to such wide and wonderful good? His mother had been Miss Mary Bertodi Barrett. Was it through her that he got his other gifts and tastes — or was he the result of some happy blend? His case is very interesting, disclosing as it does two interwoven strains which seldom belong together. Consider him as the athlete: at fifteen, winner of a hundred yards dash at Mott Haven; first freshman sporting editor of the *Crimson;* the first to make the hundred yards' record of ten seconds; later the winner of three events in one day; and loser of only four races out of more than eighty. Who beat him at running? His cousin, William Goodwin, who in his turn was beaten by his cousin, Wendell Baker. Evidently, in this family, a marked athletic ability persisted somewhere. In Evert Wendell it lived after he had ceased to run, and made of him that universally known and respected patron of athletics which he became and remained to the end. His other gift, which made of him a clever writer of "patter songs" for college theatricals, and a writer of a few more serious prose articles later, and also made of him a remarkable amateur actor, a singer of songs, a collector of dramatic lore, a founder and member of various dramatic clubs — this gift is to be traced in two of his brothers, each of whom excelled him; the young professional actor who stood at the threshold of brilliant success when untimely death took him from the world; and the older brother, the admirable writer and scholar, the teacher to whom so many Harvard men during

thirty years owe their taste and enlightenment. Consider too Wendell Holmes, Wendell Phillips — there is the persistent strain.

Grouped thus, the three brothers disclose this second strain of ability in the family blood, just as the three cousins disclose the first — and brothers and cousins surpassed Evert: but not in his supreme quality. In that no one surpassed him. His constructive power lay in that gift of sympathy which built up literally thousands of young lives. He has left none to take his place. No one was like him. It is wholly untrue that "no man is indispensable." The world goes on, but the work of an indispensable man stops. In the orchestra of righteousness Evert Wendell is forever silent. His loss is twofold — as a very great influence for good in our country, and as a faithful friend to many men.

To Saint Francis of Assisi we come back. The calendared saints are so far away from our age that we inevitably picture them as in ancient dress and as flawless in their lives. Flawless none of them were. How could they be, being human? Saints will walk among us always; but we, like the men of old, will always be slow to see their sainthood until themselves are in the grave.

JOHN WADSWORTH HUTCHISON

LL.B. 1910

JOHN WADSWORTH HUTCHISON was born in Charlotte, North Carolina, March 17, 1887. His parents were the late Andrew C. Hutchison, of Charlotte, and Antoinette (Fisher) Hutchison, whose grandfather was a Wadsworth of the family to which the poet Longfellow belonged. The boy received his preparation for college at the schools of his native town, graduating with honors, and as class orator, from the Charlotte High School. Thence he went to Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina, where he joined the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity, played on the college baseball nine, and was so conspicuous and popular a member of his class that he was unanimously elected its president for life. He graduated with high honors in

1907, and in the autumn of that year entered the Harvard Law School. While a student at Cambridge he was a member of the Story Law Club. He received his degree of Bachelor of Laws in 1910. In later years, speaking for his class at alumni reunions at Trinity College, he made an impression of force and grasp in his dealing with public questions which is vividly remembered.

Well prepared for his profession, he immediately began its practice in Charlotte, and had won himself an enviable position in his community and his state when the war came. On August 25, 1917, he left Charlotte with several other successful candidates for the second Officers' Training Camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. He had already given volunteer service as a member of the Fifth Company, Coast Artillery Corps, which was stationed at the time of his leaving Charlotte at Fort Caswell, North Carolina. It was his hope to fit himself quickly at Fort Oglethorpe for service overseas. On Saturday night, September 1, while he was spending the week-end at Chattanooga, he suffered an acute attack of appendicitis, and was carried by ambulance to the Base Hospital at Fort Oglethorpe. Here, on September 3, he underwent an operation, from the effects of which he died on the following Saturday, September 8.

"A young lawyer of marked intelligence, honest in all his dealings with his fellow men," said the Charlotte *Observer* on the day after his death, "John Hutchison was a man among men."

RODERICK KENNEDY

CLASS OF 1917

IN the autumn of 1915 Roderick Kennedy came to Harvard from the University of Minnesota, where he had spent his first two college years. His studies at Harvard won him the S. B. degree in 1917, though in common with many of his classmates he had left college before Commencement to bear his part in the war.

He was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, April 7, 1895, a son of John Francis Kennedy and Dr. Jane Frances (O'Dowd) Kennedy, a practising physician of that city. His preparation for college was made at the Minneapolis West High School. The memory of him in his native place found its expression after his death in resolutions drawn by

a committee of the Minneapolis Tennis Club, and describes him as "a fine athlete, a thorough gentleman, a true sportsman, a real friend." His proficiency at tennis was such that in his first year at Harvard (1915–16) he not only played on his class tennis team but won the singles championship of the college. He went out, besides, for the hockey team, and was elected to membership in the Pi Eta Society.

It is not to be said of every young man to whom the interests of college life made such appeals, as it may be said of Kennedy, that he wrote a daily letter to his mother. His studies, athletic activities, the books he read, impressions of teachers and chapel services were the subjects of constant report. It is of such a son that a mother can write: "There was never a moment of anxiety in regard to him, mentally, morally, or physically, until the war came." He was happy, dependable, devoted, a good student, a keen athlete, living up to his belief that everything he undertook was worth doing well.

On his twenty-first birthday, April 7, 1916, he wrote to his mother with a simple sincerity, now touched with pathos: "My philosophy is developing fairly steadily — not the course — I mean my own. Some of my lectures offer wonderful opportunities for philosophizing, and in one of them the fact occurred to me how everything that is here now must some day be gone. The marvelous destructibility of everything but good works seems to me one of the great wonders. Everything is transitory, but what we can do for mankind is permanent. This fact will be a determining factor in my choice of a life-work. My field of possibilities has been recently broadened, but I am not to decide before another year, so there will be no rash decisions."

Among these possibilities he was thinking both of the law and of medicine, and on medicine he had virtually decided when the United States entered the war. In February, 1917, he had tried to enlist in the Harvard Regiment, but was rejected by reason of defective arches, though he had played tennis without difficulty. As the time for action drew near, he debated between the navy and aviation, and on April 6, the very day of the declaration of war, he left Cambridge for Washington to apply for training as an aviator. "If I cannot walk for my country," he wrote his mother, "I can fly." The visit to Washington, on his twenty-second birthday, cleared the way for his first examinations, and on May 16 he received orders to report for enlistment in Boston, and enter upon his preliminary course of instruction at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology a few days later. This course lasted until the 14th of July, when with twelve others Kennedy was sent for more advanced instruction to Mineola, Long Island. He had meanwhile attended the Harvard Commencement and received his degree. At Mineola he was the first of his group permitted to fly alone, and when the course was finished at the end of August, it was predicted that because of his care and thoroughness he would be the last to meet with an accident. In fact he was the first. From Mineola he was ordered to Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Leaving New York on September 1 with a few others at the same stage of training, he duly reached his new station. Though the commission as First Lieutenant, Aviation Section, Signal Reserve Corps, which he had won did not reach Fort Sill before him, as he had expected, the commanding officer had been notified of its issue, and Kennedy and his comrades, on the

oral acceptance of their commissions, were counted and treated as officers, and immediately entered upon what bade fair to prove a profitable and enjoyable experience.

It was not as a heedless, headstrong youth that Kennedy had won his commission, but as a thoughtful and devoted lover of his country, as of his mother. In one of his daily letters to her, while he was still in training at the Institute of Technology, and she was counselling him to consider a transfer from aviation to infantry service, he wrote, on June 4: "What one is interested in should be his work. At present flying is mine. It does not take dare-devils either, if this group is a criterion. For the most part they are quiet, reserved, and thinking fellows, who know they have a stiff job ahead and are using all the time in getting ready — at the same time being perfectly cheerful and optimistic." The next day he wrote: "As you know, the people who only want to live on the country and not for it are not the kind we need now. We want people to serve in the best way they can."

It was in aviation, after a deliberate weighing of his own capacities and desires, that Kennedy remained convinced that he could best serve. For the spirit in which he was making his whole preparation a longer passage from his letter of June 4 may speak:

> It does seem as if we ought to be able to overcome the rule of might in some other way than by force. So thought Bryan, but like him we are unable to offer any feasible plan. The mass of the Germans are now, no doubt — even those of the best type — fighting with all their might. When one nation is at bay, the loyalty of the people is dominant. It seems barely possible to me that a permanent peace may be had without victory if the terms

are drawn with proper regard for nations' rights and feelings. The world must now know that war is out of place, and if the Germans can be convinced without being humiliated, we may still see the day when peace is the order of things. However, until the time comes we are anxious to do our best to impress the idea on the Germans by force, with the knowledge of right as the basis of courage.

Through the service of such an officer as Kennedy's intelligent and eager training had made him much was to be expected. But at Fort Sill, early in the morning of September 11, 1917, he made his last flight. The tragic circumstances of his death, as related by his mother, were unrelieved by any sense of the inevitable. He was ordered to fly in a machine which had been free to the inspection and handling of a curious and miscellaneous public. He was sent up without the equipment of flying coat and helmet, which would have afforded some protection in what ensued. When his machine had mounted only about a hundred feet the engine began to miss fire, and stopped. The gasoline in the storage tank was ignited by back fire, Kennedy was forced to attempt a landing from insufficient altitude, and at the same time to avoid the guns and mules of the 8th Field Artillery directly below him. An explosion occurred when he was about fifty feet in the air; a second, with flames, as he struck the ground. Jumping from the burning machine, he ran about ten feet, fell, and after a few minutes crawled further away, unaided, on his knees and elbows. When he was brought, still conscious, to the hospital, his first request was that a letter in his pocket, addressed to his mother, should be mailed. He then asked about the results of his burns, and, when informed that he

must lose his sight, remarked upon his good luck that it was no worse. Then he inquired for his comrades — how many of them were flying. Burns of the first, second, and third degree covered forty per cent of his body. He was not in profound shock, and the prognosis justified a telegram, "not fatally injured." But the shock proved progressive, and between one and two o'clock, he died. "Your son," wrote a major of the Medical Corps from the base hospital at Fort Sill, "died in the performance of his duty and as a brave Christian gentleman should die."

His body was sent to Minneapolis, where a service in the Pro-Cathedral of St. Mary was the first war funeral held in that city.

The circumstances of Kennedy's death were brought to the attention of his mother's friend, Dr. William J. Mayo, of Rochester, Minnesota, then serving as a major of the Medical Reserve Corps in the office of the Surgeon General, with the result that a few months later the physical care of student aviators throughout the service became an object of specialized attention. To this end, Kennedy, who could not walk for his country, may be counted to have flown for it.

WILLIAM HENRY MEEKER

CLASS OF 1917

WILLIAM HENRY MEEKER, of the "war class" at Harvard, was one of the best known and most popular men of his college generation. The scope of his undergraduate interests and honors was extraordinary for one who could lay no claim to the "prominence" of an athlete. He was a member of the Institute of 1770, D. K. E., Hasty Pudding,

Speakers', Dramatic, Stylus, Signet, Iroquois, and Fly Clubs; of the Sophomore Play, Junior Dinner, and Class Day Committees, and chairman of the Junior Dance Committee; Secretary of the Stylus in 1914–15, president of the Signet in 1915–16; a member of the Student Council and of its executive committee in his senior year; treasurer of *The Advocate;* in 1915–16 assisting managing editor of *The Crimson*, in 1916–17 managing editor, in 1917 president. These varied distinctions for one man fall only to a man of marked personality and character.

He was born in New York City, January 5, 1894, the son of Henry Eugene Meeker, of the Harvard Class of 1889, and Jenny (Royce) Meeker. His preparation for college was made at Pomfret School, Pomfret, Connecticut, from which he graduated in 1913. In the last of his six years at this school he was editor-in-chief of the school paper, *The Pontefract.* His contributions to its pages, brought together in a privately printed volume, "William Henry Meeker: His Book," bear witness to a loving observation of nature and an excellent narrative gift. The same book contains pieces of his writing in *The Advocate* and *The Crimson.* Here his rapidly maturing powers were manifest. It was no mean task to direct the editorial policy of the college daily in the spring of 1917, when the undergraduate temper was as tinder in a shower of sparks, and Meeker performed the task with a sound and earnest patriotism that should long be remembered with gratitude and honor.

This work alone would have justified a man's career in college; but the enumeration of Meeker's undergraduate interests, already given, will have indicated that he was much besides an editor. The friendships of a man who took

the place he held in college are often of themselves a sufficient occupation. Upon his intellectual tastes as an upperclassman a light of clear suggestion is thrown by a list of twenty books which he prepared against the imagined contingency of exile on a desert island. The list, in which three plays of Shakespeare were counted as a single volume, was made up as follows: (1) Bible; (2) Vanity Fair; (3) Pickwick Papers; (4) Hamlet, Macbeth, Julius Caesar; (5) Vergil's Aeneid with vocabulary; (6) The Four Million — O. Henry; (7) The Sketch Book — Irving; (8) The Spell of the Yukon — Service; (9) Barrack Room Ballads and Departmental Ditties; (10) Lavengro — Borrow; (11) The Rubaiyat; (12) The Broad Highway — Farnol; (13) Comfort Found in Good Old Books — Fitch; (14) Modern English Books of Power — Fitch; (15) Treasure Island; (16) Tennyson's Poetical Works; (17) The Complete Angler; (18) Three Musketeers; (19) The Road Mender — Fairless; (20) Webster's Dictionary.

For the undergraduates of Meeker's final years in college there was, in addition to all the usual employments, the call of individual preparedness for military service. Into this Meeker threw himself with all his zeal. By the time the officers of the French Army detailed to Harvard for the training of its young men arrived in Cambridge near the end of April, 1917, Meeker was a captain in the Harvard Reserve Officers' Training Corps, which had grown out of the "Harvard Regiment." To the forming of this organization Meeker's personal influence and enthusiasm had indeed contributed much. Foreseeing, as early as the summer of 1916, that in aviation he might himself do most for the cause of the Allies, he spent that summer as a pupil of

the Thomas-Morse Aeroplane Company's flying school at Ithaca, New York. From this place he wrote, in a letter to a friend: "I'm fired by the spirit of preparedness just now, and the 'crimson' will change to 'blood red' before I'm through with it this year." For a number of earlier summers he had driven an automobile almost every day. He had also had much experience in riding horses and in climbing mountains. Both physically and spiritually, he was of the stuff of which aviators are made, and, after enlisting, April 23, 1917, in the U. S. Signal Officers' Reserve Corps, Aviation Section, at Cambridge, it was to become a member of the Lafayette Escadrille that he left college in May of 1917, having passed the examinations for his bachelor's degree. He sailed for France on the nineteenth of that month.

The aptitude and experience which he brought to his chosen service soon revealed him as an aviator of uncommon promise. He enlisted in the Lafayette Flying Corps on June 3, and was sent on June 10 to the Aviation School at Avord where he was brevetted corporal, July 26. Here he remained till September 6, when he started for Pau to receive his training in acrobatics, the final stage of preparation for war flying. He arrived at Pau, September 10, and on September 11 was killed in the fall of his Nieuport machine on his trial flight. In the official history of the Lafayette Flying Corps it is recorded of him that "he took the Caudron training and made a most brilliant record at Avord; few men have been brevetted in a shorter time. He was all anxiety to get to the front, and once his Nieuport training was finished, he took the train for Pau without the loss of an hour. There, while doing a vertical spiral in an

18-metre Nieuport, he fell into a wing slip, as any young pilot is apt to do, failed to pull out of it in time, and crashed into the ground, killing himself instantly. At his funeral the whole school turned out to do him honor; the coffin bearers were five comrades of the Lafayette Corps, and Lieutenant Chevalier of the United States Navy." [1]

On the day before he left Avord Meeker wrote to his mother that he had been "pronounced officially capable of carrying a passenger and of taking up the final stage of the preparation for war flying, the acrobatics at Pau." He proceeded: "My hardest work is now behind me. Nothing but fun and excitement now remains. From the highly enthusiastic reports I have from those who have been at Pau, I am extremely anxious to get there. There we receive wonderful treatment, good food, good beds, etc., and flying in the shadows of the snow-capped Pyrenees, it surely is something to look forward to."

Since Meeker's career as an aviator was cut so tragically short, the tale of what he did is told. The tale of what he was has been suggested and may best be illustrated by passages from a few of his letters from France.

Of the French he wrote to his mother on his first day at Avord, June 11:

> All of them on the train, in stations, in cafés, everywhere honor us as representatives of a great nation. The French make me proud of being an American — many of the Americans make me ashamed. Paris is full of slackers and petty adventurers from the States just now. One sees them idling about the cafés, talking loudly in bad French; some of them are ambulance men afraid to go to the front; others are ambulance men who refuse

[1] See *The Lafayette Flying Corps*, Vol. I, p. 357.

to drive ammunition trucks when there are no ambulances. All of them are a national disgrace.

A few days after he was brevetted corporal, at the same time with his comrade in training, Samuel Wiggins Skinner, Harvard, '15, whose name was soon to follow Meeker's on the Harvard Roll of Honor, the Commandant of the Avord School bestowed upon these two pupils the following terms of praise:

Le Capitaine Commandant l'École adresse ses félicitations aux pilotes américains Meeker and Skinner, pour l'entrain et la bonne volonté dont ils ont fait preuve dans le cours de leur instruction, qu'ils ont réussi à parfaire en un temps remarquablement court, accomplissant leurs épreuves de B. M. en moins de trois jours.

Le Capitaine Commandant donne ces pilotes, engagés volontaires dans l'Armée française, en exemple à tous les élèves de l'École, pour le dévouement et l'excellent esprit militaires dont ils sont animés.

Meeker sent this commendation home, saying:

I am enclosing here a letter from the *Commandant* of the school which I thought you might like to see and which I am afraid I might lose. As a matter of fact Sam and I did nothing more except stick close to our knitting all the time, for which we were given by the lieutenant of the school excellent machines and by *Le Bon Dieu*, good weather and good luck. The brevet tests were really lots of fun. It is the best sport in the world to go flying along over the country, come down and see a few people and have some papers signed and then up again and on. On one of our trips Sam and I spent a night at the aviation school in Châteauroux, some forty miles away from Avord. The only excitement was a couple of loops I made for sheer joy and because I wanted to see how much confidence I had before going to Pau, and the three thousand metre altitude test, in the course of which I got lost in the clouds, which was a very good thing for me.

From a letter to Professor C. T. Copeland, written after a forty-eight hour *permission* in Paris, the following passage is taken:

AVORD, CHER, FRANCE,
August 18, 1917.

. . . The more I see of France the better I like it and its people. The French are certainly wonderful in their treatment of us, almost embarrassing in their attentions. The worst part of it is their pathetic faith in the indomitable ability of America to stop the war at once, this horrible war of which they are all so terribly tired. I have talked with many and varied people, high and low, *poilus* at the railroad stations, officers in the trains, aviators at the camp, statesmen and journalists in Paris, and the cry of them all is "When will it be over? How soon will America have her army at the front?"

The other night in Paris, I was taken to hear Montheus, a popular vaudeville actor. The theatre was in the lower part of the city, the part where munition workers live. The audience, composed of men and women in sombre black and the occasional dusty blue uniform of a war worn *poilu* to lighten the gloom, was manifestly anti-clerical, anti-government, anti-everything. Montheus is an artist. He knows well the various publics that he serves. The curtain rose after an unimpressive "song and dance number" and Montheus limped out upon the stage. A tall, lean consumptive, dressed in a ragged *poilu* uniform and with the *Croix de Guerre* hanging on his breast, he stood there for a moment uncertainly and blinked across the footlights. Then he began to speak and a deep hush fell upon the applauding house. This recitation was that of a drunken *poilu*, who, walking along a road, comes suddenly upon a wayside crucifix. With a mocking bow the *poilu* addressed the Christus, calling upon God to stop this war which He alone had started. The audience applauded wildly in hearty support of his words, and I, from my box seat above, looked out over the sea of faces, and saw that each of them believed his words. Each of them hated the war

though nearly all present were munition workers and drew their pay from the very thing they cursed. Then the actor shifted his ground, sang a patriotic war song, and delivered a eulogy upon the far famed *Croix de Guerre*. As the last echoes of his words died away, the people lifted their voices in acclaim and I saw the real spirit of France shining from their eyes, the spirit of France, weary but unbroken, indomitable, and victorious in the end. No, the Germans haven't got a chance against these people.

I could go on and say more, Copey, but I mustn't. I rise at 5 A.M. and (I am sure you will be pleased to know) I have at last found something for which sleep is necessary.

On August 24 he wrote to his younger brother, then on the point of entering Harvard:

I am very sorry that I had to go away so quickly that I could not have any long talks with you about Harvard and the various lives one leads there. People tell me that it is unlike any other college in that you can do there practically anything you want; by that I mean be prominent or retiring and nobody cares very much.

There are, of course, in Harvard, people of widely different sorts but the private school fellows like yourself seem to me in general to fall into pretty clearly defined types: First, there is the prominent man who devotes himself to work so much that even though he may be a member of various clubs, he is so busy being prominent that he has no time to sit in front of the fire with his friends. Then there is the sociable man who does nothing but go on jovial parties or sit before the fire with his friends. Lastly, there is the fellow who drinks all the time, tutors constantly, and generally ends by being fired from college. Between these three there are more or less happy mediums; you must take your pick. I think the medium between the first and second group the best as it is also the hardest. You will notice that I have left out the well-known type of grinds, but I hardly think you will be much concerned with that type.

While I am preaching about college I want to ask [you] as a favor to me to cultivate the friendship of such of your professors as you may think interesting.

Less than a week before his death he wrote to his mother, September 5:

By the time this reaches you, my acrobacy will probably be at least half finished. Please don't worry about that word acrobacy. Now that Avord training is over, I will say that the number of pilots injured at Pau is about one-tenth the number hurt at Avord. The machines there are very safe and with a good machine and steady nerves, one can do anything in the air. On my brevet trials here I made two loops on a Caudron; they were very simple and made me realize how perfectly safe all such stunts are. Incidentally they are absolutely essential at the front, so there you are.

Lots of love to everyone, dear,

Your loving son, BILLY.

Before his death Meeker expressed the wish that, in its event, the library he had begun to collect should be given to *The Crimson*. In pursuance of that wish Henry E. Meeker, '89, in the spring of 1918 presented *The Crimson* with a thousand volumes, now installed in the "sanctum," as a memorial to his son. He has also established the "William Henry Meeker, '17, Scholarship," to be awarded "for excellence in some of the English courses."

It were well if with all the names commemorated at Harvard the qualities that went with each in life could be recalled.

PAUL CODY BENTLEY

Class of 1917

Paul Cody Bentley, born at Cleveland, Ohio, September 22, 1895, came of the New England colonial stock from which, in the nineteenth century, sprang many pioneers of the western United States. His father, William Frederick Bentley, now of Chicago, but a resident of Wichita, Kansas, when this son was born, was himself the son of

an early settler of the Rock River Valley in Wisconsin, who crossed the plains to California on the discovery of gold in 1849. Farther back a Connecticut ancestor was one of General Putnam's soldiers in the Revolutionary War; and a great-uncle, of the Bentley name, served on the staff of General Jackson at New Orleans. The mother of John Bunyan, Margaret Bentley, and Richard Bentley, the classicist of Cambridge, are said to have been of the English stock behind the American family. Paul Bentley's mother, Josephine (Cody) Bentley, was a first cousin of Colonel William F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill." Her people on both sides had moved from Connecticut to Cleveland when the Western Reserve was opened for settlement more than a hundred years ago. The strain of pioneer blood in Paul Bentley's veins was thus of the clearest.

He had his early schooling in Chicago, where his parents went to live in 1900. From a kindergarten and primary school he passed to the elementary and high schools of the University of Chicago, from the last of which, after four years of study, he graduated in 1913. A few months with a railroad surveying party on the Pacific Coast, and a freshman summer semester at the University of Chicago preceded his entering Harvard, where, after nearly three years of study, he received the degree of A.B., conferred *in absentia*, in 1917. He was a member of the Speakers' and International Polity Clubs; but with him, as with many other men of his college generation, the military interest appears to have stood first.

He was among the first Harvard undergraduates to enroll for the Military Training Camps at Plattsburg, which he attended in the summers both of 1915 and of 1916. He

was a corporal in the Harvard Regiment, and had hoped, like others, that his military record would earn him a commission. But it was necessary to take an examination for the first Officers' Training Camp, and in this Bentley met with rejection, by reason of eye strain, which prevented his reading the largest letters used in the test. Glasses and delay would have enabled him to surmount this difficulty, confronting him in the first week of April, 1917. If he could have been sure of going to France as a combatant in the immediate future, his letters to his family show that he would have waited. But uncertainty and eagerness to be of instant use were in the air, with the result, in Bentley's case, that he enlisted at once in the American Field Service, sailed for France, and arrived there on Memorial Day, 1917.

The outline of his service at the front has been supplied, in the following terms, by his father:

He was attached to the army on the Chemin des Dames in the Soissons-Rheims sector; during July, August and September this sector was the most active. The duty of these drivers required them to haul the wounded from the *poste de secours*, just back of the second line trenches, along the crest of the hills south of Laon and north of the Aisne River. After sixty-two hours of continuous service under fire, Section 65, of which Paul was a member, was cited as a section and received the *fourragère*. Subsequently Paul individually received the *Croix de Guerre;* he was the first of his unit to receive it.[1] He was severely wounded in action, September 13, 1917, between six and seven o'clock, P.M., at about

[1] Bentley's individual citation reads as follows:

"*Depuis son arrivée au front s'est fait remarquer par son courage. Au cours d'une évacuation, sa voiture ayant été atteinte par un obus, et lui-même très grièvement blessé, a continué à conduire jusqu'à l'épuisement de ses forces.*"

the point where the road from Fismes to Laon and the Chemin des Dames intersect on what was known as the "Dead Man's Curve" on the "Sky Line." He scarcely rallied from these injuries and was not got to the hospital until the next morning. Gas gangrene, supposed to have been contracted from an infected shell, set in and he died September 16, 1917, at 7.55 A.M. A civil inquest was held at the time by the French authorities, of which I have an official copy. The American newspapers had the account of his being fired on, and gave him credit for being practically the first American to fall in action after the A. E. F. was in service in France.

As a matter of fact, Paul's unit was attached to the French Army up to about September 1, 1917, when it was turned over to the American Expeditionary Forces, and ordered militarized into the American Army. During this time, it was, by an order from Pershing, as I understand it, re-attached to the French Army in order that the skeleton of the unit might be filled in again, and only Paul and five or six companions still remained with the unit, they being at the front at the time, so that it would appear that, by virtue of this order, Paul was officially under the jurisdiction of the American Expeditionary Forces at the time. He is credited with being the first Chicagoan to fall in action.

Bentley's letters from France to his family were frequent and full. The unit to which he was attached, made up largely of young men from the Universities of Illinois and Chicago, had its full share of hardship and peril. It reached the front on July 4, and shortly after midnight of July 5 its members were wakened by a crash of aerial bombs dropped by Germans. "The following morning," a member of the unit has written,[1] "we were requested by French officers to take down the large American flag which flew over our barracks. It had been raised on the Fourth of July. In the

[1] *The History of the American Field Service in France,* Vol. II, p. 307.

opinion of the Frenchmen this flag had drawn the attack." A few passages from Bentley's letters will speak for many experiences in the crowded ten weeks that followed:

August 6, 1917.

Our last two days at the front were undoubtedly the most terrible any of us in this ambulance section will ever experience.

I happened to be stationed during most of the time with three other cars at the big tent hospital evacuating the wounded to other more permanent hospitals as fast as they poured in from the *poste de secours*. All the other cars in the section were called to work from the *poste*. Thus, as I only made a few trips to the *poste*, I missed most of the danger; but on the other hand I had for sixty-four hours the most continuous, heavy, and nerve-racking work imaginable.

It was raining all the time, and the mud was very deep and the roads were very bad, and as for the *blessés*, they were in a horrible condition. A deadly new kind of gas and liquid fire had been employed in our sector with great profusion and horrible effects. As there were so many in the hospital waiting to be evacuated we hardly ever rolled without a full load, — six *couchés*, or three *couchés* on one side and six *assis* on the other, or twelve *assis*. Sometimes, even, we crowded one of these horribly bloody specimens, with his head completely swathed in a white cloth and the rest of his person covered with mud and rags, on the front seat with us. The runs were all quite long, from ten to sixteen kilometres each way, — that is, from six to ten miles. It is not level country, but one hill after another all the way, so that one has great difficulty climbing in the mud even on second speed, and in descending one must keep both brakes on as hard as possible for a mile at a time.

And thus we worked (our four cars) in relay night and day. Noble [1] and I drove alternate trips. We took fracture cases to one hospital, *grands blessés* to other hospitals, and *petits blessés* to

[1] Noble W. Lee, Harvard '18, of Chicago.

still another. Every time we returned we found that the other cars of our section were on the road, and they would be waiting at the hospital for us to carry another load. Several times we did not even have a chance to eat our meals, but they often gave us warm coffee at the hospitals while the *brancardiers* were unloading, and we had also been supplied with a ration of sweet chocolate. As a rule a round trip took us three or four hours. I could not drive up to one hospital on account of the mud and the bad road, so I opened the back and led those who could walk for a few hundred yards through the mud to the hospital. The others we carried on *brancards*.

It was very weird traveling at night, in particular because we always went without any light and passed endless convoys of every description, cannons, caissons, camions, and *ravitaillement* trucks which run on the roads, although propelled like a steam engine.

In all these two days I had only two hours sleep, an hour at a time. Once when I woke up I found they had laid a dead man on a stretcher beside mine, less than a yard away, and the stench was horrible. . . .

My steel helmet has already shown its value. Almost ten days ago when I was sitting behind the *poste de secours* a little jagged piece of steel ricocheted off the roof and hit the top of my helmet. It was not going hard enough to hurt much, anyway, but I still preserve the fragment.

September 3.

It is not the shells that worry me, it is the gas. Vast quantities have been used on this front for the last few days and although the waves are rather harmless, being faint when they get back as far as we are, gas shells are dropped into the artillery posts. I wore my mask for the first time the other day at dawn when I was making a trip from the other *poste*. I had just passed several soldiers wearing their masks, and as I got down into the fog in the valley I suddenly smelled a very strange, sweet odor. At first it was very faint, but as it immediately grew more distinct we

stopped the car and, holding our breath, put on our masks which we carry hanging from our necks. The odor of the gas is different from anything I have ever smelled, and in small doses is very pleasant. I never take any chances, but always put on my mask immediately, although some of the others do not take the trouble if it is faint. Several have got headaches and sore eyes from it. Among other things I had to put on my mask coming down here this evening. About ten feet behind me there is a dead man on a *brancard* who was asphyxiated in the trenches this afternoon. There are two others lying here from gas, and only half an hour ago another man was led in completely dazed with gas.

They keep here at the *poste* sticks which they burn to counteract the gas, also tanks of stuff which they can let out if necessary. A well-fitting mask also is a perfect protection, if put on in time, although they are very uncomfortable and ill-smelling.

There is a new and deadly form of gas which is being used lately. It is invisible, it cannot be smelled; it has no effect for four hours; at the end of this time a rash breaks out on the victim and he dies in a few hours. I heard the *brancardiers* warned about it in a lecture which was given to them in the cave the other day. Fortunately it is very expensive and has not been used back where we are. Such a ghastly invention is almost inconceivable and sounds more like a fairy story than the brutal truth.

I must tell you next about a most spectacular sight yesterday afternoon. It occurred while I was sitting in the yard behind our cantonment writing a letter to Baldwin who has just arrived in France. A Boche aeroplane swooped down from the clouds and headed for a *saucisse* (observation balloon). It was the nearest of a whole line of balloons so that I had a splendid view of it. It was being lowered by a cable. The aeroplane swooped down a few feet above it opening fire on it. The observer immediately jumped overboard with a parachute which opened up beautifully and then seemed to descend very slowly. Before he ever had time to reach the ground, the balloon above burst into

flames and disappeared in an immense cloud of smoke, the basket dropping down and making a trail of black smoke like the tail of a comet. The balloon observer certainly had a narrow escape.

September 11.

I am still very uncertain as to what I shall do next. But uncertainty is the main characteristic of war. Everything is uncertain. In the first place the section may go *en repos* today or tomorrow, and it may not. The order has not come yet and we have been expecting it for a week. . . .

In Paris I have in view a job driving a staff car, the staff car service being a part of the American Red Cross. When I was in Paris last I made inquiries about it and it looked very good, and consists in driving by staff cars between Paris and the front. If that falls through, I shall look into other forms of service, — aviation, artillery, quartermasters, etc., but I am fairly certain that my eyes will prevent my being accepted. In this case I shall try to re-enlist in the ambulance for the duration of the war and shall get regular private's pay, which in France means barely enough to get along. I am a little afraid I might even be rejected for that on account of my eyes. Noble was rejected yesterday, and his eyes are only a little worse than mine.

Failing everything else, I shall of course come home. And I suppose I could do worse things. I think it is very improbable, however, that I shall come home before the end of the war, — at least, not to stay.

I am awfully anxious to come home for Christmas, and of course want to come home. I know I shall be miserable over here particularly through the long monotonous winter and during the holidays, but think this is the place where most Americans should be until the war is *won* decisively and until Germany is so crushingly defeated that she will furnish a warning example of what will always happen to a ruthless aggressor.

Of Bentley's death a comrade who nearly met the same fate at the same time has told the tragic story. It is con-

tained in a "Personal Statement" made in July, 1918, by Carson Ricks, of Eureka, California, for Bentley's father, while Ricks, recently discharged from the U. S. Army after nearly a year of hospital treatment in France and America for the wounds he received when Bentley was killed, passed through Chicago on his way home. Thus, in part, his statement runs:

Paul Bentley was the first American dying of battle wounds connected with the American Expeditionary Forces in France. Early in September the famous Section 65 of the American Field Service was taken over by our War Department and attached to General Targe's French Division, it having been *en repos* with one of the divisions after the French offensive on Laon in July and August, 1917. I was not in this section up to this time, but, September 11, I was assigned to Paul Bentley's car, a big Fiat that carried six *couchés*. Bentley's partner, Noble Lee, was on permission. During a gas attack on the 13th, while the Boches were very ugly after the summer offensive, we were at the front on the Chemin des Dames, and were ordered to roll five Frenchmen who had been badly gassed, to the sub base hospital. It was just at sundown. Bentley wanted to wait a half hour in order that the enemy might not spot us on the road because at that hour vehicles on the road loom up and are silhouetted, because on the Dead Man's Curve around the crest of the plateau we would be in sight of the Boche trenches for a mile and a half and could be plainly found with spy glasses and easily seen from an observation balloon; but we were ordered out, and after going half or three quarters of a mile, the enemy laid down a "*tir de barrage*" or curtain of fire, in the road two hundred yards ahead of us. Paul was driving, he stopped and commenced to back, then they laid down another *tir de barrage* in the road behind us and commenced to throw big shells in between. He then started forward at full speed. I put on my gas mask and was putting on Paul's while he ran the car. We passed through the fire and gas

in safety, and must have been struck by a shell at the back left-hand corner of the ambulance. Paul ran the car a little way and thought he could run it out of the zone, but it wouldn't go. The fire was evidently directed from the balloon.

I found my arm was paralyzed. I helped Paul to a shell hole, and started up a communication trench for the *poste de secours*, after taking a drink of whiskey from a bottle I was required to carry. How I got there I don't remember. When I arrived I had forgotten all of my French, and had hard work in making them understand, as there were no Americans there. A *brancardier* (or stretcher bearer) went out after Paul. Paul was tolerably safe in the shell hole unless another shell struck in the same hole, because if you are below the surface of the ground *éclats* will not hurt you, and he had his gas mask on. The next I remember the *brancardier* was bringing Paul in on his back. It looked just like one of those Red Cross pictures I noticed in the window to-day for the first time, as I have been in the hospital since injury. The first thing they did was to give us an injection of serum to counteract the disease germs which the Boches were shooting in the shell, like poisoned arrows of the savages, and in violation of the Geneva Convention. At two o'clock the following morning they got us to a hospital where I was left, and by some misunderstanding it was some hours later before Paul arrived at the proper hospital. He had his fatal wound on his lung over the heart and would have lived but for gas gangrene, probably produced by an infected shell. I had that too, but in a glancing wound in the leg. I had seven wounds and both nerves of my arm cut in two, besides the shell shock. My gangrene was where the wound could be slit and irrigated, but Paul's set in the wound he received on the lung. Gas gangrene kills in about three days if it can't be properly treated with the Rockefeller antiseptic. . . .

Think of the number of lives of wounded German prisoners Paul and the rest of us have saved, and then think of the return, — deliberately picking us off, spending $20,000 to get our ambulance, but I suppose the enemy thought of the number we save

who will be able to fight again, and that it is almost impossible for drivers to keep from becoming fighters. . . .

It is remarkable that this casualty, which on account of its early date has attracted so much public attention, should involve two Western boys bearing the names of Cody and Carson.

To this narrative two pieces of verse may well be added — the first written by Bentley himself, probably in a *poste de secours* in one of the final weeks of his life:

THE GOAL

The morn creeps on, a fog lies o'er the land,
And time, about to turn his glass of sand,
Receives a Soul into the boundless deep
Of everlasting peace. Eternal sleep,
Oblivion, chaos, darkness? Say not so.
Doth life from dust to dust shift to and fro,
With no directing force, no god
To guide the world with his controlling rod?
Eternal sleep! Was life endured for this?
It must not be oblivion but bliss!
The body sleeps, the Soul ascends on high
And by the Maker's side lives, ne'er to die.
There she sleeps not, but wakes to a fair land
Where with exceeding joy th' immortal band
With loving arms outstretched receive the Soul
Which through long torture has attained — the Goal.

The second is this:

PAUL CODY BENTLEY

No rhyme for you, O glorious boy,
But words, if it may be, priceless and clear
Set fast in a storied mosaic of splendor
Beyond the touch of Time.

. . . . . .

You passed my door day after day
In the year or two that are gone;
Hands thrust in pocket, hasting, eyes that looked
Along a path.
Your face rapt with an urgent errand.
Then soon you were gone, away to a distant school
Following the light afar;
Hands thrust in pocket, hasting, eyes aloft
Upon the visible dream.
And then you finished the course.
Then the bugle blew, and the whir of the aeroplane
Swarming like locust o'er Pharaoh
Filled the sky.
And off you went to France,
Hasting as before, your eyes now leveled
Toward the great light,
For all the time the dream was Liberty,
And the light Democracy,
And the vision a new heaven and a new earth.

They killed your body by the River Aisne,
But your spirit is among us here
In the murk, the dirt, the clamor, the hatred,
The anarch striving of the City.
You are present now
With a splendor which is terrible
And a message and a warning
Of inexorable import.
Wherever I go I find you,
Wherever I go I see you
Standing with your rapt face
And your eyes leveled through our illusions,
Follies, laggard works, coward hearts,
Faith that craves a folding of hands
And sleep again.

And you say: "City, rebuild yourself;
My body is dead that you may rebuild yourself.
This was for you, O Republic!
This is not against anyone, but it is for you
That the banyan jungle, the growths that spread
By roots underground;
And whatever feeds at your breast, Republic —
But is not wholly your child,
Not wholly your flesh and spirit,
Shall be destroyed,
Will you become forever
What Heaven meant you to be
When the bells rang
In Philadelphia!"

And your father sits by the fire these nights
Very quiet, in a calm happiness,
And talks of nothing but you.
Shows me your letters, says in a solemn pride:
"Only twenty-two, but a finished life;
Here in school, scholarship, off to Harvard,
Graduated, off to France, dead.
On my knee, out of my arms, in school
Seeing him at night and morning.
Gone out like a shadow, and emptiness in the home.
Now his broken body buried
In a village in France.
Slain by culture
Wearing a cap with skull and cross-bones
And a moustache with the bristles of a mad-hog.
Culture! the culture of Luetgert
Who chopped his wife to bits with an ax
And boiled her up in a vat."

And your father is all changed;
Something has gone through him like fire,

And given him wisdom and vision
And a courage and a faith
That he never had before.
And he says to me:
"Paul had a passion for civics
Charters, races, epochs
And the way of the mind
In thought and act.
He could never have enough of liberty and beauty."

And now I know why he rose so early
And hasted to school,
And hasted through life.
His eyes were fixed upon Democracy
And upon Immortality.

EDGAR LEE MASTERS.

GEORGE PLUMMER HOWE

CLASS OF 1900

GEORGE PLUMMER HOWE, son of Octavius Thorndike Howe (Harvard A.B., 1873, M.D., 1877) and Elizabeth (Plummer) Howe, and brother of Thorndike Dudley Howe (Class of 1904), was born at Lawrence, Massachusetts, December 11, 1878. After attending private and public schools in Lawrence, he entered St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, from which he graduated in 1896. Thence he proceeded to Harvard College, entering and graduating with the Class of 1900. From the College he followed in his father's footsteps to the Harvard Medical School. He took his degree of M.D. in 1904, and spent the next two years as surgical interne at the Boston City Hospital.

Of his subsequent life, with its alternations between professional work and the expeditions of a scientific explorer, his marriage to his cousin, Marion Dudley Endicott, his eagerness to serve the cause of the Allies, and the opportunity to render such service as a medical officer of the British Army, more than one of his friends has made a full and sympathetic record. From a memoir prepared for the Aesculapian Club of Boston by his classmate, Dr. John B. Hawes, 2d, the following paragraphs, pursuing the record from the point to which it has been carried above, are taken:

In the spring of 1906 he went to northern Alaska as a surgeon with the expedition of Ernest Leffingwell, where he spent sixteen months between Point Barrow and the Canadian line. He returned to San Francisco from Herschel Island on a whaler in the fall of 1907. Then for two years he practised medicine in Lawrence, Massachusetts, and served on the out-patient hospital staff of the Lawrence General Hospital. He was also examiner for the Worcester State Mutual Life Insurance Company. His interest in anthropology and archaeology was so keen that he gave up practice in 1909 and entered the Harvard Graduate School, where he studied for two years. In 1910–11 he was AustinTeaching Fellow in archaeology. The summer of 1911 he spent in Yucatan, exploring and collecting ethnological information. On his return he began practising in Boston. On September 20, 1911, he married Marion Dudley Endicott, of Boston. He became assistant dermatologist at the Carney Hospital, Boston, and served as assistant to Dr. Townsend W. Thorndike at the Boston City Hospital. *The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal* published articles written by him on Eskimo medicine, and day camps for tuberculosis. He served in Battery A, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, and was a member of the St. Botolph, Harvard, Union Boat, Harvard Travellers, and University Clubs of Boston, the

Harvard Club of New York, Royal Societies Club of London, England, Brae Burn Country Club, North Andover Country Club, and Massachusetts Medical Association. In the spring of 1917 he volunteered for the Medical Officers' Reserve Corps, obtained the commission of lieutenant, and was sent abroad unattached. He sailed on the *Mongolian*, on which two nurses were killed by a bursting shell fired in practice. He was assigned for duty with a British engineer battalion, and at the time of his death was medical officer of the 10th Battalion, Royal Fusiliers. On September 3rd he wrote to the Class Secretary as follows:

"I understand that the 'Crimpoon'[1] desires war histories of 1900 men, so here goes mine. May 11th, ordered on active service as 1st Lieutenant, Medical Reserve, to Washington. Sailed from New York on ——. Left Folkestone for Boulogne June 7. . . . I stayed three days at Stationary Hospital No. 8 at Boulogne, where I had charge of a ward of wounded German prisoners — then was sent up the line and attached to Field Ambulance No. 48. A field ambulance is a moving conservation hospital and has seven medical officers and about 120 non-coms and privates, hospital corps and transport. It supplies regimental medical officers to fill casualties — temporary or permanent. I acted as temporary surgeon to the divisional engineer battalion — then to the 13th Royal Fusiliers. Now I am probably permanent surgeon to the 10th Royal Fusiliers. My address is 10th Royal Fusilier Battalion, British Expeditionary Forces. We are just down from a week's service in the trenches and have just had nice hot baths and cleaned up. I like service with the English, and expect to stay with them to the end of the war. If any of the fellows now training in the States fear they will not get here in time, tell them not to worry. There is lots of fight in old Fritz yet — newspapers to the contrary. I think our men will do the brunt of the fighting next summer, and get all of it they want."

[1] A class publication.

On September 23rd he wrote to John B. Hawes, 2d:

"I have just received your note and was glad to hear from you. I am now permanent Battalion Medical Officer to the 10th Royal Fusiliers, and have been so since September 1. I have been up in the front row most of the time since I wrote you last. Through most of August I was running an advanced dressing station for the ambulance. Since then I have been with the regiment — four days up in a filthy dugout — four days back to clean up, then back again. At present we are resting in a village a little behind the line, and I am sleeping in a real bed for the first time since June. I am billeted in the village priest's house. . . . The general came to dine at mess last night and told the Colonel he wanted the American doctor to sit beside him as he wanted to hear some more of his stories. I have always hit it off rather well with the General. I am not getting much of value in a medical way up here, but I would not swap my job for the headship of a big base hospital."

The following official communication gives information concerning his death near Ypres on September 28, 1917:

"18, Carlton House Terrace, London.

"Capt. G. P. Howe, 10th Royal Fusiliers, fr. R. C. M. C.:

"Dear Sir: We beg to forward you our first report, which we have just received with regard to the above officer.

"Our informant, Sergeant W. Booth, Tenth Royal Fusiliers, returning to England on leave, gives us this information:

"'This was in the rear of Polygon Wood. We were stopping a counter-attack. Capt. G. P. Howe was killed by shell. He was wounded slightly before, but he carried on. I saw the body after and helped to bury him. There was a military funeral. The American flag was used and he was buried at Godezonne Farm, with a cross on the grave.'

"We shall continue the inquiry on your behalf and try and obtain confirmation of this report, as we never accept one single account without further confirmation."

From the above letter it appears that he had been given the rank of captain. Howe was the first member of the Class of 1900 to lose his life in this war. It is believed that he was also the first United States officer killed in action. He lies in an English cemetery, an American eagle on the cross at his head.

Since its inception, George Howe had been a deep and earnest student of the present war. While filled with a wholesome respect for German efficiency, he was always deeply and sincerely devoted to the cause of this country. Of a naturally bold and venturesome spirit he found the routine of daily practice irksome and longed to be of more active service to his country. He deeply regretted that his nearsightedness prevented him from securing a line officer's commission. It was therefore no surprise to his friends that, after joining the Medical Reserve Corps, he gladly responded to a call for volunteers to serve with the British forces in Europe. He served — and in such service gave the best that was in him and his life.

George, or "Peter" Howe, as he was familiarly called, was known to many and loved by all who knew him well. Those who have travelled, hunted, and explored with him can vouch for his courage, resourcefulness, and cheerfulness under trying conditions; those who have worked with him in hospital clinics knew his loyalty, integrity, and ever-readiness to do even more than his share; those who played with him knew him as a worthy opponent, a kindly victor, and always a good loser; but only those of us who have lived with him and have known him intimately feel the bitterness of the loss caused by his death. An undemonstrative exterior covered a heart big with real kindliness and the spirit of true friendship. To know him a little was to wish to know him well; to know him well was to appreciate his New England common sense, his sterling honesty and his frankness, his keen humor, and his real affection and devotedness to his friends. He died as he lived, loyal and faithful to his duty to the last; he died as he would have wished to die; and we, his friends, gladly, though with sorrow, pay tribute to his memory.

In this record of Howe's career it is not related that in the summer of 1916 he attended the first Plattsburg camp, and that his interest in military affairs had previously expressed itself in his becoming a member of Battery C, of the Massachusetts Militia, while he was practising medicine in Lawrence, and transferring to Battery A when he moved to Cambridge. Nor does it refer to the scholarly detailed report on "The Ruins of Tuloom," which he wrote after his summer of 1911 in Yucatan. It should be extended further to include the fact that his death occurred in action at Tower Hamlets, near Ypres. In the British Army the Battalion Medical Officer goes over the top with his battalion, in order to give first aid and direct the stretcher-bearers. Howe was thus with his men when the enemy shell that killed him instantly exploded no more than a yard or two away. His body, sent back, was buried with full military honors in the British Cemetery at Kleine Vierstraat, and has since been moved to the permanent British Cemetery at Lyssenthoek, near Poperinghe.

Howe's record as a fighting doctor is rounded out by General Pershing's posthumous award of the Distinguished Service Cross in the following terms:

> Howe, George P. First Lieutenant, deceased. Medical Officers' Reserve Corps, attached to 37 Division, B.E.F. Although wounded in the head on the morning of September 28th, 1917, during the operation on the Tower Hamlets spur, east of Ypres, he displayed conspicuous courage and devotion in attending the wounded under very heavy and continuous shell-fire, refusing to leave and continuing to his aid post until killed by a shell.

With the words of a second friend, Dr. Townsend W. Thorndike (Harvard, M.D. '02) his chief at the Boston

City Hospital, this memoir may fitly end: "He found his last exploit in an environment in perfect accord with his ideals of life, dying the way he had lived, in the midst of adventure, useful to the last. His saddened friends may well envy this glorious termination of his career."

ROBERT WILLIAMS

Class of 1911

An uncle of Robert Williams has written for the Brookline Service Club a record of his life and an appraisal of his character which leave little to be said in this place. It reads as follows:

Robert Williams was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, March 28, 1889, the son of Arthur and Elisabeth Whitney

(Lamb) Williams. He went to school in Brookline at first, but later entered the school of Mr. A. L. K. Volkmann in Boston and there prepared for college. He went to Harvard in 1907, graduating with his class in 1911. He then entered business pursuits.

In the Spring of 1916, believing that the country must enter the great war and that training was necessary, he attended the military camp at Fort Oglethorpe. That was one of the most interesting and valuable experiences of his life. His fine qualities were quickly recognized both by his officers and by his associates, strangers at first, but soon bound to him by the ties of an unusually warm and cordial friendship which lasted as long as he lived.

In May, 1917, he entered Plattsburg [1] and won a commission as 1st Lieutenant, Cavalry, O. R. C. In August, 1917, he was sent to Camp Devens and became Adjutant and Supply Officer of the 302d Machine Gun Battalion. He threw himself into the duties of those offices with the utmost enthusiasm and a devoted effort beyond his strength, working many nights long after others had retired. He fulfilled the task, but the strain was too great for mind and strength to bear. He broke down from the pressure of overwork and unaccustomed responsibilities; and his tragic death was an incident of a sudden mental disturbance brought on by an injury received a day or two before in the discharge of his duties. He died at the summer home of his parents in Scituate [Massachusetts], September 30, 1917.

His interests and tastes were so varied as to give him an unusual sympathy with the pursuits of those around him. When he was just beginning to talk he could sing so correctly as to show that he had a good musical ear and, as he grew to manhood, music became a great resource and pleasure to him. He had some instruction on the violin when a little boy, but it was not continued, though he again took it up a few years after leaving college. He turned more readily to the piano, playing with-

[1] Here he received the badge awarded for "sharp-shooting."

out instruction but with feeling and with a wonderful touch. So in art, he had taste in design and untrained facility in drawing. He had a happy knack of turning off witty verse, without literary intent but solely for the pleasure he knew it gave his family and friends. He wrote as he talked, without premeditation, but some of the things he wrote and said were as brilliant as if they had been studied. He had pronounced tastes in reading, knew what authors he liked in both prose and poetry and took great delight in them.

He had a natural and healthy love of all outdoor sports. From his boyhood he was a fearless rider; and, during a visit to Fort Adams on the invitation of his Fort Oglethorpe captain, he went through with credit the feats set for the practice of the Cavalry regulars there. He loved the water — yachting, duck-shooting, and fishing. Perhaps his most regular exercise was "squash," which he played almost daily in the courts of the Harvard Club in Boston. He seemed, when he enlisted, the embodiment of health and grace. His photographs show correctly the distinction of his manly, spirited beauty of face and bearing, though it was not possible, of course, for them to reflect the winning charm of his bright and changing expression.

As he appeared, so he truly was, sincere and kind and good. The sympathetic understanding which he felt from his heart for those about him was manifested in everything he said and did and it was, indeed, his most striking characteristic. He was entirely without selfish ambition, but simply wished to do his duty. He did not care to lead his friends, but to cherish them and make them happy; and he won from them all an admiration and affection such as rarely falls to the lot of anyone. He leaves a precious memory as a good son and brother, a good friend, a good officer in the army of his country.

The accident at Camp Devens which was counted the "last straw" contributing to Williams's collapse occurred, in the discharge of his duty, on the very day before

his death. Some of his men were trying to subdue a refractory mule, which they feared to approach too closely. Williams called for a halter, in lieu of which a piece of old rope was placed in his hands. With this he succeeded in fastening the mule; but the rope broke and the beast, beyond control, kicked Williams in the abdomen, throwing him some distance in a somersault which ended in the striking of his head on a wooden flooring. In spite of this overthrow Williams jumped up and pursued the animal for a long time into the evening, when he caught him. The next day he suffered violent nausea, and obtained a twenty-four hours' leave of absence to visit his family. Then came the end.

His friendships in college, where he joined the Institute, D. K. E., Hasty Pudding, Anthropological, Binnacle, and Digamma Clubs, were many and warm. It is well to remember him as his friends have recalled him. One of them wrote, soon after his death — and many might be cited to the same purport:

> There were very few fellows who were so universally loved, and it was a joy just to meet him in the street and say "Hello, Rastus," to see the smile that always came which made you feel the better for having spoken to him. This is the way that I shall always remember him, and *such* a smile that always showed the good nature and perfect disposition of the man that was in him. I have never in my life heard anything but expressions of friendship and good fellowship spoken of him by any of those who knew him well, and to meet him for the first time he was always the kind you wanted to know better. Few fellows had so much in one character as was combined in his. . . . To know him was to realize that you had a very genuine pal, to be with him was an all-absorbing pleasure.

The same friend speaks, besides of "the feeling that you always wanted to slap him on the back because he was such a thoroughly fine fellow."

Still another friend has written: "His were not merely the good spirits that so many of us try to wear outside, but the kind that come within, always looking for the good and the best that there was in everyone, and finding it, and drawing it out, too. . . . I feel sure that he must have passed on with a smile."

He was buried with military ceremony at Mount Auburn, his cap, belt, and sword on his coffin, draped with the national colors, with sixteen fellow-officers from Camp Devens in formal attendance. The volley over the grave and the sounding of taps paid suitable honor to a true soldier.

FREDERICK ALLEN FORSTER

Class of 1910

Frederick Allen Forster was born in New York City, February 4, 1887. He was a son of the late Frederick Prentiss Forster, of the Harvard Class of 1873, a lawyer of New York, and Edith (Allen) Forster, a sister of George H. H. Allen, of New Bedford, a graduate of Harvard in the Class of 1883. He made his preparation for college at

Groton School. In his first year at Harvard, he was captain of the Freshman football team, and in his sophomore and senior years was substitute on the Varsity eleven. He was a member of the Institute of 1770, Hasty Pudding, and Sphinx Clubs, and throughout his college course made many close friends. One of these has testified: "He had not a single enemy in the world; that I am sure of"; another has said: "Few people have possessed a greater gift of friendship"; and still another: "His friends adored him, and I remember well one of them saying to me, 'Everyone loves Freddy. You just can't help it.'"

On graduating at Harvard he went to Portland, Oregon, where he remained for six years, for most of the time in the employ of the Corbett Estate. In August, 1916, he returned to the East, and during the following winter was in New York, in the office of W. R. Grace & Co. In May, 1917, he entered the first Plattsburg camp, and at its conclusion was commissioned second lieutenant, August 15. He was among those who asked at once for foreign service, and was much disappointed when he failed of enrollment in the allotted Company quota. He was assigned, instead, to Camp Upton, Long Island, Machine Gun Company, 305th Infantry. "He went to Plattsburg," says one of his friends, "without having had any military experience whatever, and by dint of hard work he made good, and a big future lay before him. With his wonderful personality and constant cheerfulness he would have made an invaluable officer had he lived to go abroad with his company." At Camp Upton he displayed, on the testimony of his captain, Robert G. McKay (Harvard,

'11), a thorough devotion to the duties put upon him. These were cut short by a fatal accident after less than two months.

The circumstances, as related by a member of his family, were as follows: October 5, 1917, he was on leave for the night, and went with a brother officer, Lieutenant Charles Morgan (Harvard, '08), to dine at Mr. Morgan's home at Islip, L. I. They were not required to report back at the camp until the morning of the sixth, but felt it would be better to report that night, and started back by motor about 10 P.M. Mr. Morgan was driving. A heavy rain came up, and it was very dark. When but a few miles of the distance had been covered, in making a turn the automobile skidded and was overturned in a pond — on the Bayard Cutting place — at the side of the road, Forster being pinned under the machine, but Morgan being so thrown that he was able to get himself out. The machine was a heavy one, and Morgan was unable alone to turn it over to aid his companion. It was some fifteen minutes before any help could be obtained, from the passing of a machine — occupied by naval aviators — and when the automobile was righted, and medical assistance was quickly obtained, death had ensued from asphyxiation.

Brief services were held at Mr. Morgan's house, where Lieutenant Forster was accorded all the military honors due his rank. On October 9 funeral services were held at All Souls' Church, New York. At the burial ceremony in New Bedford, Massachusetts, the home of Forster's mother, military honors were again paid to this officer.

SAMUEL VAUGHAN SELBY

D.M.D. 1915

Samuel Vaughan Selby came from Australia to the Harvard Dental School for the academic year of 1914–15, at the end of which he received the degree of Doctor of Dental Medicine. The records of his career as a student, as a practising dentist, and as a soldier show him clearly to have possessed qualities of the highest value.

SAMUEL VAUGHAN SELBY

He was born in Perth, Western Australia, June 5, 1887, the son of John and Elizabeth (Vaughan) Selby. One of his early teachers has written of him: "He was an excellent scholar and distinguished himself in many ways. Perhaps his most conspicuous characteristic was originality; he seldom did or said things without attracting respectful admiration. In later years I saw a good deal of him, and the more I knew him the prouder I became of the fact that he was an old boy of this school. As a professional man he was a distinct success, partly because he knew his work, but principally because he was always a perfect gentleman." In April, 1904, he was apprenticed as an articled pupil in dentistry to Dr. A. J. Wright, of Perth, Western Australia, who afterwards took degrees in dental surgery and medicine at Edinburgh and Harvard. In 1908 Selby presented himself before the Dental and Medical Examiners of the Dental Board of Western Australia, passed his examinations with the highest credit, and was registered forthwith. After practising his profession for two years in Western Australia, he went to Edinburgh in 1910 and entered the Dental School of the Royal College of Surgeons, where he became a Licentiate of Dental Surgery, besides winning the coveted MacGregor gold medal. With this ampler equipment for his work he returned to Western Australia and became the colleague of his early preceptor, Dr. Wright, of Perth. In 1914, following the example of this Australian dentist, who took his Harvard degree of D.M.D. in 1908, Selby came to Boston, and in 1915, won his degree at the Harvard Dental School. A fellow-Australian dental student at

Harvard, William Eyres Bennett (D.M.D. '17), has written thus of his friend and their year together in Boston:

On his return to Western Australia, fresh from his scholastic triumphs of the Edinburgh Dental School, Sam immediately took under his wing any student who cared to become acquainted with his teachings.

He was versatile to an unusual degree, and dentistry was only one of his many interests. Essentially a student, he attended University lectures in the evenings after long and arduous days in his dental office. When not at the University, he had students at his home or office and strove hard to inculcate the real mission of dental services. Many Saturday afternoons were devoted to philanthropic work — if not at the various orphanages, hospitals, homes, etc., he would have patients at his own office. He loved the work for the relief it offered, and for its own sake.

Usually a student leaving Edinburgh with the MacGregor medal to his credit is satisfied to settle down to his work and build up a practice. Sam, however, always worked with the object of "finishing off" in America, and his many urgings for students to "go away" for experience in some big dental school fired many of his student associates with the longing for studies abroad. One could not help being caught in the toils of his enthusiasm, and early in 1914 I was one of the two students to accompany him to the Harvard Dental School in Boston, U. S. A.[1]

It was only on such a journey and through a year's work in the United States that one could appreciate Sam to the full. Always a friend and adviser, he stuck to his work and friends. I shall never forget his attentions to any who were in need or trouble. His main worries were always for "the other fellow." Students at Harvard would seek his advice and they never left disappointed.

[1] The second was L. D. Nathan, D.M.D., '17, now of Boston.

Brilliant as Dr. Selby was, there were some who perhaps did not agree in full with his many theories, but all were of the same opinion as to his enthusiasm, and the care and time he gave to the many phases of studies he tackled. Unfortunately for his physique, he lacked participation in outdoor sports. Always interested in them, he never participated. He obtained recreation in music and art. Many a night — or early morning after study — he would take out his violin and play "pieces" of Kubelik or Kreisler. Every Saturday evening he would hie himself off to a concert hall to hear and enjoy some music.

Running short of funds in Boston — due to the interruption of mails, etc., in the early part of the war — Dr. Selby "hired himself out to a dentist," as he termed it, in Everett, Massachusetts, and after supper used to journey out there and do mechanical work till the wee hours of morn, have a few hours' sleep and up ready for a lecture at 9. Reviewing his life in Boston, I really marvel at his application.

His final marks for D.M.D. showed him well above the average dentist, with top marks in four subjects. His average was about 85 per cent, the highest in his class.

I shall always think of Sam Selby as a student, friend, and man, the greatest triumvirate known. Essentially a student, always a friend, and a proven *man* in so much that he lay down his life for his country, in the cause he knew was just.

On Selby's return to Australia he took charge at first of the practice of another dentist who had gone to the war, and then became again the partner of Dr. Wright. In the summer of 1916, he felt it his duty to offer himself for dental service at the front, and was commissioned an honorary lieutenant in the Dental Corps. The remark of an officer in command that the real need for men was on the firing line led him to resign his commission, and in November, 1916, to enlist as a private in the Australian

Imperial Forces. He left Fremantle for England, December 23, 1916. For nearly a year he was under military training in England. On September 5, 1917, he left England for France, a private in the 48th Battalion of the 12th Brigade, A. I. F., with the assurance, it is said, of a commission after his first action. In the second battle in which he took part, at Passchendaele, he was reported missing, October 12, 1917. For six months his family entertained the hope that he had not been killed, but at the end of that time he was officially counted among the dead.

Dr. Selby's immediate family consisted of his parents, a brother and sister, and a wife, Edith E. Louise (Sherlock) Selby, of Geraldton, West Australia, to whom he was married on his return from America. In referring to the death of his wife, from typhoid fever, soon after Dr. Selby's, his friend and colleague, Dr. Wright, has written: "Thus ended the earthly career of two of God's noblest creatures."

EZRA CHARLES FITCH, Jr.

Class of 1905

When Ezra Charles Fitch, Jr., was born at Yonkers, New York, May 2, 1881, his father, whose name he bore, was manager of the New York office of the Waltham Watch Company, of which he has been president since 1883. A long Connecticut descent, from Thomas Fitch, an early settler of Norwalk, and a seafaring father entered

into the personal background of the elder Ezra Charles Fitch. He married Helen Louisa Stevens, and it was from their home in Boston that the son went first to school at Phillips-Exeter Academy and then to Harvard College. He left Cambridge at the end of his sophomore year, in 1903, and after a year of travel on the continent of Europe, in England, and Northern Africa, entered the employ of the Waltham Watch Company, as his father, while a young man, had done before him. He was stationed first in the Montreal office of this organization; then was transferred to Chicago, and afterwards to London, where he remained about two years. From London he returned to Montreal, and became manager of all the Canadian business of the Company. Transferred in 1909 to the home office, he took up his residence in Chestnut Hill and Manchester, Massachusetts, and was manager of the sales department of the Waltham Watch Company at Waltham. In 1906 he married Ethel, a daughter of William A. Tucker of Manchester, Massachusetts.

Soon after the United States entered the war, Fitch, though in his thirty-seventh year, tried to enlist in the United States Army, but was refused on account of defective eyesight. In August, 1917, he enlisted, in Canada, as a private in the Fifth Royal Highlanders, Black Watch, Canada. In many cities of the United States a recruiting trip made by members of this regiment in the early autumn of 1917 is vividly remembered as a picturesque episode of the war time. Fitch was one of these Black Watch visitors, seeing Boston from an unaccustomed angle, and proceeding to New York, where he fell ill, in direct consequence of his military duties. From New York his recruiting work

took him to Hartford, and there on October 13, 1917, he died of double pneumonia in the Hartford Hospital. He was buried, October 16, from his father's house in Boston. Had he maintained his customary health for a week longer, he would have gone overseas with sixty picked men of his regiment.

SAMUEL WIGGINS SKINNER

CLASS OF 1915

SAMUEL WIGGINS SKINNER bore the name of his father, who was a member of the Harvard Class of 1880. His mother was Elizabeth Johnston (Jones) Skinner. The only child of these parents was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, June 17, 1891. When he was ten years old his father, a man of affairs in Cincinnati, died. The family to which he belonged held a prominent place in Ohio history, and one member of it, Salmon P. Chase, became a national figure. In Cincinnati the younger Samuel Skinner passed his boyhood until at thirteen he entered Groton School. There he made many friends, among both the boys and the masters. Entering Harvard in 1911, and graduating in 1915, he carried through college the same remarkable

capacity for friendship. He was a member of the S. K., Sphinx, and Anthropological Clubs, and, like his father before him, of the D. K. E., Hasty Pudding, O. K., and A. D. Clubs.

On leaving college Skinner made a hunting trip in Alaska, and then went into business in Cincinnati, with the Central Trust and Deposit Company of that city. Early in 1917, as American participation in the war drew near, he gave up his position, and went to Newport News, Virginia, where he qualified for a pilot's license at the Curtiss School of Flying. Soon after the United States joined the Allies he applied for enlistment in the Lafayette Escadrille, and in May, 1917, sailed for France on the same ship with W. H. Meeker, '17, with whom he was to share the experience of an aviator's training at the French flying schools. The first of these which they attended was at Avord, and on July 29 the commandant cited the two Harvard pupils in the terms already quoted in the memoir of Meeker.[1]

From Avord Skinner, like Meeker, proceeded to Pau, where Meeker fell, and in October Skinner was sent to Plessis-Belleville. Here on October 15, 1918, he met with an accident and was killed.

In the Second Report of the Harvard Class of 1915, "A Friend" has written of Skinner in these words:

> To all of his many friends the news of his death came as a great shock. Totally unconscious of his charm and wonderful personality, totally unspoiled and natural in thought and action, he died just at the time when he gave such promise for the future. A more loyal, generous, and sympathetic friend it would,

[1] See *ante*, p. 110.

indeed, be hard to find. He never thought of himself and would have given his soul to help a friend in need. He was a great lover of the woods and out-of-door life generally. Hunting and fishing trips were his hobbies, and when on these trips he never shirked, but did more than his share of the hard work. A boundless enthusiasm seemed always to drive him on, and this trait he imparted to all those with whom he came in contact.

Sam Skinner will always be remembered a true and generous friend, and though he died early, the influence of his personality can never be erased from the minds of those who knew him and loved him so dearly.

LEONARD BACON PARKS

LL.B. 1912

Leonard Bacon Parks, son of the late Sheldon Parks, of the Cleveland (Ohio) Bar, and Clara Vickers (Street) Parks, was born at Salem, Ohio, April 23, 1887. His connection with Harvard was entirely through the Law School, which he entered in 1909, on his graduation from Yale. In 1912 he became a Harvard Bachelor of Laws.

He had prepared for Yale at Phillips Academy, Andover, where he established the confident expectation that he would fill a place of distinction in the life before him. It is recorded as an illustration of his versatility as a schoolboy that "he was a member of the *Phillippian* board, and

of the Mandolin Club, that he played on his class football team, and spoke for the Means Prize." The all-round quality of his interests served him well both at New Haven and at Cambridge.

At Yale he won honors in his junior year, philosophical oration appointments, and election to Phi Beta Kappa. He belonged to the Freshman Banjo and Mandolin clubs, and in his senior year was leader of the Apollo clubs and a member of the University Banjo and Mandolin clubs. He took some part in athletics, and as a junior played on the College Football Team. While he was at the Harvard Law School, from which he graduated with a B grade, he was compelled largely to support himself. He coached the football teams of the Needham High School and the Country Day School for Boys, became official wrestling instructor at Harvard, and taught wrestling also at the Country Day School. For the 1915 History of his Yale class he wrote:

> I played guard on a Harvard Law School team organized by Hamilton Fish in 1910. We played Harvard and the Carlisle Indians in the fall and toured the sunny South in Christmas vacation, expecting to make our fortunes. Our trip was a social success, but we struck a week of solid rain, and our mercenaries landed in New York about $800 in the hole. This trip and a 500-mile canoe trip in Northern Ontario with two of my Law School classmates and an Ojibway Indian are about the sum total of my travels since graduation.

From the Harvard Law School he went immediately (in 1912) into his father's office in Cleveland, and there remained, interesting himself in Y. M. C. A. work for boys, the good government movement, and politics, until the

unsettled conditions on the Mexican border caused him to enlist, January 14, 1916, in the First Engineers, Ohio National Guard. He served on the border until the following March, with the rank of sergeant from July 8, 1916. On July 14, 1917, he was commissioned first lieutenant in the United States Army, and assigned to Company E, 112th Engineers, in training at Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Alabama. There he died, October 29, 1917, of pneumonia, following an attack of typhoid fever.

A friend and classmate both at Yale and the Harvard Law School, Mr. Stuart C. Rand, has had the kindness to supplement this statement of facts with the following personal remembrances of Leonard Bacon Parks:

His great big outstanding quality was willingness to work until he attained his end. He was tireless and would not give up until he attained that particular object on which he had set his mind, and, in so far as it was permitted me to know, his aim was a high one and the things upon which he set his endeavor were worth while.

Parks came to Yale from Andover. He was a great big, heavy boy, but not trained in athletic exercise and without knowledge of how to use the strength that he possessed. The first big event in the college year at New Haven is the Campus wrestling matches conducted on the college Campus on the evening before college opens, in the presence of almost the entire student body. The thing takes place in torch light, the officials are the letter men of the senior class and the whole thing has the intense dramatic aspect that college can give to an interclass athletic event to the nth degree. The matches are between the freshman and sophomore classes. Parks was called upon to wrestle for his freshman class although at that time he was almost entirely unknown to the class and was picked, I assume, largely on ac-

count of his size. He was pitted against an expert wrestler from the sophomore class and was thrown rather rapidly and completely. He immediately went to work to learn how to wrestle and he stuck at it through all his freshman year. By the beginning of our sophomore year everybody had come to know of his determination and grit, and he was sent into the arena as our heavyweight champion on the opening night of our sophomore year. He wrestled a prominent and very husky athlete and won his match. The determination and the spirit that he showed in connection with the whole thing will stand as an inspiration to all the members of the Yale Class of 1909 as long as they live.

He had very much the same sort of a career in his trials for the football team. I think that he did not win his Y, but he was only prevented from winning it by the hardest kind of hard luck in his senior year, when he was taken sick in the fall football season and was incapacitated at the time of the big games. However, that never discouraged him with football in the least, and he accepted his hard luck with the utmost good nature and with a complete lack of bitterness or repining, and all through law school he was actively engaged and I believe very successful in coaching local high school football teams.

He was a tireless student in the Law School. His ambition was to attain all the knowledge of the law that the Harvard Law School had to offer, and he went at it systematically and tirelessly. Everyone who knew him well liked him and had a great admiration for his determination to get to the bottom of things and to make the best of himself in every respect. Everything he tackled he went at with all his faculties. I have heard from a number of men in the Army that he was absolutely the best soldier in his outfit. He was very much interested in his military work. A Yale classmate of mine who lived in Cleveland told me that Parks knew all of the engineering subjects that he had to know for his work as an officer in that regiment down to the last formula. He took the military work up with

all his powers. His whole life was one of accomplishment, and accomplishment gained by unremitting devotion to the attainment of the desired end.

The loss of such men through illness at a training camp stands high among the sacrifices of war.

WAINWRIGHT MERRILL

CLASS OF 1919

HAD Wainwright Merrill, who was a freshman at Dartmouth in the Class of 1919 and transferred to Harvard in the autumn of 1916, at the beginning of his sophomore year, remained longer in college he would presumably have become a member of the Harvard Class of 1919. But his brief connection with Harvard was that of an "unclassified" student, a term applied to those who come from another college, and after a satisfactory academic year are assigned to one of the four classes. Merrill left college in November, less than two months after his studies at Harvard began.

He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, May 26, 1898, a son of Samuel Merrill, of that city, a graduate of

Dartmouth, and Estelle Minerva (Hatch) Merrill. His mother died when he was ten years old. He was prepared for college at the Cambridge Latin School, from which he graduated in 1915, having completed the four-year course in three years and a half. At seventeen he entered Dartmouth, in spite of his nearness to Harvard and the ancestral fact that his great-great-grandfather, the Reverend Gyles Merrill, was a graduate of Harvard in the Class of 1759. At Hanover he was an active member of the volunteer training battalion, and in the summer of 1916 he attended two camps at Plattsburg. During his year at Dartmouth, a love for good reading was greatly quickened by his intercourse with the late Charles Miner Stearns, a member of the English Department at Dartmouth from 1914 to 1918, as he had been at Harvard from 1904 to 1910, serving through nearly all of that period also as Regent of the College. Less than a year after Merrill's death at the front Stearns himself, exhausted by much work, under Y. M. C. A. auspices, for young men in the military and naval stations of New England, died of pneumonia, following upon influenza, in the Naval Hospital at New London. But in that year he prepared for publication a volume of his young friend's letters, under the title, "A College Man in Khaki: Letters of an American in the British Artillery," [1] and in this book Merrill's record and personality are clearly embodied.

The record, in a strictly military sense, is not to be found under the name of Wainwright Merrill, though it is his personality which pervades the book. It was as "Arthur A. Stanley" that he enlisted in November, 1916,

[1] Published by George H. Doran Co., New York. 1918.

in the Canadian Field Artillery. He was only eighteen years old, and knew that his father would withhold his consent from the undertaking upon which he was determined. The Harvard O. T. C., of which he was a member, fell far short of satisfying his desires. Accordingly he slipped away from Cambridge, confiding his purpose to none but a single comrade at Harvard, and early in December wrote, presumably to this friend: "I took the oath the 18th [November, 1916] . . . I claim to the 'Old Country' myself, as you know, Hampstead, London, N. My age is 21. The name, and so forth, was necessary."

Four months of training as a gunner at the Drydock Barracks, Kingston, Ontario, followed his enlistment. On March 22, 1917, he left Kingston with a detail for overseas service, and sailed from Halifax, March 28, on a transport, arriving in Liverpool, April 7, the day after the United States entered the war. After that event he felt that the time had come to make known the course he had taken and his whereabouts. With great satisfaction he wrote to Mr. Stearns, July 1: "The Pater has approved." But in order to guard his secret from possible betrayal through the military censorship, his letters to his father were signed, "Arthur A. Stanley," and began with "Dear Sir" and "Dear Mr. Merrill." The entire acceptance of the situation by his father is revealed in his writing, long afterwards: "He was not a soldier of fortune, seeking military service for the love of fighting. He was impatient, as many Americans were, at the moderate attitude of the government at Washington in the face of repeated violations of the rights of neutrals by the Germans, and for this reason went to Canada to enlist.

Many Americans had already joined the British service: even the commander of the battery in which he was serving at the time of his death was a citizen of the United States."

Never has a young American taken more kindly to England than Wainwright Merrill. As a student he had identified himself whole-heartedly with Dartmouth, and then, in spite of only two months' experience of his second *alma mater*, with Harvard. Only a few days before his death, a year after leaving college he wrote to a Harvard friend: "What a shrine it makes in a man's heart, of hopes and past joys and plans and desires — that which we call Alma Mater. And — *il n'est pas à rire* — it takes the place of *le premier amour*, of many a want and many a lack; and the knowledge that old Johnny H. is behind his sons and watching them and expecting them to do well, will help a chap mightily to carry on." The same quality of devotion to England reveals itself with great clearness in his letters from that country. In one of them he refers to "this England of ours." In nearly all he shows a youthful susceptibility to the influences of a new vocabulary — for "topping," "jolly well," "carry on," "my word," "sticking it," "cheerio" and many other terms of the British speech sprinkle the pages of his letters. If this was a boy's response to new surroundings, there are frequent bits of evidence that he brought to the English scene much more than a boy's capacity to enjoy it. His mind was stored with British poetry, that of Chaucer and of Kipling in particular as the most characteristically English singers of them all, so that he went about the land he was serving as a spiritual son who had returned

to its shores. It was indeed as such an one that he wrote after a visit to Oxford — this nineteen-year-older: "I have not told a tenth of what I felt and saw in that Oxford, of which there is only one. I realize, I think, its immense advantages over American universities — and its narrowness and shortcomings. But it is really very wonderful to me, and some day I hope to wear a gown there."

In all his enthusiasm for the new influences surrounding him, he held fast to the old. To an elder brother, Gyles Merrill, working for a commission in the American Army he wrote, shortly before he went from England to the front: "Remember that an officer is once and always an 'officer and gentleman,' and live up to it as I will try to do if I get my commission. And remember that we are sons of a great father, old boy, who loves us and wishes us well, and who is getting rather old; so let neither of us do anything to hurt him, for God knows we've both done enough of that in the past. I never realized what the Pater was to me, old man, till the last year or so, and I want to have him proud of me if I can." His devotion to good books likewise never failed him. Just before sailing for France, he spent two weeks in confinement for having "somewhat disagreed," as he expressed it, "with the military as to when my services were expected after leave to London and other towns," and wrote, October 17, 1917:

Today I left the clink, and now prepare myself for leaving England.

I read, whilst "imprisoned," the "Ingoldsby Legends" entire, Second Part "King Henry IV," and more cursorily "Midsummer Night's Dream" over again, and First Part "King Henry IV." I enjoyed myself very much. But now to fresh

fields and pastures. I take over in books: Shakespeare, Tennyson (to 156), "Canterbury Tales" (Skeat, Oxford edition), Vergil, "Æneid" I–VI, "Wilhelm Tell," "Golden Treasury," "Pickwick," "Collected Verse" of Rudyard Kipling, *et alia;* French, German, and English Dictionaries; map (*Daily Telegraph*). I hope at Folkestone to secure a small Horace, an Iliadlet (Macmillan's Pocket Edition), and "Don Quixote de la Mancha." I also have my old Harvard Italian grammar, and "England in the Middle Ages," by a Manchester woman, B.A.

The military service of "Arthur A. Stanley" in England lasted a little more than six months. While stationed at the training camp at Shorncliffe, Kent, he was transferred to the Heavy Artillery, and then spent a considerable time at Roffey Camp, Horsham, Sussex, in training with the siege guns. He went to France October 18, 1917, and shortly thereafter joined the 6th Canadian Siege Battery near Ypres, in Flanders, as a gunner. He had been at the front less than ten days when on November 6, he was killed by a German shell. He met his death in Ypres, and was buried in a British cemetery in the outskirts of the town. "For *wipers*," he wrote on the day before his death, "read hell-on-earth." The British authorities, on learning the true origin of "Arthur A. Stanley," agreed to the inscription of Merrill's own name, with his birthplace and college affiliation, on the permanent stone which will mark his resting-place.

Lieutenant H. A. West, an officer of the battery to which Merrill belonged, writing of his death to the boy's father said:

While here he always did his work well, and was never found wanting. We all considered him rather a strange chap, which is

explained by your letter telling about his assumed name. He certainly had the nerve and pluck to carry it through. When off duty he always could be found reading, not trashy novels, but books that only an educated man could read and understand, so he was always looked upon as not being of the ordinary type of soldier, but something above it.

A fund of $3000 given to the Harvard College Library by Merrill's father for the purchase of books on the European War, or English and American literature, marked with a special bookplate "in memory of Wainwright Merrill, Class of 1919, born at Cambridge, May 26, 1898, killed at Ypres, November 6, 1917," will associate his name for generations to come with the supreme objects of his interest.

WILLIAM BURCH HINMAN

UNCLASSIFIED 1915–16

IN the autumn of 1915 William Burch Hinman came to Harvard from the University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee, where he had then spent three years. He was accordingly entered as an "unclassified" student, and since he withdrew from Harvard College in May, 1916, though with satisfactory grades in the courses he had elected, he was never assigned to one of the college classes. In the summer of 1916, he returned to Sewanee and carried his undergraduate studies to a virtual completion, so that after his death he was enrolled as a Bachelor of Arts among the graduates of the University of the South.

He was born, March 23, 1895, at Atlanta, Georgia. His parents were George Burch Hinman, of English parentage,

and Cara (Farnsworth) Hinman, among whose forebears was Jedediah Farnsworth, a captain in the American army in the War of the Revolution, and a member of the first state legislature of Vermont. He attended the public schools of Atlanta, and graduating in 1910, with a creditable record, from the Boys' High School of that city, entered the University of the South by certificate. For a year before taking up his studies at Sewanee he travelled in Europe (1910–11), and studied German at Munich and French at Geneva. At the University of the South he joined the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity, and was master of the local chapter for one year. He took part with marked success in many dramatic entertainments, and in college received gold medals for excellence both in French and in Latin.

When the United States joined the belligerent nations, Hinman's family was living in Cambridge. He himself was not in college, and the nature of his participation in the war was unusual. Indeed he stands alone on the Harvard Roll of Honor as a member of the United States Merchant Marine. He enlisted in June, 1917, in that essential, dangerous service as a messman on the steamship *Rochester*, and made one voyage to Europe and back on her before she sailed upon her last.

"The Sinking of the Rochester" was the title of an article by Harry Yorke in the *Saturday Evening Post* for March 2, 1918. This narrative is a vivid portrayal both of the perils to which the members of the Merchant Marine were constantly and necessarily exposed and also of the tragic circumstances in which Hinman met his death.

The vessel sailed from Newport News, with a cargo of shells, cotton, and corn, on September 13, 1917. A fire in her coal bunkers caused her to put into Baltimore, where it was extinguished. Setting forth again, she encountered the same experience, and made for New York, but a violent storm forced her to head for Halifax. Here the fire was again put out, but the sailors noticed that it was on a Friday, the 28th of September, that they left Halifax, and remembered that they had sailed from Baltimore on the 13th. The superstitions of the sea appeared to be well justified, for the *Rochester* had not been many days out of Halifax when it was discovered that somebody had turned the flood valves in the after hold, and there was manifest danger of combustion in the corn and cotton. The circumstance was the more suspicious because the magazine of ammunition for the ship's guns was in this hold. A day or two later there was trouble with the condenser, and before the crossing, of unusual roughness, was accomplished the perils of submarine attack were more than once imminent. Yet after the ship had been counted among the missing she turned up, on October 30, at Liverpool and proceeded to Manchester to discharge her cargo. Here the British authorities, on advices from Baltimore, arrested the third assistant engineer, who represented himself as an American educated in Germany. He was taken ashore to be interned or imprisoned and about the first of November the *Rochester* set sail on her return voyage to America, with a reasonable assurance among the officers and men that the dangers this time were not from within.

There were indeed dangers enough from without. The vessel started in company with a convoy, which she left after a few days. In the dusk of the first evening of her proceeding alone she was torpedoed amidships and so effectually that there was nothing for those on board to do but to leave her to her fate. Four hundred and twenty miles west of the Irish coast, forty-nine men took to the three available boats. One of these was lost, with twelve on board. The wild, perilous trip of the captain's boat is described in the *Saturday Evening Post* article to which reference has been made. Hinman was in the boat with the first mate and the third, David Caldwell by name. From a letter which he wrote to Hinman's father several months later the following simple description of the young man's final days is taken:

On November 2 just at dusk we were struck by a torpedo just a little aft of amidships. Some of the men were killed outright, but we got three boats away. The submarine then fired eighteen shots at us from guns, but it was then dark and we pulled away.

The first day in the boat was fine, but then a storm came up and lasted until we landed in Portacloy, Ireland. From the second day on the boat was full of water, and everyone had to bail out water continually. Then the men started to die, and three we buried at sea.

Your son certainly did his bit, as we say. He had no shoes and no coat the whole trip — the same with all of us. The fifth day we sighted land at eight in the morning, and your son was still alive. I remember saying, "Red, there's land," and he got up and smiled.

It took us till 10.30 to make the beach. About 10.00 A.M. your son was on his knees with his head on his lap. I went and said, "Red, get up. We are here"; but to my surprise and everyone else's he was dead. Four men died from 8 A.M. to

10.30 A.M. the morning we landed. All our feet were frozen, and the five of us who were living were taken home by the good people in Portacloy, Ireland. We were all pretty sick.

Now your son and the other three men were buried in Killgalligan Cemetery and service read over their graves. They had a good burial, and nobody worked in the town, and everyone in the town went to the burial except us men who were sick. We had twelve men, and only five arrived alive.

You can be proud of your son. He did his bit in this war.

HENRY BREWSTER PALMER

CLASS OF 1910

HENRY BREWSTER PALMER was a native of Rochester, New York, where he was born, December 25, 1888, a son of Charles Howard Palmer and Mary (Allis) Palmer, and a younger brother of Charles Howard Palmer, Jr. (Harvard, S.B. '09, M.E. '11). In Rochester he attended the Lewis School and Bradstreet's Preparatory School, and in 1903 entered St. George's School, Newport, Rhode Island. During his three years at St. George's his athletic skill gave him a place on the school football, baseball, tennis, and hockey teams. He is vividly recalled in the pages about him in "St. George's School in the War" as "the small but agile figure of a boy battling calmly and successfully for his school on the athletic field." He made,

besides, a creditable record as a student. Entering Harvard College, and graduating with the Class of 1910, he played on his freshman, sophomore, and junior baseball teams and on the Varsity second nine, and became a member of the Institute, D. K. E., Hasty Pudding, Polo, and Delphic Clubs. This is to say that his college years were filled with healthy and happy human contacts.

For six months after his graduation, Palmer travelled abroad. On his return he was employed in the New York banking house of White, Weld & Co. In 1912 he moved to San Francisco, where he was associated with the bond business of the William R. Staats Company. Two years later he returned to New York, and there he remained until June of 1916, when his strong desire to take part in the European War led him to enlist in the American Field Ambulance for a seven months' term of service. At the expiration of this period he re-enlisted for six months, before the end of which the United States had become a participant in the war, and Palmer, on May 25, 1917, entered the aviation service of the French Army.

As an ambulance driver he served at Verdun until the Third Section of the American Field Ambulance was transferred to Greece, October 1, 1916. On the eve of his departure September 29, he wrote from Paris to his mother:

> By the time this reaches you I will be on the sea bound for Salonika, Greece, to follow the fortunes of the Allied armies fighting on the Macedonian front. Our section has been honored by being selected from among eight sections to represent the American Ambulance in this field, and needless to say we are overjoyed at this wonderful opportunity. We will be operating

with an army composed of Serbs, British, French, Russians, and Roumanians, and are certain of seeing active service. I am driving the Harvard 1910 ambulance.

Soon after reaching Greece he wrote again to his mother:

SALONIKA, *November 20, 1916.*

After a stay of three weeks here we are leaving at four o'clock tomorrow morning for the Serbian front. We have twenty-two ambulances, two White trucks and a kitchen trailer. We are going up to Florina, which is about fifteen miles back of Monastir. Active fighting is going on about there at present. This section is held mostly by the Serbians, who are slowly but steadily driving the Austrians and Bulgarians out of their country. Yesterday Monastir was captured, which is quite a *coup*, as the place has been strongly fortified. We ought to have plenty to do, as the climate here is very hard on those who are not acclimated to it. Officers who have been all over the world say that they have never suffered so much from the cold as that experienced in the mountains of Serbia. It is a damp penetrating cold which chills one to the bone. We have had a touch of it already, and since then I have been purchasing sheepskin sleeping bags, felt-lined boots and heavy woolen gauntlets.

I am glad to hear that we are going to help the Serbs. Your heart certainly goes out to them when you realize what they have gone through in the last few years. . . .

Salonika has proved a most interesting city. At present it is the most cosmopolitan place in the world. Before the war a mixture of Egyptians, Armenians, Turks, and Greeks lived here. Since the war there has been added to this population an influx of English, French, Serbians, Roumanians, Italians, and Russians. Dining in the cafés is most interesting. The other night I was surrounded by French, English, Russian, and Serbian officers. The contrast of the uniforms was very impressive.

This is the first time we have come in contact with the English, and we are invariably saluted by the Tommies who mistake us for officers.

As this letter will reach you about Christmas time, I wish you would regard it in the nature of a Christmas greeting. I will be somewhere in Serbia on Christmas day and possibly enjoying as good a dinner as you are.

On this front Palmer worked with valor and devotion until the following May. In the same ambulance section Edward C. Sortwell and Henry M. Suckley, memoirs of whom are printed in the first volume of this series, were serving at the same time, besides three other Harvard men, William K. B. Emerson, Jr., Charles H. Fiske, 3d, and George M. Hollister, who afterwards fell in the war. In recognition of his own service Palmer received the *Croix de Guerre*, with star, and, with other members of the Section, including Emerson, was cited to the Order of the Brigade by the Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the Orient in the following terms:

Volontaires de la S. S. Américaine 3 ont donné les plus belles preuves d'intrépidité et de dévouement au cours des évacuations du Secteur de Monastir entre Décembre 1916 et Octobre 1917 — en particulier pendant la periode de fort bombardement de Mars et Août 1917.

On his return to France from Greece in the following May, Palmer, determined, like so many other ambulance drivers, to become an aviator, wrote thus to his father:

HOTEL CONTINENTAL, 3 RUE CASTIGLIONE, PARIS,
May 17, 1917.

Here I am back in Paris after my wanderings in the Orient. Left Monastir on the first, sailed from Salonique in an army transport on the third. Two days later we were compelled to

put into the harbor of Milo to escape a submarine. This pirate succeeded in sinking an Italian troop-ship just a few hours before we made port. Although this ship had an escort of four destroyers, the submarine went through them and in five minutes had sunk the Italian ship with a loss of five hundred men.

We stayed in Milo two days and then made a run for Taranto, Italy. Had there been a "sub" about, they would have got us. It seems to make no difference what protection you have. From Taranto our party of six came up through Italy. Spent two days at Rome, so had a chance to revive memories of my visit there almost seven years ago to the day. From Rome came north to Turin, and then across to France and Paris. It is certainly good to be back in civilization again.

Do not regret my seven months' ambulance work as at times we had some interesting experiences. There was very little fighting during the winter, but about the middle of March the French made preparations for a strong attack against the hills above Monastir. As our division was to lead this assault, we were moved into Monastir. It was a great sight to see the preliminaries, namely the bombarding of the first line Bulgarian trenches by sixty French batteries, the reconnaissance work of the aeroplanes and then the beginnings of the actual attack. Our division swept up the bare slopes, passed through the Bulgarian first line, now reduced to a pulp, captured two thousand prisoners and a number of trench mortars. Our men were now on the bare crest. Before they could dig themselves in, the German guns obtained the range and caused heavy losses, especially among the officers. The advance continued. We reached their second line, but beyond that were unable to advance. Thus the attack was a failure, as it did not free Monastir.

We were very busy for three days, and carried over a thousand wounded from Monastir back to Sakuleno, a distance of fifteen miles. During this time the Germans were shelling the town and the roads leading out, so that we were under heavy

fire almost all the time. Had one narrow squeak. Had returned to the hospital about 12 o'clock at night after carrying a load to Sakuleno. There were no more wounded to be transported just then, so was about to go over to our cantonment and turn in, when, for some unknown reason, pulled a stretcher out of my car, went into the main room of the hospital and lay down on the floor. It was very fortunate I did so. About two hours later a Boche shell of 105 calibre came whistling down over the hill, struck the wall of my room, where I should have been sleeping. It there exploded, knocked a hole three feet in diameter in the wall, blew in the whole front of my iron bed, and literally plastered the walls with *éclat*. Had I been there, would have been pulverized. The next night the Germans entertained us with a gas attack. From midnight until four in the morning they sent in about 2000 gas shells, all of which landed within a quarter of a mile of where we were living. We put on our gas masks and thus escaped the fate of over three hundred civilians, all of whom were killed.

Well, here I am safe and sound and anxious to get into some active service. I have practically made up my mind to join the French Aviation. This is the only branch which appeals to me. Here I can obtain the best training in the world and fly on the best machines made. I go into preliminary training at Avalon and then pass through about six other schools. At the end of about five months I will have obtained my pilot's license and then off to the front. If I leave France and come back to America, I must at once enroll in the army, and Lord knows what will become of me. There is no inducement to join the infantry in this war, and it is impossible to obtain adequate training at home in the aviation. I must get into active service at once. I will not be called a shirker. Here I can obtain just what I want. The only reason I want to return is to see you and the family, but even then I would have to leave in a few days for some training camp. I wish you would cable me here at the Continental and give me your consent. It would cheer

me up a bit. Lord knows I have no enthusiasm about this war, but as a man I must do my bit.

On May 16 Palmer applied for enlistment in the Lafayette Flying Corps, and on May 25 was enrolled in the French Aviation Service. On June 9 he began his training in the aviation school at Avord. Thence he wrote to his brother, August 3:

The finest blood of England and France are now at the front, and America's best must follow their example. Any men of military age who stay at home must be a lot of shirkers with whom I have no desire to associate. People who talk about the war being over this fall are crazy. I will tell you candidly that my chances of getting through this war are slim. The duration of life at the front in the French aviation service is about sixty actual flying hours, and English statistics figure as low as forty hours. It is a great sport, and all that I ask is that I be given a chance to take a few Boches with me when I go.

Of the results of his instruction as an aviator he wrote, August 23, to his father:

Have finished my course of training in the Blériot school and went through with flying colors, having completed my course in a period of two months without even breaking a wire. The commander recommended me as being a "*bon pilote et très calme.*"

In "The Lafayette Flying Corps" it is written of him: "Palmer was considered one of the most brilliant Blériot pilots among the later group at Avord. A flyer by instinct, he had a delicacy of touch and precision of eye that were wonderful, and his landings, light as eiderdown, were a delight to watch." On September 30 he received his military brevet as a member of the Lafayette Flying Corps.

Early in November he went to Pau for his final training, but, suddenly attacked by pneumonia on his arrival there, he was sent, November 5, to the hospital, in which he died November 12, while an aeroplane was heard droning overhead. Letters to his mother from friends who had known him both in the ambulance service and in aviation bore witness to the affection and admiration in which he was held. After his burial, with full military honors and appropriate speeches, in the cemetery at Pau, a French lady who had nursed him in the hospital sent to Palmer's mother a message of sympathy which should be preserved in evidence both of her patient's character and of the spirit in which the women of France ministered to our soldiers:

PAU, *November 15, 1917.*

I think that in your great sorrow it would be of some consolation to receive a few details of the last moments of your son. I took care of him since his entry in the hospital and have followed him up hour by hour, and I can assure you that the most competent physicians have done what they could to save him from death. Nothing has been spared in the way of remedies, but the power of the most science has its limits. He was very ill when he arrived at Pau with a temperature of 40° (Celsius), a very weak heart that failed under the violence of the sufferings. His stay in the East has certainly affected him deeply with anaemia. I have interrogated him very little: first, on account of his great weakness, and second because I found him of a very reserved nature. He has suffered most courageously, fighting morally against his sickness. He wanted to recover. He was stoic and brave, undergoing without complaint the most painful medical treatments.

The day before his eternal departure was a calm one. In the morning he had received a letter from his father and one from

his brother. He had read them and read them over again and he deeply delighted finding in it a photograph of his dear "home." He showed it to me with a radiating face of happiness and remembrances, the window of his room in that nice country home where he passed twenty years of his life. It is providential, indeed, that he could look at his home in America the whole afternoon. Hearts and thoughts cross the distances and in these supreme hours I can say that he was very near to you. In the middle of the day he spoke a few moments with a patient who also had been in Monastir. At many instances I saw a glance of joy in his eyes, and I firmly thought he was on the way of recovering in spite of the fever which made it impossible to lessen the pulsations, and a lung which was not breathing any longer. But all this was stoicism; he did not make illusions, and when I told him, "Now go and rest a little — tomorrow you will feel better," he answered, "tomorrow I will be there," showing me Heaven. I have to confess I had tears in my eyes. We nurses love our wounded and sick as if they were our children, and he was to us very dear, he who came from the United States, not hesitating to give his life.

In the middle of the night he had a severe attack of delirium, but when daybreak came he regained his calmness and lucidity of mind. Several nurses were with him, especially two American ladies. He had a good look for each one of them when they came into his room. He recognized a few of his friends of the Aviation School, and when the minister came into his room he said he could not depart before taking the Holy Communion. Then his weakness increased, making his respiration more difficult; he could not speak any longer, certain signs showed that his body was unwilling but his mind was still watching. He fell asleep so sweetly, resting his face upon my hand, and his hand in the one of his friend.

And now he is resting in our cemetery under the wreaths and flowers, for all the Americans and French in Pau wanted to leave a token of gratitude to your dear son. Mr. Hutton had a

photograph taken of his grave, and has taken the necessary steps to make it possible for you to have his remains shipped to America if some day you should wish to do it.

And now, Madam, nothing can be said. I feel your deep grief, and I sympathize with all my heart. I allow myself to send you in a kiss all my deep-felt gratitude for the sacrifice you have made to France.

HERBERT WHEELWRIGHT WINDELER

CLASS OF 1919

IN parentage and in the education which prepared Herbert Wheelwright Windeler to pass his entrance examinations for Harvard College in 1915, he was English and American in equal measure. He was the son of George Herbert Windeler, now of Boston, and Laura (Wheelwright) Windeler, of the same city. There he was born, August 18, 1897, and at the Volkmann School in Boston and the Fay School at Southborough, Massachusetts, his earlier school years were passed. His father had been a schoolboy at Marlborough College in England, and when "John" Windeler — as he was nicknamed to an extent which causes his name to appear "Herbert 'John' Wheelwright Windeler" in a pamphlet printed in his memory —

reached the age of thirteen he went to his father's native land to attend his old school.

Before entering Marlborough he spent a year of preparation at Sandroyd School, in Cobham. In the *Sandroydian*, the school paper, it was said of him after his death: "We thought that if American training produced such boys as John, there was n't much the matter with it. He crowded a good deal into a year. He had learnt little of the subjects required at a British public school, but forged ahead quickly. He had never seen cricket and was put into the third game, where he took a century his first knock." This propitious beginning was followed by athletic successes both at Sandroyd and at Marlborough, where he played on the school football fifteen, won all the swimming races and the Royal Humane Society's medal, and would have been a member of the cricket eleven but for the war. When barely seventeen he was offered a nomination to Sandhurst. For this his parents felt him to be too young, and he returned to the United States, put in the best part of a year at the Evans School Ranch at Mesa, Arizona, and passed his Harvard examinations.

With this act his connection with Harvard College, a place of many associations with his mother's family, began and ended, and his membership in the Class of 1919 must be counted as merely potential, for he returned to England in the summer of 1916, and obtained a commission in the Grenadier Guards, with which he served in many engagements in France and Flanders between crossing the Channel, April 9, 1917, and his death on November 27 of that year. He was gazetted Second Lieutenant, 4th Battalion, Grenadier Guards, October 14, 1916. At the Har-

vard Commencement of 1919, he was commemorated by the award of a War Certificate.

A diary which he kept from January 1 till November 21, 1917, recounts many of the daily experiences of a young officer of the Guards. The training and the healthy fun in England — sports, society, theatres — meetings with Lionel Harvard (also of the Grenadiers), the crossing to Boulogne, more training in France, diversions in billets, diversions and perils at the very front, brief leaves in Paris and London — all are chronicled with boyish brevity and enthusiasm. The records of his death, in the form of letters from the officers of his battalion, from the highest to the lowest, testify to the warmth of the affection in which he was held by them and by the men who served under him, and, no less clearly, to his capacity and promise as a soldier. In an attack at Bourlon Wood, near Cambrai, November 27, 1917, he was shot through the head by a sniper, and died instantaneously. At Bourlon Wood he was buried, in a grave that has not been identified.

A picture of Windeler, while still in Flanders, is found in a letter from a Roman Catholic chaplain of the Grenadier Guards to his mother, describing scenes at the front, in particular at an advanced post held in circumstances of much danger. It is given here for all that it may suggest rather than for anything it may tell:

> The officer in charge of the post — a boy of nineteen came out of the trench and spoke to his C. O. Then I noticed an N. C. O. making frantic signs to us to lie down, and looking up I saw the cause of his alarm. A lonely figure was crouching down on the road leading from the German line not a hundred yards from where we stood. I could just discern his outline

against the night sky as he came stealthily from tree to tree, bending low as he walked. There was a stir in the trench, and I noticed a rifle with its bayonet fixed levelled at the solitary stranger. "Don't fire," said the young officer, as calmly as if he were giving directions to a bowler between the "overs" at Eton. We crouched very low behind a heap of mud and watched the forlorn figure approach down the road. Suddenly his arms flew up, and with shouts of "English Kamerad!" he rushed towards the strands of barbed wire stretched before the post. A few seconds later he was a prisoner—a great hulking Würtemberger of the 169th Regiment.

After the war, there will be events to which one will look back with intense interest, and events to which one will look back with great sorrow — moments of high enthusiasm and moments of drab dejection, but there will be in the mind of the writer of this, few recollections arousing more enthusiasm than this picture I have in my mind of the boy officer, with the features of a young Roman legionary, holding, with his flanks doubtfully protected, that advanced post at the bridgehead beyond the ruins of Langemarck. These things would give rise to thrilling stories in lesser wars; in this, they pass unnoticed.

ARTHUR MASON JONES

CLASS OF 1909

ARTHUR MASON JONES was born in New York City, November 20, 1886. His father, whose name he bore, was a beloved member of the Harvard Class of 1877, who took his degree in 1878, and died in 1889. His mother is Cornelia (Waldo) Jones, of New York. He prepared for college at Groton School. At Harvard he belonged to the Institute of 1770, the O. K. and the Hasty Pudding Club. After taking his A.B. degree in 1909 he studied international law for a year as a member of Trinity College, Oxford.

On returning to America he passed his examinations for the diplomatic service in Washington, and in 1912 was

appointed Secretary of the United States Legation at Managua, Nicaragua. Here he remained for eighteen months, for the latter part of this time under appointment as *Chargé d'Affaires*. In this capacity he acquitted himself with credit during a serious revolution.

In 1914 he was transferred to St. Petersburg — soon to become Petrograd — and served as Second Secretary of the American Embassy there for several months before the outbreak of the war. Remaining in Russia until the spring of 1915 he then went to France and entered the French Ambulance Red Cross Service, to which, in strong sympathy with the cause of the Allies, he was attached for about eight months. In the autumn of 1915 a death in his family necessitated his return to New York, where he became vice-president of a large taxicab company, and was establishing himself successfully in this business when the United States entered the war.

In August, 1917, Jones entered the Officers' Training Camp at Plattsburg. On November 27 he was commissioned first lieutenant, Field Artillery, and was detailed to the Army War College, at Fort Myer, Virginia, awaiting orders to sail for France. On December 6, 1917, while he was riding in Washington with his friend, General Miles, his horse slipped on the wooden pavement and fell, throwing Jones to the ground and causing a fracture of the skull, from which he died within a few hours.

His father's friend and classmate, E. D. Morgan (Harvard, '77) has described him as "a most agreeable companion, with a good mind and fine tastes; a good horseman and tennis player, and, though not especially active in other sports, keenly interested in them. As soon as his

thoughts were turned that way he showed business capacity, and had he lived, undoubtedly would have been known among successful business men. . . . It is our constant regret that his life was too short to see the fulfilment of his sterling qualities."

PHILLIPS WARD PAGE

CLASS OF 1909

THE seeker for strange coincidences will find one of the strangest of them in the fact that Phillips Ward Page, Ensign, U. S. N. R. F., met his death in an aeroplane accident near a British aviation station at Felixstowe, in England, only about twenty miles from the English home of his earliest American ancestor, the Reverend George

Phillips, who came to Massachusetts Bay in 1630 with Governor John Winthrop as chaplain of the *Arbella*, the "admiral," or flagship, of the little fleet of four vessels which brought the first settlers to Boston. This Puritan minister, a man of mark in his time, was the founder of that family of Phillips which has identified its name so closely with the intellectual and spiritual life of New England. The ancestor and the remote descendant, crossing the Atlantic in opposite directions, each to die near the place where the other had lived, must both be counted among the pioneers of liberty.

Another early American ancestor of Phillips Ward Page was the Reverend Increase Mather, the first American-born president of Harvard College, who represented the Massachusetts Bay Colony in London just before the granting of the Second Charter. In General Artemas Ward (Harvard, 1748), a great-grandfather, Page could lay claim to an eminent eighteenth century ancestor who took up arms against England. Another great-grandfather, Nathaniel Page, of Bedford, Massachusetts, cornet in the Minute Men from that town, carried their flag at the Concord fight. When the United States came to its own chief war of the nineteenth century, Page's father and grandfather, in April, 1861, hastened from Bedford, Massachusetts, where they lived, to Boston that they might enlist at Lincoln's first call for volunteers. The grandfather, at 60, was pronounced too old; the father, at 16, too young — a disability which he outgrew in time for active service in the Union Army.

This father was the late Cyrus Andrew Page, who became publisher of the *Boston Beacon*. He married Anna

Maria Phillips, a daughter of the late E. B. Phillips, once president of the Eastern and Fitchburg Railroads. Their son, Phillips Ward Page, was born in Boston, November 28, 1885. He was prepared for college at the Brookline High School, and entered Harvard in the autumn of 1905. There he became a member of the Freshman Track Team and of his Senior Class Football Team.

Immediately on leaving college, in February, 1909, Page joined the city staff of the *Boston Herald*, where he had the experience not only of general reporting but of writing special articles for the Sunday magazine section and handling the aeronautical news. His interest in aviation soon led him into its active practice. In the summer of 1911 the possibilities of the aeroplane were brought conspicuously to public attention in New England through the exhibitions, under Harvard auspices, on Squantum Field, near Boston. In these Page took a vigorous part. He received instruction from Harry Atwood, — with whom he was a passenger when he made a daring volplane over the dome of the New Hampshire Capitol, at Concord, — from the Wright School at Nassau Boulevard, New York, and from Orville Wright himself at Dayton, Ohio. After qualifying for a pilot's license he joined the Burgess Co. and Curtis at Marblehead, Massachusetts, and while in their employ was engaged in exhibition and instruction work and in trying out new machines built for the United States Government. Among his perilous experiences at this time one befell him while trying to fly from Marblehead to Barnstable, where he was scheduled to make an exhibition flight. Caught in a dense fog he drifted for several hours over Cape Cod Bay, steering by compass.

When he brought his hydro-aeroplane down in the North River at Scituate, he was taken off by a life-boat from the Fourth Cliff Station. On another occasion a violent storm overtook him, with a passenger, between Marblehead and Beverly. The passenger, after Page's death, described the experience in a newspaper article, which ended with the aviator's words: "We were lucky today. It gets you if you stick to it long enough."

Page stuck to it, as a private citizen, till 1913, when, in September, he became a student in the sales school of the B. F. Goodrich Company, at Akron, Ohio. In May, 1914, he was sent to Cincinnati as a pneumatic tire salesman, and in April, 1915, was transferred to Portland, Maine, as manager in charge of the Goodrich store at that place. In the following March he became a salesman in the Boston territory of the Company, and on May 8, 1917, resigned to enlist as an aviator in the Army.

To his great disappointment his age of thirty-one years caused his rejection for this service, but before the end of May, on the score of two years' service with the First Corps Cadets in Boston and of his experience in aviation, he secured an ensign's commission in the United States Naval Reserve Force, and was detailed as flight instructor to the Naval Air Station at Squantum, Massachusetts. Here he remained until the Station was removed to Hampton Roads, Virginia, in the following October. In November he qualified as a first-class naval aviator, "won his wings," and was detached from duty at Hampton Roads, with orders to report in person to Admiral Sims in London. This he did on December 5, when he was ordered to report to the Commander of the U. S. Naval Aviation Force in

Paris. On December 8 he received orders there to return to England for "assignment to duty for instruction at Felixstowe," a British aviation station near Harwich, on the east coast of England, on the line of flight for German aeroplanes on their way to the bombing of London.

Here Page promptly reported, one of six American ensigns under similar training. He had been there but a few days when, on December 17, he met with the accident which caused his death. On the afternoon of that day he was flying over Harwich Harbor entrance, when for some unknown reason his machine appears to have stalled at the height of about forty feet, with the result that it side-slipped to the left and nose-dived into the water. Motor-boats from the Station and life-boats from the trawlers anchored nearby promptly put out to the submerged seaplane. "Unfortunately," to quote from the official report of the disaster, "a strong four-knot ebb tide was running and the wind was blowing with the tide about twenty-five miles per hour. Every effort was made to right the seaplane, but it was impossible owing to the wind and tide, and efforts to reach the pilot proved unavailing. Later it was discovered, after the wreck had been towed in to the beach, that the upper part of the bow of the boat was torn away, and very probably the pilot was washed out by the current, as no trace of him has yet been found."

The engines and part of the bow were found two days later off Felixstowe, but Page's body was never recovered.

EDWARD FORBES GREENE

LECTURER ON NAVAL SCIENCE AND TACTICS, 1917

EDWARD FORBES GREENE, Lieutenant, U. S. N., *Retired*, takes his place on the Harvard Roll of Honor through his appointment in the autumn of 1917 as Lecturer on Naval Science and Tactics and a member of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. His associations with Harvard through his four brothers, Evarts Boutell Greene, '90, Daniel Crosby Greene, '95, Jerome Davis Greene, '96, and Roger Sherman Greene, '01, were so close that the brief period of his active connection with the University is no true measure of the fitness of his place among the sons of Harvard who laid down their lives in the war. The record of his life stands quite apart from that of most of the men with whom these pages deal. It is therefore fitting

also that the memoir of him should be cast in a mold of its own. To the following words, written for this book by one of his brothers, there is little that can be added:

Edward Forbes Greene was born in Kyoto, Japan, December 22, 1884, the son of the Reverend D. Crosby Greene (Dartmouth 1864, Andover Theological Seminary 1869) and Mary Jane (Forbes) Greene, first missionaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to Japan. He was the youngest of eight children. His grandfather, the Reverend David Greene, who had been Secretary of that Board, married a daughter of Jeremiah Evarts, one of its founders, whose wife was a daughter of Roger Sherman. On his mother's side, Edward Greene was descended from a sister of Samuel Adams. So far as known, all his ancestors in America were inhabitants of New England, and most of them of Massachusetts. His childhood until 1897 was spent in Kyoto and Tokyo, Japan, except for the years 1888–1889, which were occupied with a journey to America by way of India and Europe, including a stay of several months in Breslau, Germany. An excellent school kept by an English lady in Tokyo enabled him to enter high school on his return to America in 1897, first in Newton, Massachusetts, and then for a year at Urbana, Illinois, where his oldest brother was a professor in the State University. On September 22, 1900, he was appointed a Naval Cadet from Illinois at the U. S. Naval Academy in Annapolis. He was the youngest and one of the smallest members of his class, but was the first or second in height when he graduated in 1904. Nicknamed "Willie" Greene in the boyish chaff of his "plebe" year, his unvarying friendliness and sweetness of temper converted that soubriquet into a title of affection that later marked the privileged circle of his intimate acquaintance.

His active career in the Navy was short. Upon his graduation he joined the Asiatic Squadron and spent three years in eastern waters, first on the battleship *Wisconsin*, where he won the official commendation of the Secretary of the Navy for

gunnery practice under his command and later on the gunboat *Elcano*. In 1906 he was commissioned Ensign. In 1907 he was ordered to the battleship *Pennsylvania* and soon afterwards to the supply-ship *Culgoa*. As Chief Engineer of the latter, at the age of twenty-three, he accompanied the famous battleship fleet which President Roosevelt sent around the world. Arriving at Messina, Sicily, in advance of the fleet, during this cruise, he commanded a relief party that was one of the first to arrive on the scene of the great earthquake and later received a testimonial from the Italian Government for his services. He was promoted to Lieutenant, junior grade, and simultaneously to Lieutenant, in February, 1909, and was the youngest officer of his rank in the Navy. In June of that year, in spite of his excellent record, he was led by conscientious misgivings as to the suitability of a naval career, to resign his commission, rejecting the advice of his superiors that he reserve his decision and avail himself of a three months' leave and rest after the debilitating effects of five years spent chiefly in the tropics. He felt that his mind was made up and that he was therefore not entitled to a vacation on full pay. In less than three weeks after he had taken this decision and had thus forfeited his right to retirement for disability, his case was diagnosed as that of a fulminating type of pulmonary tuberculosis. In 1911, on the generous recommendation of the Navy Department, he was restored to his rank by special Act of Congress, and placed on the retired list of the Navy for permanent injury to health sustained in line of duty.

The rapid onset of his disease was stayed for a few months at Saranac Lake, where he lived in the Stevenson cottage. After that he had the benefit of two years at the Naval Hospital at Las Animas, Colorado, and a year at Bend, Oregon. Though he was still far from well, his disease was definitely checked and he longed for a home near his family and friends in the East, where he could live quietly and devote his impaired powers to some useful employment. To this end he acquired a small farm on a beautiful hillside at Peterborough, New Hampshire, and

undertook, with every promise of success, to produce poultry and eggs for the market. With some help in the heavier work he did most of the manual labor himself, enduring all the rigors of the New England winters and going through the daily routine of a farmer's life with the utmost pride and happiness in his work. With the help of his sisters he made his house a centre of hospitality and reunion for his family and a delightful refuge for his leisure hours, where with books and music and conversation he was able to gratify and enlarge his keen social and intellectual interests. Next to his love of family life and talk, and animating both, was his characteristic mental attitude of inquiry in almost every domain of human interest, especially in social, economic, and political fields. He was full of quiet fun and constantly delighted the members of his family by little jokes or by humorous comments on the events of everyday life. Complaining good-naturedly that he could not find things where he had left them he said that the motto of the house seemed to be "a new place for everything and everything in a new place."

As a citizen of Peterborough he entered into the life of the community with interest and public spirit, took part in town meetings and in the affairs of the Episcopal Church, and joined the Grange. In all this brave acceptance of an order of life far removed from the professional activity in naval or civic life for which he had been well trained, there was no hint of a consciously heroic renunciation, but rather a cheerful and even eager acceptance of the joys and satisfactions which his tranquil life afforded.

Upon the entry of the United States into the war he was eager for active service and was overjoyed when ordered to report for duty at Portsmouth, New Hampshire. But to his great disappointment he was made to submit to a physical examination after a few weeks of service, with the result that he was found physically disqualified and sent home. He took the blow without a murmur, but felt it deeply. In the autumn of 1917, having learned that Harvard University was organizing courses

to prepare students in the Naval Reserve for commissions in the Navy, he applied to President Lowell and to the Navy Department for the position of instructor in charge and in due course he was detailed for this work. He was appointed by the Corporation and Overseers as Lecturer on Naval Science and Tactics and a member of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences. Restored to the active list of the Navy, he derived great happiness from the feeling that in spite of his infirmity he could be of real service in training others and thus have a share in carrying on the war against Germany. He entered upon his new duties at Cambridge with enthusiasm and won the respect and affection of his students. On December 18, 1917, on his way to an afternoon drill he suffered a violent hemorrhage, which came without warning. The drivers of two passing delivery wagons came to his rescue as he fell, and tenderly carried him to his house, where within ten minutes he died peacefully. The funeral service was held at Christ Church, Cambridge, on December 21, the day before his thirty-third birthday, and his students formed a military escort to Mt. Auburn Cemetery, where the last rites were performed and "Taps" sounded.

His last months in Cambridge were among the happiest of his life. He had found work to do that identified him with Harvard — with Harvard at war, the college to which all his four brothers belonged. And he was in the uniform of his old service again, a uniform that needed only the significance of real usefulness to give it supreme worth in his eyes. It was a beautiful life, beautifully ended, for the chance had come to give all that he had to his country.

Among those who attended his funeral was Major Henry L. Higginson, '55, who wrote, when it was over, in characteristic terms of understanding: "It was a quiet, soothing scene — such as is needed today — and somehow touched, though I had seen your brother but once. The sight of the sword and cap fetched a tear or two, for the

lad had done his best and given *all* to the cause. It is a great cause — the good and happiness of mankind, and surely your parents and you one and all are content, and by and by the glory of his life will come to you all."

More than two years later another voice of Harvard spoke in these words of Professor Francis G. Peabody, '69:

> No name can be more fitly included among the Harvard Dead than that of your brother, who died in the devoted service both of the Navy and of the University. It was a happiness to watch him here, in his uniform once more, and apparently revived in vitality by his task, and I often recall the poignant sense of his thwarted career which I felt when meeting him at his hillside farm in Peterborough. On his desk, there hung a picture of his ship, and about him were many evidences of his professional promise, but the beautiful youth had been forced to forfeit all his hopes and to fight his battle not against Germans but against the invasion of disease. Yet I could detect no trace of repining or despondency. The orders had been delivered to him and his business was to obey. I have seldom been more touched than by his smiling acceptance of the tending of cows and chickens as the immediate duty of a naval officer. He was of the same stuff as those parents who abandoned without a murmur the congenial environment of America and set forth together as missionaries into the unexplored world of Japan.

Of the definite results of his work at Harvard it should be recorded that fifty-two men were enrolled in his class in Naval Science and Tactics: of these the records available in June, 1920, showed that two were eventually commissioned lieutenants, junior grade; twenty-five were commissioned ensigns; fourteen became petty officers; seven were seamen; two went into other service. Of the total number sixteen saw service overseas. Through this

initial training of men for the active service from which he himself was disqualified he made his memorable and characteristic contribution to the cause of his country.

The Builder

To E. F. G.

Now give me bricks and steel and all the skill
Of cunning workers fashioning to my will
Life's edifice, so strong and great and fair!
A market-tower whose pinnacles rise in air,
And, housed within, a throng of hurrying men,
Each day at work and nightly home again,
Acclaiming me, The Builder of it all —
So strong and great and fair and ne'er to fall.

Thus shalt thou never build! Not thine the towers,
Not thine the thronging men and busy hours,
Men's wonder and tumultuous acclaim,
So the command of Fate from Heaven came.

Calm-eyed and resolute, without a fear,
Finding in hope renounced both hope and cheer,
With love received and given to light the way
And simple tasks to fill the live-long day,
Thus let me pass the allotted time on earth
Giving my little here, whate'er its worth.
And if perchance that little be my all,
Content that Love shall stand beside my pall.

. . . . . .

All hast thou given. Now all again is thine,
And lo, there rises, fair in every line,
Clear to the vision of those who loved and knew,
With noble columns standing pure and true,
Flawless in strength and matchless in its beauty
The Temple thou hast reared of Love and Duty.

J. D. G.

WILLIAM HAGUE

CLASS OF 1904

IN character and training William Hague, First Lieutenant in the Engineers Reserve Corps of the United States Army, was an officer well prepared to render service of the highest value. His untimely death from pneumonia within a month of his joining the American Expeditionary Forces in France was a loss which can be estimated only in the light of his record up to that time.

He was born at Orange, New Jersey, March 12, 1882, the only son of James Duncan Hague, a son of the Rev. Dr. William Hague, and Mary Ward (Foote) Hague, a sister of Arthur D. Foote, of Grass Valley, California, whose wife, Mary Hallock Foote, has contributed so much to the literature of the Pacific Coast. James Duncan

Hague, his father, who studied at the Lawrence Scientific School in 1854–55, and afterwards in Germany, occupied a distinguished place as a consulting mining engineer and geologist, and for twenty-five years before his death in 1908, was president of the North Star Mines Company, operating near Grass Valley, California. To take up the work of his father was the ambition which directed William Hague as boy and man.

He made his preparation for Harvard College at Milton Academy, Milton, Massachusetts. In college he joined the Institute of 1770, the D. K. E., the Memorial Society, the Hasty Pudding and A. D. Clubs. He completed the work for his A.B. degree, which he received *cum laude*, in three years. In the academic year of 1903–04 he held a Harvard College Scholarship, was named for a Disquisition, and pursued his studies in geology and mining as a member of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. In 1905 he took the Harvard degree of Master of Arts. In 1910 he married, at Milton, Massachusetts, Elizabeth Hathaway Stone, a daughter of Nathaniel H. Stone (Harvard, '75). Of this marriage, two sons, James Duncan and Nathaniel Hathaway, were born.

Of Hague's professional work as an engineer, his uncle, Mr. A. D. Foote, general manager of the North Star Mines, has provided an illuminating memorandum:

On leaving Harvard, Mr. Hague went to work as a surveyor's helper in the mines of the Copper Queen Company at Bisbee, Arizona, but was soon engaged as assistant on the construction work of the Copper Queen smelting plant at Douglas. In the latter part of 1905 he was transferred to the Geological Department of the Company and continued in that work until May,

1906. The summer of 1906 was spent in surveying and prospecting lands in the vicinity of the Calumet and Hecla mines, in which his father was interested. In the fall he returned as assistant on the construction of the Douglas plant of the Copper Queen Company and remained there for more than a year. During the winter of 1908, he was traveling and studying; increasing his experience and making careful notes of interesting mines and machinery; occasionally getting work. For two months he was night boss in the cyanide plant of the Guanajuato mine, Mexico, but his main purpose was the acquirement of knowledge and experience.

A case of rather complicated appendicitis kept Mr. Hague from work during the summer of 1908, but in September, after the death of his father, he was elected Managing Director of the North Star Mines Company. As the father had been president of this company and had operated the mines successfully for more than twenty-five years, Mr. Hague was his natural successor. During 1909 and 1910, however, he was engaged in geological work in Bisbee, Arizona, for the Copper Queen Company. He also examined all the principal copper mines of Nevada and Arizona, and his note books of his observations of the "Porphyry Coppers" are wonders of intelligent detail, arranged in such order and clearness that any engineer might profit by them.

In 1911, Mr. Hague was Assistant to Mr. J. R. Finlay in the appraisal of copper mines for the State of Michigan. Since 1910, when he married Elizabeth Stone of Milton, Massachusetts, he had resided in Grass Valley, California, or rather, at the North Star Mines. His insatiable thirst for knowledge, however, would not allow him rest from the search, and he studied the mines of the Mother Lode to the south, and of Sierra and Plumas counties to the north, filling his note books as usual with details and maps for future use. He was not only a student of mines, but a great reader of history from his youth, and he constantly acquired general engineering knowledge obtainable from books,

societies, and periodicals. In order that he might broaden his knowledge of engineering, he became a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, the American Institute of Mining Engineers, the Mining and Metallurgical Society of America, and other technical associations. He was also a member of the Harvard Club, the Engineers Club, and Downtown Association of New York.

His position at the North Star mines, although he was managing director, was a difficult and delicate one. His uncle was general manager and his cousin was superintendent; both having held their position for many years. Hague fully appreciated the situation. There was never any assertion and in all the years until he entered the army he never allowed himself to show his undoubted authority, or to interfere or obtrude in any way with the orderly working of the machine. On the contrary he devoted himself, as a subordinate, to helping everyone and doing everything in his power to assist in carrying on the work and keeping the New York office in touch with every phase of the business.

For his first work he was told by the manager that there was lost motion and waste in the handling of ore under ground and he was to go down, straighten things out, and improve the system of cost-keeping so that we could know just where the trouble was. Here was an opportunity, by strutting around as a reformer and know-all, to antagonize nearly every man under ground and make confusion worse confounded. Hague went down, wandering around, watching and studying the situation very carefully and peacefully. In a few months, by his tact and consideration of others, he had won the confidence and enthusiasm of every foreman, shift boss, carman, and shoveller in the mine, so that, with their aid, he installed a system of cost-keeping by which the work of every man, almost, was so recorded that good work could be rewarded and shirking could be stopped. His work resulted in a considerable reduction in the working costs of mining. It showed the business ability of the

man and his love of order, system, and economy, and more — his adaptability, modesty, and tact. Economy in everything (except work) and the acquisition of knowledge, were the strongest traits of his character. Yet he was generous. He was always the first to suggest increase in wages. His economy was solely to prevent waste.

His desire to know all about everything in any way connected with his work was almost pathetic. He often expressed the wish to run a lathe in the machine shop. As there was a considerable use of compressed air in the mine, he studied at home until he had mastered all the theory and dynamics of the air compressor. For weeks he studied the geology of the mine, making a very careful map showing all the geological features and every "crevice, cranny, and corner" as exposed in the miles of mine workings.

These things are mentioned to emphasize his intense desire to acquire knowledge and experience in his profession.

In a brief "Appreciation" in the *Bulletin* of the Mining and Metallurgical Society of America, for March 31, 1918, Mr. Foote has also written as follows: "His patriotism and love of country were not of the emotional kind, but rather a matter of every day duty, equal or superior to his every day work. When he found Germany breaking all the laws of nations and humanity and using organized, fiendish brutality and greed to conquer and debase the world, he went to Plattsburg to learn the trade of war. He worked hard at this trade, that he might be more useful, and after his discharge from Plattsburg, obtained a commission as first lieutenant in the Engineers Corps. When war was declared he was ready."

He took this Plattsburg training in the year before the United States entered the war, and received his commis-

sion as a reserve officer, January 16, 1917. On May 8 he entered service, and was stationed in turn at the Presidio, American Lake, and Mineola. On October 4 he was assigned to Company F, 116th Engineers, 41st Division, and on November 26, sailed to join the American Expeditionary Forces. On January 1, 1918, he died of pneumonia at the hospital for officers which Mrs. Whitelaw Reid had established in Paris.

To this summary of external circumstance, professional and military, a more personal word may well be added. It is in the form of a brief character study written by William Hague's aunt, Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote:

There was great rejoicing when Billy Hague was born. If his father had not had a son to carry on the family name sequence — a William following a James, himself the son of a William — it would have broken a cherished Hague tradition. He was a beautiful child, but as delicate as he was exquisite. This fact was obvious to everyone, but his father's confidence remained unshaken that he was certain to grow up strong in mind and body and live to be the father of another James. Yet nothing but the care given him by his wonderful mother could have pulled him through those first anxious years, when any mistake or lapse in her faithfulness to the best medical instructions of that time might have lost him to the family. All that was gone through with and forgotten by many who saw him only after her work was done. And together with her care of his body went her feeding of his eager mind. The hours she spent reading aloud to him, put together would have stretched into years. He was, we are told, an advanced listener for his age; he loved history and invention and large affairs. She may very well in those readings have laid the foundation of that "historical consciousness," that grasp of cause and event, that interest in the past, through which he lost no time in realizing

what had come upon us in this war and its importance to the young Americans of his generation. He loved exact science and argument — he was a reader of big books, one you loved to lend books to and to borrow them of, and to talk books with. And in some of our later talks one could see that he was finding himself in the art of real conversation in which his father was past-master. He had humor and subtlety and a delicate, shy wit of his own; and of course, reinforced with all the best slang, his speech was an amusement and delight to his old-fashioned elders.

It was at intervals, often of years, that we saw him, before he came out to live at the mine. I remember him first as the pathetically frail-looking child with the big, rousing taste in stories. And next at Stockbridge, one summer during his long vacation, as a lad of seventeen perhaps, — quite changed, a different sort of beauty but the same unusual type. He looked perfectly hardy then; muscular and brown he dashed in and out of the house, chiefly out — preoccupied, silent, shy in a friendly way but with no use for idle grown-up conversation. The thing he would stop to listen to was any scrap of news or description relating to the North Star Mines. Business has occasionally its romantic side, and there has been more than a little romance for the Hague family in the history of the North Star Mines. He went out there that summer, I think, for a short visit with his father, and romped all over the lawn at the old cottage with that "bad man," Mike, our bull-terrier. He came again another summer and did some persistent riding. Scud, the horse he rode, was not "bad" but he was no ambling pad. Billy rode down his saddle-galls and never complained; and he learned to ride. He was our star player on the tennis-court, matched against the town in the person of the little doctor, as we called him; both of them keen as live wires for work or play — both gone.

They are all beautiful in the light of what they did and gave — these boys who went up to the sacrifice, but some of them

were beautiful in a stricter sense worthy of bronze or marble; their faces stand out in a way almost symbolical — the exemplars physically of the youth of their time. A young Englishman, looking at Billy's picture, when it was suggested that "they" might have claimed him by his looks as one of their own types, answered, almost tenderly, "There is only one type." He looked at the young American as one might look at the face of a brother — he had lost his elder brother in France. It is these little poignant personal things that stay in the mind and hurt so and yet are so dear. Billy's face to his elders was a subtle and powerful record of the lives he came from; he would have carried it on without a blemish, he would have escaped from some of its inhibitions that brooded over him in his boyhood; he had already shaken out a reef or two — he would have gone far. His father and grandfather were bred in the best traditions of their time, and so was he in the best of his; and those who knew him well know how earnest and modest he was in the resolve to do no discredit to that training.

There was something touching in the diffidence with which he approached responsibilities that by his father's death were early thrust into his life, burdening it with cares that belong rather to middle age. He met them all with exactitude and firmness and tact. He went into the war in the same way — he could not have wanted to go. His courage was quiet, but complete and ready for any demand. He claimed no precedence nor offered advice by virtue of his intensive training as a Plattsburg man in anticipation of the call when it should come, but went without fuss and took as his duty whatever work was given him. There were hardships in those early camps. Highly organized, highly prepared, fit in every way to have been a leader, he took his place wherever assigned, a fine-edged tool used to hack and dig with — misused he must have known, but no one heard of it from him. He would have taken it as his share in the general heart-breaking confusion and waste of those first months that are a nightmare in our remembrance.

There are those who knew his quiet influence with the men here at the mines who say there would have been fewer stars on our service-flag but for his example. This Post of the American Legion is named for him and for Lieutenant Thomas of the Navy — the Hague-Thomas Post. We saw a pretty sight on the day of a flag presentation, a memorial flag which Billy's wife gave to the boys of the Post, when little James the son of William, son of James son of William, lent his boyish strength to carrying the flag as it was borne forward to where the color-guard stood to receive it. The files of khaki were thin and few, the playing-field bare and dusty and hot in the afternoon sun, there were irrelevant holiday-makers strolling about, children of the generation that has lost so many of its fathers in the war were frolicking with toy balloons, old men of the generation that has lost its sons were masquerading in costumes of the Noble Order of Red Men; but there rose that quiet wall of pinewoods dark and still, sweeping around and back of them, enclosing all — the foolish chatterers, the unconscious children — and one little group in khaki was marching away with the flag carried before them, softly blowing out, showing its bright colors against the motionless background that was there before them, that will see their children's children playing on that same field. The dark old pines were almost blue and dreamy with deepening shadows.

WILLIAM SMITH ELY

CLASS OF 1917

WILLIAM SMITH ELY was the only child of the late Dr. William Smith Ely and Helen Lincoln (Gamwell) Ely, of Rochester, New York, where his grandfather, Dr. William W. Ely, like his father, was a well-known physician. Ely himself expected to enter the Harvard Medical School on graduating from college and prepare himself for what may be called his inherited profession; but like many another American youth of his college generation he found in the events of 1917 an occasion for the re-making of all his plans.

Ely received his preparation for college at the Kalbfus School in Rochester, and, for the four years before coming to Harvard in 1913, at St. George's School, Newport,

Rhode Island. There he made the reputation of a reserved and studious boy, not prominent in athletics, but taking a high stand in his studies. While at St. George's he won prizes in mathematics, Latin, and Greek, and in his fifth form year won the Binney Prize for the best scholarship in the fifth and sixth forms. The books which he won as prizes have been given to the School by his mother, and are preserved in its library. In the memorial volume, "St. George's School in the War," from which the material for this memoir is chiefly drawn, it is recorded of him that "he was respected by the faculty and beloved by his many warm friends, particularly in his own form."

At Harvard he completed his studies in three years. He rowed on the freshman crew of his class when it defeated Yale, but was prevented by an injury from making himself the notable oarsman he bade fair to become. His friendships in college were many and warm. He was a member of the Institute, D. K. E., Hasty Pudding, Iroquois, and Spee Clubs, and treasurer of the last of these in 1915–16.

On the outbreak of the war, Ely, abandoning his plans for the study of medicine, promptly enlisted in the Aviation Section of the U. S. Signal Corps, and in May, 1917, was assigned to the Ground School of Military Aeronautics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. On July 21 he was ordered to England to await further instructions. These sent him first to the Aviation Headquarters in Paris. In September he received his commission as first lieutenant. After this he was detailed to England for special training as a squadron leader, and was stationed at Northolt and at Port Meadow, Oxford.

The available records of Ely's experience as an aviator are scanty, but a letter to his mother, dated "Somewhere in France," September 9, 1917, should be read:

My dear Mother:

Our mail service is decidedly lame — I got no letters at all from you for over two weeks and then got four in a bunch.

Of course I could n't tell you where we were when I wrote you those letters *en route*, but I suppose there is no harm now in saying that we were waiting off Halifax. It was there we had the boat races between the aviators and the engineers. Naturally we got no official reason for our holdup, which lasted five days, but we were probably waiting for our escort of destroyers. At any rate, when we were two days out we were met by six, long, low, rakish destroyers which appeared suddenly over the rim of the ocean and convoyed our five ships safely to port on this side.

Ten of us have been on duty at headquarters in Paris. We have to work very hard, but that is what we are here for and the work is very interesting. When we do have any time to ourselves we usually go sightseeing. I do not remember much of what I saw when I was here before, — too young, I suppose, but now and then I find a familiar object.

One day I went over to the rooms of the Surgical Dressings Committee to help unpack some boxes which had just arrived from America. I looked to see if there was anything from Rochester, but they told me that your boxes would probably be over at the main room on the Rue de la Faisanderie. I thought it would be one of the strange "fortunes of war" if I had unpacked in Paris the boxes which you had packed in Rochester.

Just now I am at the above "somewhere" on a motor trip through southern France, — on business of course. I am with Lieutenant Thaw, U. S. A., brother of the famous aviator, William Thaw. We have a staff car with a spread eagle on it and a

military chauffeur who always drives at seventy or eighty miles an hour. However, we do manage to get a glimpse of the country now and then, and it is perfectly beautiful, — a very pleasant change from Paris, which was quite hot and dusty when we left. We stayed one night at Pau, where we stayed at a marvellous hotel, — Hôtel de France, — and from our windows we had a wonderful view of the Pyrenees. The country round here, as you know, is famous for its fox hunts, they have fine horses, excellent packs of dogs, and in peace times they have great hunting in the season. There are almost no wire or stone fences, the divisions are hedges which are ideal for jumping.

Well, I have seen Carcassone! I have rather beaten Graham to it, have n't I? I wrote him a letter from there as we stopped for lunch on our way to Nîmes. Where is Graham now — still at Camp Devens?

We are evidently some of the first American soldiers to appear in this part of France, and we are the cause of great excitement wherever we go. Crowds gather around to watch us, and it is a bit thrilling, but also quite touching, to see what confidence and hope the peasants and the people in these little French towns have in America. We often hear the women calling their children to come and see the "Americans who have come to save France."

I little thought I should ever be paid to take an automobile trip through the most beautiful part of France. But though it may sound like a pleasure trip we are working very hard. Three days last week we worked from half past six in the morning until after one the next morning, and, though today is Sunday, hard labor is the rule just the same.

I had my first real flight a few days ago, and the sensation is wonderful. You have no feeling of danger at all, and no sense of forward motion until you look at the ground and see how fast you are moving. The pilot who took me up is one of the most expert in France, and he did all sorts of tricks and stunts in the air. We have visited all the flying schools in this part of

the country and have studied the methods of instruction. We have met a good many French officers, — bully chaps they are, too. Everyone is heartily sick of the war, and small blame to them, but we are impressed with their grim determination to stick it out until they "beat the Boche." One of the officers told me that no matter how realistic the moving pictures are of an "attack" with the men falling mortally wounded all around, they can't give even a faint idea of the real horror of the terrible noise and screaming of the guns, and the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying. He almost wept as he said he hoped that America would be made to realize how necessary it is to get big armies over here and *at once*.

I've seen a lot of German prisoners and a very healthy lot they are. I have seen with my own eyes how well they are treated and I have heard from eye witnesses of some of their acts of atrocity. They are too horrible for me to write. . . .

We are returning to Paris and I will write again soon.

With much love,

WILLIAM.

It was at Oxford that Ely's life came to its tragic end. The circumstances are thus related in "St. George's School in the War":

On the afternoon of January 2, after he had finished his day's work, Ely was invited to go up as a passenger with an English instructor, a pilot who was considered an expert flyer. What happened is not known exactly, but the report of the inquest states that "by an error of judgment the pilot stalled the engine in turning when about three hundred feet in the air." The machine crashed to the ground and both pilot and passenger were instantly killed. They are buried in Oxford.

AUGUSTUS PEABODY GARDNER

CLASS OF 1886

THE notably effective career of Augustus Peabody Gardner came to an untimely but poetically fitting end in his death as a soldier of the United States. Before his country entered the European War he stood among the strongest advocates of its taking this course. Immediately upon its doing so, he resigned his seat in Congress, secured the commission in the Army for which he was well qualified by early training, sought an opportunity for difficult instead of easy service, and died in direct consequence of his devotion to military duty. It was a bright record, worthy of the highest honor.

From a privately printed memoir of Gardner, written by his widow, the only daughter of Senator Henry Cabot

Lodge, Constance Lodge, to whom he was married in 1892, the following paragraphs, describing his life up to the outbreak of the Spanish War in 1898, are taken:

Augustus Peabody Gardner was born in Boston on the 5th of November, 1865, the third and youngest son of Joseph Peabody Gardner [of the Harvard Class of 1847], and Harriet Sears Amory. He came of pure English stock on both sides, the stock of yeomanry who came to America in the seventeenth century and settled in Essex County. The first Gardner we know of here was Thomas, from Dorchester, England, who landed at Gloucester, Massachusetts, in 1642, and from whom the Massachusetts Gardners are descended.

Augustus Gardner lost his mother at birth and his father before he was ten years old. He was brought up from the age of ten by his uncle, John L. Gardner, passing his winters in Boston and his summers in Beverly.

He was educated at Hopkinson's School in Boston, and was ready for college when he was fifteen. His guardian considered this too early an age for Harvard and sent him to St. Paul's School for a year. In the autumn of 1882 he entered Harvard and was graduated with the Class of 1886.[1] He studied law for a year, but did not take a degree at the Law School.

Meantime he had become a farmer and landowner at Hamilton, Essex County, Massachusetts, having inherited the property there of his oldest brother [Joseph Peabody Gardner, Harvard, '82], who died in October, 1886. Here he devoted himself to the raising of Jersey cattle and in a smaller way to the breeding of thoroughbred horses.

He had gone into business with his uncles in Boston, and it is characteristic of him that he made himself an expert accountant and book-keeper in order to be an efficient member of the family firm.

[1] As an undergraduate he was an editor of the *Crimson*, and a member of the Chess and Polo Clubs, the St. Paul's Society, O. K., Institute of 1770, the Hasty Pudding and Alpha Delta Phi.

For about ten years after his graduation, Gardner led the life of many young men of his age and generation. He worked at his business, but his real interest was in the country where he looked after his cattle and his farm and between times played polo and rode to hounds. In 1892 he married, and in 1894 his only child, a daughter, was born.

His first active work in politics began in the presidential campaign of 1896. He regarded Bryan's first Free-Silver campaign as a menace to the prosperity of the country and took the stump for McKinley. From this time on his interest in national affairs continued and increased.

In 1898 when we went to war with Spain, Gardner sought and obtained a commission in the Army and was assigned to the staff of Major-General James H. Wilson as Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General. General Wilson's command, the First Division, was in camp at Chickamauga for six weeks and in July sailed from Charleston for Porto Rico.

In this war Gardner acquitted himself with distinction, both in his routine duties and in the single fight in which he could take part. After his death General Wilson wrote to Mrs. Gardner: "As a staff officer he was unrivaled in his constant and intelligent devotion to duty, and I never knew a man from civil life who so quickly or so thoroughly familiarized himself with his technical duties, or who performed them with such marked ability. But that was not all. He was always, night and day, at his post, and in the hour of action never failed to offer himself for duty with the troops.

"At the affair of Coamo, Porto Rico, he accompanied the turning column with Colonel, now Major-General, Biddle, and by putting himself with the very front of the fighting line showed the highest qualities of a soldier."

Gardner's service in the Spanish War was followed by a severe attack of typhoid fever and a journey to Europe, early in 1899, with his wife and only child, Constance, afterwards married to Grafton Winthrop Minot (Harvard, '15). In the autumn of 1899 he began his political career through election to the Massachusetts State Senate, in which he served for two terms. In the first of these he was a member, in the second chairman, of the Committee on Military Affairs, a subject which interested him keenly. Learning in the spring of 1902 that the seat in Congress occupied by William H. Moody as representative of the Sixth District of Massachusetts was about to be vacated through Moody's joining President Roosevelt's cabinet, Gardner plunged at once into a vigorous contest for the Republican nomination, which he secured, and in the following November he won the election. In every succeeding contest for this seat through the remaining fifteen years of his life he was successful — even including the years in which the Democrats elected the Hon. David I. Walsh to the governorship. His service as a member of Congress was distinguished for energy and independence, displayed especially in his prominent participation in the revolt of the Republican "Insurgents" from the domination of Speaker Cannon.

After Gardner's death his widow published a small volume of his letters,[1] which illustrate many of his interests — his family affection, his political activities, his humorous and gallant views of life in general. In this collection of Harvard memoirs one of these letters must

[1] *Some Letters of Augustus Peabody Gardner.* Edited by Constance Gardner, Houghton Mifflin Company. 1920.

be given, for its clear illustration of Gardner's lively appraisal of what he had got, and failed to get, from his education at Harvard College. It will be found to contain much food for reflection:

To Professor Hugo Münsterberg

Hamilton, Massachusetts,
October 15, 1909.

My dear Professor Münsterberg:

You, I hope, will excuse a Harvard graduate personally unknown to you for expressing certain comments on your article entitled "The Standing of Scholarship in America."

It may be, as you say, that a philosophical revolution in the United States must precede a restoration of scholarship to its proper standing, or rather to that which you and I believe to be its proper standing. If so, Harvard herself should lose no time in reversing her course and shouldering the loss inevitable to the pioneer who blazes a new track opposed in direction to the spirit of the age.

You will observe in the preceding sentence that I use the word "restoration," as I am quite old enough to remember that in my boyhood the American scholar (who, by the way, was the pedagogue then as now) held a much higher relative place in public esteem. That we were less than now a positivist people thirty years ago, I think extremely doubtful. Perhaps, however, our positivism held no such universal sway in those days of incomplete democracy.

However, my object in writing to you is not to philosophize, but rather to present my own experience as an illustration of that which I believe to be a practical result of an unlimited Elective System.

Well on in life my reverence for scholarship has been acquired by close family association with scholars. Harvard College forbade me such reverence as I should naturally have felt. At Harvard, after my freshman year, I was taught to

select my courses, not with a view to becoming a cultivated gentleman, but rather for their future utility or else for the purpose of securing a Bachelor's degree by a minimum of effort. Perhaps it is not fair to say that I was taught to exercise my choice from any such point of view. Perhaps, although I have forgotten it, the advice given me may have been exactly opposite. Does mere advice prevent the generality of mankind from following the line of least resistance, if inviting opportunity is simultaneously presented?

At all events, inasmuch as my intentions were generally better than my performances, I resisted the temptation of easy courses, selecting for the most part history and political economy as subjects to be studied with a mortifying lack of diligence. At the time I had a vague intention of fitting myself for the political life which, after a long interval, I ultimately adopted.

In a sense, then, the Elective System was useful to me, but is my case typical? How many boys of eighteen accurately predict their future occupation?

But let us see what I lost by the Elective System. Notably, I failed to get the foundation of a liberal education. Attaining no trace of scholarship myself, by no possibility could I learn to value justly those who had attained scholarship in a high degree. My conception of a great scholar of necessity pictured the man who could impart to me the greatest amount of useful knowledge. The fact that I did not have the industry to take all that was offered me in no way altered my conception.

If Harvard had started me on the right road, I might today be a fair scholar. I certainly should be more understandingly appreciative of scholarship. Even now, at times I find difficulty in regarding it as more than a mere elegance.

My father-in-law, Senator Lodge, was educated at Harvard under a prescribed system. Today, he is a scholar. He reads to improve and exercise his mind and to develop his scholarship. I, on the other hand, read either for diversion or to attain

a definite result. I read Gibbon or Grote not for cultivation, but solely to learn from history the art of government. I read Shakespeare's plays not for the pleasure they give me, but because I know that Abraham Lincoln found them of immense assistance in extending his vocabulary and developing his power of expression.

The difference of mental equipment between my father-in-law and me may account for much of the difference between our mental attributes today, but I am convinced that the Elective System at Harvard is in part responsible. Lodge was a twig bent in a scholarly direction. I was a twig bent in the direction of utility. He spontaneously respects and appreciates the scholar. I do so only as the result of mental compulsion.

If I am a fair example of the man whose education does not end at the desk of a counting-house, at once there appears at least one weighty cause for the retrogression of American scholarship in the esteem of the baccalaureate public. By what miracle may the Bachelor learn reverence for that of which he is scarcely taught the existence?

While I am perfectly well aware of the objections to a rigid curriculum, I believe it to attain better results than our present unlimited Elective System with its utilitarian aims. Of course, that system is only one of the manifestations of our idolatry of purely practical knowledge or, as Chapman might perhaps express it, knowledge administered in selected capsules.

Why should Harvard make the sacrifice, even if it were proved that sacrifice should be made? Perchance because sacrifice is no stranger to the Harvard ideal. Perchance because Harvard can lead where others can but follow. We graduates believe that the most honorable position in a pilgrimage is held by the leading chariot, regardless of the number of its occupants. Many of us are sure that this country, even in these days of materialism, presents a broad field for a seat of learning based on quite another doctrine. To me, whose every day is devoted to materialistic considerations often of the least at-

tractive kind, the hope that Harvard will lead in a new direction is especially enticing.

If such a movement shall be begun, the opposition of our own graduates will be strong, perhaps insurmountable, for men are too prone to measure the eminence of a college by the bulk of its catalogue.

Very truly yours,

A. P. GARDNER.

Of Gardner the man of thought as well as of action, Judge Robert Grant (Harvard, '73) wrote in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for September, 1918. Though the memoir published there contains some of the facts set forth in the preceding pages, it tells also what remains to be said, and tells it with so large a measure of the sympathy and understanding of an old friend that it is here reprinted, by permission, in its entirety:

Major Augustus Peabody Gardner, of Massachusetts, died of pneumonia at Camp Wheeler, Georgia, on January 14, 1918, in the fifty-third year of his age. The previous May he had resigned from Congress, where he had represented the Essex District for sixteen years, in order to enter the United States Army as Colonel and Assistant Adjutant General, U. S. R.; but in December at his own request he was "demoted" from Colonel to Major, so as to serve in the line with troops rather than on the Staff.[1] His prompt retirement from civil office, at the moment when his foresight and vigor had given him fresh prominence at Washington, because he could not endure to play any but a military part in the hostilities which he had abetted,

[1] While holding the rank of Colonel, Gardner served from the end of May till the middle of August, 1917, under General Bell at Governor's Island, N. Y. On his demotion he was ordered to Camp Wheeler, Macon, Georgia, and there worked hard up to the very eve of his brief illness, in the hope of going to France with the men he was helping to train.

and his subsequent preference for closer contact with the rank and file, were finely illustrative of his distinguishing qualities — strength and honesty of conviction, courageous hatred of sham, and a sturdy liking for the rough and tumble of life, despite an aristocratic heritage.

A scion of sagacious ancestry influential in the financial affairs of New England, Gardner possessed ample means from the start and was free to follow his bent. Endowed with a powerful physique and fondness for open-air life, he found his first opportunity for patriotic service in our war against Spain, ranking as Captain of Infantry and presently Assistant Adjutant General. He took part in the Porto Rico campaign, and on his return was chosen in 1899 a State Senator from Essex County, the community where he had settled as a gentleman farmer following his marriage in 1892 to the only daughter of the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge. While in this alliance he obtained fresh sanction for the public career on which his heart was set, it can be said that he never hesitated to express his own individuality, although always a stanch admirer of his eminent father-in-law.

After two years of service as State Senator, he was sent by the larger constituency of his Congressional District to represent it in Congress. Deeply sensible of the distinction, Augustus Gardner became the representative of this farming yeomanry in a true sense. That it remained for sixteen years his personal bailiwick, which no one could successfully contest, was due to his tireless and absolutely sincere devotion to the interests of those who elected him. He was not merely their spokesman, but their personal friend; yet he managed to retain his sturdy independence and to guide while seeming to voice their opinions.

It appeared at the outset as if Gardner's aptitude for political life lay in a dogged earnestness, genial but bluff, the index of persistency rather than acumen. Undoubtedly he owed much to persistency; and casual listeners in private life were led by the deliberation of his speech to infer that his mind worked

slowly. Those who knew him better soon discovered that there was camouflage in this and that he was addicted to using conversation as a method of arguing out questions with himself from the angle of the other fellow. Certainly as time went on he revealed alert and lucid political perceptions, so that in the end he became a forceful, picturesque debater, especially when championing an unwelcome truth that he felt should be pressed home. Capable of deep enthusiasms, he was invariably fearless in support of his convictions; and though they would go off at a tangent now and then, the whole-souled honesty of his purpose was never open to doubt.

In an estimate of any public man the best evidence of growth is an increasing power of accomplishment and suggestion. One can say of Congressman Gardner that his influence was never so great as at the moment when he left Washington. If this be laid to dawning recognition that the assertions which seemed to fall on deaf ears had shown him to be seer as well as patriot, the answer is that the fearless conviction which bade him speak and labor indefatigably in behalf of what he had conceived to be vital was but the flowering of his character. He was the protagonist of national preparation for war. To him belongs the credit of being the first to call attention in trenchant terms to our defenselessness and to dwell upon it unceasingly. Whatever the considerations that kept others hostile or indifferent to his activities in 1914, none can dispute that had his warnings been heeded our military power in France today would be overwhelming instead of contributory. We shall not be too late, but we well might have been. The part he played, already recognized, will not be forgotten. When the smoke of the world contest clears away, his public service will wear the laurel, meed of vindicated foresight.

For the moment all fame is eclipsed by that of the heroic dead, and among them he is surely to be numbered no less than if he had fallen in the battle line where he would have loved to stand. The instinct winged with ardor that bade him instantly

enlist in spite of golden opportunities for civil usefulness, seemed unanswerable from the point of view of his nice honor. He served his country well in time of peace, and when the bugle sounded he answered "aye" and gave his life: so will his tablet read in the vast cathedral of the Republic. And in the chapel of fair Harvard's memories, the atmosphere of which is peculiarly sacred to those who glimpsing truth speak out for her, his name is inscribed forever upon its roll of gallant gentlemen.

WILLIAM HALSALL CHENEY

CLASS OF 1920

WILLIAM HALSALL CHENEY was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, January 15, 1897. His father was the late Charles Paine Cheney, of Boston, of the Harvard Class of 1892, a son of Benjamin P. Cheney, a pioneer in the development of transcontinental railway and express service. His mother, now Mrs. W. H. Schofield, of Peterborough, New Hampshire, widow of Professor Schofield, of Harvard University, was Mary (Lyon) Cheney, a daughter of Dr. E. B. Lyon, of New Britain, Connecticut. Charles P. Cheney died at Colorado Springs less than a month after the birth of his youngest child, the subject of this memoir.[1]

[1] The portrait reproduced above was drawn by Mr. John Elliott.

The boy received his schooling at Noble and Greenough's School in Boston, Château de Lancy, Geneva, Switzerland, and St. Mark's School, Southborough, Massachusetts. This was profitably supplemented by much travel in the United States, Canada, and Europe, by no means always in the beaten paths, for he crossed Western Canada by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway with his brother before it was opened to the public, and visited Panama and Iceland.

During his boyhood, aviation was making rapid advances, and became a subject of his absorbed and intelligent interest. During his school days he studied the history and construction of aeroplanes. In France he visited aerodromes. Earlier than most of his contemporaries he undertook actual flying, for in his summer vacation of 1915 he began his training as a civilian aviator in the Atlantic Coast Aeronautical School at Newport News, Virginia, and went on with it while still at St. Mark's, in the spring vacation of 1916, and in the summer of the same year while he was waiting to enter college and, in view of the conditions on the Mexican border, wished to prepare himself for possible service to his country.

It was at school, where he was captain of the football team, that the character he was building up made its strongest impression. Of this one of his masters wrote on hearing of his death: "You know how we loved and admired Bill at St. Mark's. He was the type of boy that all true men most love and admire. Simplicity, sincerity, and directness of purpose were his characteristics. To him right was right, and wrong was wrong. Everything was either black or white. He was color-blind to the pea

greens, the heliotropes, and electric blues of conduct. And, besides all this, he was brave, strong, and patriotic, and so, when the challenge came, he knew exactly what he wanted to do and was ready for the battle."

To a youth of Cheney's type, entering college in the autumn of 1916, the challenge was not long in coming. His response to it took the form of leaving Cambridge after the mid-years of his freshman year, and enlisting, March 31, 1917, as a sergeant in the Aviation Service of the United States. His flying training was soon completed at Newport News, and he was ordered to the School of Military Aeronautics at Urbana, Illinois, for ground training. Here he was graduated as an Honor Student on July 25, 1917. In August he was ordered overseas for advanced training. After short stops in England and France, he proceeded to Foggia, Italy, and led the first group of American soldiers to march in Italy, on their entrance into Turin. Arrived at the American aviation camp established at Foggia, he was the first American to win the Italian Military Flying Brevet, October 18, 1917, and on November 23 was commissioned First Lieutenant, A. S. S. O. R. C.

A few passages from letters written to his mother from Italy throw light both on his surroundings and on Cheney himself:

September 29, 1917.

Well, here I am in sunny Italy! . . .

We got orders to leave Avord last Saturday and so we went to Paris to get a train for the South. There were too many of us and too much baggage to go on the express Sunday night, so we had to wait until Monday noon. I spent most of Sunday

going over Paris with the major (Major Ryan, and very nice), getting routings, etc. This top sergeant's job certainly is a thankless one, but it is interesting and instructive. We are traveling as cadets now so that we get better accommodations. We spent Monday night on the train and in the morning arrived at a junction and found that we had missed connections. That part of France around Dijon certainly is beautiful, much better than the flat country at Avord. . . . We spent the day at Mâcon on the Saône and had time for a welcome hot bath and a shave. It is a very pretty little town and we were the first Americans there. That night we got to Culoz, near the Swiss border, and I recognized it as the place I had gone several years ago with the baggage when the Lancy boys climbed the Col du Balme. We spent that night in a hotel with a feather bed! The next day we went through Aix-les-Bains and beautiful scenery to the Italian border, where we were met by an Italian aviator, who had everything ready for us.

Right now let me say a word in favor of the Italians and their system. They are wonderful organizers, and I guess it is only the poorer classes who come to America, as the officers are all very polite and fine fellows. They had a first and second class car for us, and instead of waiting around and losing a lot of time and not getting meals, they had everything arranged smoothly and we went right through to Turin. There your loving son led the first American troops which have ever marched through an Italian city in war time. (What did you say about making history!) We had fine accommodations with sheets! and pillows! and left early next morning.

All that day we traveled through wonderful farming country and arrived at —— in the evening. We had a few hours there so we had a good meal. There are several big hotels, one wrecked by an earthquake a year ago.

Also we had the pleasure of seeing preparations for an air raid. Austrian aeroplanes had been reported south, and an anti-aircraft and coast defense armored-train drew up along-

side and proceeded to wait, but in vain. We spent that night in the train and arrived here (Foggia) in the A.M. and were met by a band and paraded through the town and out here. They have very good accommodations here and fine food, but not enough of it. As top sergeant I have a fine little room with bureau, bed, sheets, wash basin, etc. Also my job will be harder from now on, and the good Lord only knows when we are to get our commissions. Many behind us have theirs already. At least the Italian engines and machines are wonderful and well taken care of.

Lots of love, BILLY.

October 26, 1917.

This has been a very busy week for me. Last Friday I went for my big cross country flight. I had to cover two triangular courses and land after each one and attain a height of 10,000 feet on each, at which height I had to stay for a total of one hour. The first course was 92 miles, about 30 of which was across a bit of the sea, just south of the spur of Italy. Up to 2,500 metres is very interesting and, as I had a fine, calm day, quite comfortable. Up towards 3,000 metres, however, it is very cold and the last part of my time at that height I was pretty well chilled. You see these machines are not like the Curtiss where you sit low in a body, but you must sit in a sort of a bath tub out in front, and three pairs of underclothes, two sweaters, three pairs of socks, and of gloves, and a sheepskin lined jumper don't help very much. Paper I found was about the warmest thing, and if you can find a couple of big paper vests they would be very welcome, as would the very biggest pair of those lumberman's wool mittens you can get in Peterborough — if they are big enough, I can get several pairs of gloves underneath.

I finished my first flight all right, and then went for my second triangle of about 65 miles. That was much better as it was warmer and I did n't stay up so long at 6,000 feet. When

you are up that high things look awfully small and very far away. It takes from 10 to 13 minutes to get down, and over the sea the blue sky and the ocean merge into each other, so you can't find any horizon at all, and have to judge whether you are climbing by the revolution counter.

That finished up a good three and a half hours of work in one day, so I rested up a day and got permission to go to Rome.

The Major had recommended me for my commission and so I put on Gordon Prince's uniform, and after getting the grateful news of some very welcome money and after sewing on my little golden eagle, which is our insignia now, I left for Rome at 12 P.M.

Well, I have been recommended and should get my commission soon. I hope I make good on this instruction job.

Another letter, dated December 28, tells of a Christmas *permission* in Rome, with Cheney in charge of a hundred men, making his first speech as an officer at a Red Cross dinner, dining at the Embassy on Christmas Day, and returning to Foggia in cars attached to a freight train which took thirty hours, through snow and cold, to cover a distance of two hundred miles. This was Cheney's last excursion from the camp at Foggia. There on January 20, 1918, he met his death, which was instantaneous, by what Major William Ord Ryan, commanding the camp, described as "one of those almost impossible and wholly unavoidable accidents." In a letter to Mrs. Schofield, Major Ryan wrote, besides: "He was piloting a machine, with Lieutenant Oliver B. Sherwood as observer, and flying over the training field. At the same time another machine, piloted by Aviation Cadet George A. Beach, was also in the air. A very low cloud of fog blew over the training field and closed around your son's machine. He im-

mediately turned to get out of the fog, and as the machine emerged it struck the machine of Cadet Beach, who was also endeavoring to avoid the fog. Both machines fell to the ground, a distance of about one hundred and fifty feet. The funeral was held from the Italian Military Hospital in Foggia at two o'clock on the afternoon of the twenty-first and was attended by troops and officers of the American, Italian, French, and English Armies. All three men were buried with full military honors."

These three were the first American soldiers to fall in Italy. The impressive ceremony of their funeral, with all its panoply of flags and flowers, with addresses by the General of the Foggia garrison, the Italian Major commanding the Camp of Aviation, and the Mayor of the town, showed how clearly the significance of the event was realized. A single passage from a letter written by a Harvard member of the American Embassy at Rome to Mrs. Schofield suggests the total scene: "In honor to the boys who had given their lives for their own country, for Italy, and for our common cause, all the shops of Foggia were closed and all the sixty or eighty thousand population were lined up along the streets and in front of the hospital in a hushed and respectful silence that is somewhat extraordinary in Italy. Almost everywhere among the crowd were Italian women, weeping for you, because they too had lost their dear ones in the war and realized what it meant for the far away mothers."

Of the individual impression which Cheney had made as a soldier his major wrote: "Your son served under my command since leaving the United States, and by his delightful personality, keenness for work, and devotion

to duty, proved himself a man, a soldier, and a gentleman in every respect, and one worthy of the greatest respect and admiration by all with whom he came in contact."

Both his promise and his performance as an aviator are clearly indicated in the following passage from "St. Mark's School in the War Against Germany": "He had an exceptionally fine 'flying sense,' and with it the best aerial judgment, and was thoroughly at home in the air, being neither rash nor foolhardy. The service lost in him not only an excellent pilot, but a man with creative genius for aviation. He had submitted to the Aerial Board a set of designs and specifications for hangars that was most ingenious and solved many of the difficulties of this problem."

The American Legion Post in Peterborough, New Hampshire, the first that was organized outside the cities of the state, is named in his honor, the William H. Cheney Post, Number 5.

On January 2, 1921, a distinguished group of Italians and Americans, including the American Ambassador, the military and naval attachés of the Embassy, representatives of the Italian aviation service and Ministry of War, government and university officials, gathered in the apartments of the Italo-American Society at Rome. The occasion was the dedication of a reading-room in which the Society's library of American literature is maintained through the provision of Lieutenant Cheney's mother in his memory. The significance of the death of this first American youth to fall on Italian soil here found its fitting expression.

CHARLES MALLET-PREVOST McMICHAEL

Class of 1909

Charles Mallet-Prevost McMichael was the son of a member of the Harvard Class of 1870, Charles Barnsley McMichael, Judge of the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas, himself the son of Morton McMichael,

Mayor of Philadelphia from 1866 to 1869, and brother of Clayton McMichael, former owner and editor-in-chief of the Philadelphia *North American*. His mother, Anna (Mallet-Prevost) McMichael, was a daughter of General Charles Mallet-Prevost of the United States Army in the Civil War, and a grand-daughter of General Andrew Mallet-Prevost, who commanded the Artillery of the United States in the War of 1812. Thus inheriting much of local and national tradition, the boy was born in Philadelphia, May 22, 1887.

His preparation for college was made at Groton School, to which he was warmly attached. Entering Harvard in the autumn of 1905, he remained in college but a single year. Afterwards he became a member of the Class of 1912 in the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania. Instead of entering the legal profession, he engaged in the business of real estate and in journalism. The nature of his tastes in writing was revealed in papers on Lafayette, on the services of American cavalry in the War of 1812, and in a history of the United States Ambulance Service, on which he was engaged at the time of his death.

It was in this service that he was himself enrolled for the war against Germany. He became a lieutenant in the United States Ambulance Corps soon after this country associated itself with the Allied Powers. He had been very ill before entering the service, but persisted in the belief that he was strong enough to do something for his country. In this belief he was disappointed, for he died suddenly in New York, January 23, 1918, soon before the unit with which he was connected sailed for France. He

was buried with military honors from his father's house in Philadelphia. The Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel of his command testified at the time that his military record was perfect and that he was much beloved by his fellow-officers.

RICHARD CUTTS FAIRFIELD

CLASS OF 1921

ON January 26, 1918, the first two Americans to fall on the Italian front were killed by a German bomb in the town of Mestre, near Venice. One of them, Richard Cutts Fairfield, had passed his final examinations for Harvard in June of 1917, but before the Class of 1921 entered college he had taken his fortunes into his own hands and sailed for Europe, determined, in spite of the fact that he was only eighteen, to bear an active part in the war. Before he was nineteen he fell.

He was born at St. Albans, West Virginia, February 20, 1899, the son of Walter Browne Fairfield, of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey, and Lalla (Griffith) Fairfield, now the wife of James Cummings Barr, of the

Harvard Class of 1890. He was named for an ancestor, Richard Cutts, a graduate of Harvard in the Class of 1790, who married a sister of "Dolly" Madison. In his earlier American ancestry were Presidents Holyoke and Rogers, of Harvard, and John Eliot, the Apostle to the Indians. As a boy in Boston he attended Noble and Greenough's School, and at fourteen he entered the third form of St. George's School, Newport, Rhode Island. "In a very few weeks," it is said of him in "St. George's School in the War," "he must have known every fellow in school, and in that time he had become universally liked. Dick could get on with anybody, for he had an inexhaustible supply of good nature and was always full of fun. His many activities during the four years at school show his versatility. Athletics he found more interesting than studies, but he kept up in his work. In foot-ball and basket-ball he played on the club teams, agility making up for a rather slight build. His tennis placed him on the team in 1914 and made him captain in 1916. On the ice he was a good hockey player. His interest and ability in military drill earned him the rank of lieutenant. During three out of four years he sang in the choir. Studies must have sometimes seemed to him very dry, for he found constant application no easy task. That he passed examinations for college and before graduating won a prize in Greek, is the proof of real progress in academic work."

For boys of Fairfield's type the month of April, 1917, was not as other months. "When we declared war," his mother has said, "my son told me he had made up his mind to go to France, and when I told him that he was too young he made reference to the fact that I had shown

him books in which were recorded the noble deeds of his ancestors. And he said: 'Mother, what shall I tell my children and grandchildren when they ask me what part I had in the world's war?'" In spite of opposition at home, he tried to join the Norton-Harjes Ambulance Corps just before it was disbanded; nor did this failure deter him from informing his mother, in the summer vacation of 1917, that he was not going to Harvard, and from saying, "You are wasting time getting my clothes ready for college, and you need not arrange for my rooms."

It could therefore only be called the expected which unexpectedly happened when Fairfield, scantily provided with funds, slipped away from New York as a second-class passenger on the *Espagne*, leaving to a boy friend the task of informing his mother that he had gone — a task which the friend's mother was obliged to perform. A cable message of affection and confidence was accordingly waiting for young Fairfield when he reached Bordeaux. With a slightly older friend, William Davenport Platt, of Baltimore, whom he had met on the steamer, he promptly offered himself for service with the Wynne-Bevan Ambulance Corps, a private organization, attached to the British Army, and was accepted. The two volunteers were ordered at once to Italy, where the Corps, with headquarters in the town of Mestre, was ministering to wounded soldiers in the Venetian plain. There was much to be done, under conditions of discouragement and difficulty, and here Fairfield's youthful spirit must have served him well. For four months, from September, 1917, to January, 1918, he worked hard as an ambulance driver. In January, Austrian planes began a series of raids on

such Italian points behind the lines as Treviso, Venice, and Padua. On January 26, just after Fairfield had delivered a load of wounded men at a dressing station, it was reported that the enemy were bombarding Mestre. With his friend, Platt, he rushed to this town on a motorcycle, bent on learning whether an ambulance would be needed. "As they stopped in the market-place, deserted by the frightened population, a bomb fell on a house nearby, instantly killing them both." [1] In another account of their deaths it is said that they fell at the door of a hospital while caring for the wounded.

They were buried in a little cemetery near Mestre, with full civil and military honors, rendered by Americans, English, and Italians in attendance. Among these was the Mayor of Mestre, who pronounced a eulogy. In the following month the Italian military authorities bestowed upon Fairfield the *Medaglia d'Argento al Valore Militare* which was afterwards sent to his mother. In April, 1921, Fairfield's body was transferred from its first resting-place to the Mestre Cemetery where its final burial beneath a monument erected in his honor was the occasion of an impressive ceremonial in which the Italian and the United States governments were officially represented.

[1] "St. George's School in the War," p. 36.

CHESTER THOMAS CALDER

LAW SCHOOL 1911–12

CHESTER THOMAS CALDER graduated from Brown in 1911, and spent the following year at the Harvard Law School. He was born in Providence, Rhode Island, December 29, 1889, the son of William Curry Calder and Ida Brown (Thomas) Calder. He made his preparation for college at the Hope Street High School, of Providence. At Brown he was a member of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity, and took a prominent part in dramatics, appearing several times with great success in "Sock and Buskin" productions. "It may sound extravagant," a mature observer of Calder's acting has written, "to say that in his college days he was an actor of charm, but I found him so, and I know that others shared my feeling. Had he

lived, I believe he would have made his mark as an actor or playwright, or both."

After a single year of study at the Harvard Law School, Calder spent a year abroad. On his return to the United States he became a reporter for the *Providence Journal*, with which he remained for two years. During this time he was prominent in amateur theatricals in Providence, especially in the productions of "The Players." He was a member also of the Providence Pen and Pencil Club, and a contributor of various articles to the *Theatre Magazine*. His newspaper work in Providence was followed by his employment as press agent of the Toy Theatre in Boston. As an actor himself, he became a member of a stock company in Northampton, Massachusetts, and supported Lou Tellegen in "The King of Nowhere." Late in 1917 he took the leading rôle in "When the Bugle Calls," a brief, patriotic play in the interest of recruiting given by Brown men for the benefit of the Liberty Loan, the *Providence Journal's* Army Recreation and Athletic Equipment Funds, and the Brown Ambulance Fund.

In June, 1917, Calder had enlisted in the Brown Ambulance Unit, stationed at Allentown, Pennsylvania. There he died, February 4, 1918, of pneumonia following an attack of measles. "He was one of the very best young men that ever came to this camp," wrote one of his superior officers, "and anything that I could say would fall so short of doing him justice that I would not attempt it. I feel a great personal loss and bereavement over the passing of such a noble young man."

He was buried with military honors at Providence, and is commemorated in the Library of Brown University by

a special collection of books related to the theatre. The bookplate that marks them bears these words: "In Memory of Chester Thomas Calder of the Class of 1911: Given by his Comrades in Section 579, United States Army Ambulance Service, 1918." A tablet in Calder's memory has also been placed in the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity house at Brown.

EDWARD SEGUIN COUCH

CLASS OF 1919

HARDLY more than a fortnight before his death, at the age of twenty-three, in the hospital of the Army Service Schools at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, on February 5, 1918, Edward Seguin Couch wrote to a friend: "This forced existence of war has determined thousands of things for me; it has made me human; it may make me divine. It makes one unspeakably disgusted with the crowd, and unspeakably in love with life. We must live, you and I, and we shall fight stupidity together — in Italy — far from America, never to return: stupidity in human instincts and thoughts and emotions: and particularly we shall begin first of all on ourselves."

These are not the words of a youth shaped by the common moulds of school, college, and army life, and Couch, though entering eagerly into his studies and, through the nine months before his death, into the military training which should fit him to do his part for his country and its cause, was by no means one of these young men.

He was born in Dubuque, Iowa, January 24, 1895. When he was three years old, his parents, William Powell Couch and Susan (Hallock) Couch, became residents of Cromwell, Connecticut, where his father is secretary and treasurer of Cromwell Hall Sanitarium. He had his schooling at Cromwell, at the Middletown High School, and for one year, at the Holbrook School, Ossining, New York. In the autumn of 1913 he entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and there for three years pursued the course in architecture. As a boy of twelve he had visited England, and when his mother, on the point of their crossing to France, asked him what, of all they had seen, he would best like to see again, he answered without hesitation, "Melrose Abbey." This throws light upon his first choice of a profession; but, after three years at Technology, where he became a member of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity and sang in the chorus of the "Tech Show," he found that letters meant more to him than architecture, and entered Harvard, as an unclassified student, in the autumn of 1916.

There he passed only one academic year, but it was a year of intense intellectual, artistic, and spiritual enjoyment. Some record of it is preserved in the diary of a friend he made at Cambridge, a student in the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. When one remembers what

the college year of 1916–17 was, it is enlightening to find that even then there were young men at Harvard for whom the things of the mind and the spirit, the intangible appeals of life, were capable of an engrossing power. Music, poetry, pictures, old books, the dearer for the cheapness of their buying, criticism of life and the arts, friendships with congenial older persons, endless discussions under the stars after innocent sallies into that mildest Bohemia which Boston affords — all these, after the fashion of the few that constantly leaven the more apparent Harvard, were the interests in which Couch found himself happily absorbed. His college note-books and written exercises reveal a high quality of perception, thoughtfulness, and expression. All the indications were clear that here was a student who might one day be heard from in the profession of letters.

On May 7, 1917, Couch enrolled in the Harvard R. O. T. C. "What else could one do when one thinks of France?" he gave as his sufficient reason for this step. On August 15 he received his discharge. On September 20 he enlisted at Westfield, Massachusetts, as a 1st Class Private in Battery A, 1st Maine Heavy Artillery, National Guard. On October 26 he received his commission as Second Lieutenant, Infantry, U. S. A., and on November 16 was honorably discharged from the First Maine Heavy Artillery. On November 26 he was ordered to report at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and on January 1, 1918, he entered the Army Service Schools, Provisional Officers' Battalion, Company P, at that place, with the further assignment to report on March 1 to Company B,

22d Infantry Regiment, Governor's Island Battalion, for guard duty at Hoboken, New Jersey.

One of his comrades at Fort Leavenworth, who afterwards served in the American Expeditionary Force in Siberia, wrote some recollections of their friendship as he was crossing the Pacific. He recalled Couch as "a dark, slender, keen-looking young fellow," who went by the Briggsian name of "Skinnay." He described a noisy scene in a locker-room when everyone was making ready for drill — "all talking and laughing and whistling and singing as boys will do when they have a few minutes of unrestraint between periods of strict disciplinary exercise. Suddenly above this babel of sounds I heard someone whistling a familiar theme from a movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Unconsciously I took up the air with him, and as the company clattered down the stairs of the barracks and out on the sidewalk to fall in for drill, I looked carefully to see who it was with whom I had been whistling. It was Edward, and I knew then that I had found a kindred spirit." The affectionate intimacy which sprang from this beginning, and extended to the inclusion of three other kindred souls, was for Couch and the friends he made at Fort Leavenworth, as everywhere else, a bright episode of their military experience.

On the completion of his course at the Army Service Schools, on February 27, Couch, had he lived, would have received his commission as first lieutenant. But a tragic circumstance — gratuitously tragic, as it seems — was to intervene. A letter from his father tells the story: "It seems he was perfectly well on Sunday, February 3, was officer of the day, wrote two letters home in the most

cheerful tone; on Monday, February 4, he was threatened with pneumonia and went to the hospital where, through the mistake of an orderly, he was given an over-dose (three times more than the prescription called for) of morphine, and died at 9 A.M., February 5."

To confirm what has been said of the distinctive quality of Couch's mind and spirit, a few passages must be copied from his own writings. Take first these words from a Note-Book carried from college into camp. On November 18, in the interval between Westfield and Fort Leavenworth he wrote:

To concentrate on the technical to the comparative exclusion of the beautiful or the intellectual is like neglecting the temple and the image of the God within the temple in order to examine the joints and abutments of the construction.

I do not mean to insinuate that the critic should be insensible to the indisputable delight which may be had from the technical, from the pleasure of following the sure, sensitive, spontaneous stroke of the brush, for example, the free lyricism of a phrase of music or poetry or, so to speak, handling of a torso; in the higher genius, there is a kind of simple significance, of undulating, brilliant enthusiasm in the touch of his medium and the quality of his canvas or marble or *ton*; there may even be a whole philosophy in the simple holding of his pencil! The relationship of the joy to be derived from that more distant aspect, the sensuous, the beautiful, whence brush strokes are not distinguishable and phrases merge and lose themselves in the complete, rounded melody, is very close; but there is a point, and a fairly distinct point, at which one ends, and the other begins, just as there is a point at which beauty ends, and the intellectual or spiritual begins.

For the rest it is enough to turn to a few passages from Couch's contributions to an extremely active correspond-

ence between himself and his friend Murray Sheehan (Harvard, A.M. '17), now of the faculty of the University of Arkansas. The letters were written while Couch was at Westfield and Fort Leavenworth. Let these portions of them speak for the vitality of Couch's concern for the interests to which the young critic of art and of life meant to devote himself after the business of war was done:

Tuesday, —— 1917.

. . . Criticism *per se* is after all only the determination of what idea has been expressed and with what success it has been expressed. But the supreme criticism is that which establishes the value of the idea and the quality of the expression.

At present I am almost unduly impressed with Hawthorne's charming "House of Seven Gables"; and am thinking that it may — or at least passages of it may — take place in my list of special favorites, of which parts of the "Marble Faun" certainly hold an important position, with James's "Portrait of a Lady" and Verlaine. These are only, in a sense, petty favorites; they are not of that other list of "Prometheus Bound," "Lear," Part II of "Henry IV," the Bible, or Keats. Except for the "Portrait of a Lady," the passages of Hawthorne and Verlaine are of the sort in which one partially forgets, partially accedes the better Lares of one's culture and gives in to what one might naturally be without discipline and restraint. I confess I find Verlaine fascinating; yet it is against my will, even often against my taste, that he is so.

I don't know why I chat so to you except that it is amusing to do so. There are hundreds of letters I ought to write.

The thing that possesses me now is that I can feel myself expanding, expanding, and yet have no one to talk to, no one to balance my ideas against.

What I can never accustom myself to is the possibility — even in a keen intellect — the inevitability of innumerable

standpoints in life, of the countless moods, countless *specimens* of existence. And the formula of Success, to my mind, is to touch all and yet to remain, beneath, the same; like the sea, whose surface is ever varied, while beneath all is continually calm; and in the end even the surface is of the same substance as the depths. In fact, this seems to me a very good simile; the outward sensitiveness to nature and natural forces; the interior, motionless and immovable. Liquid, not solid; but liquid, not vaporous.

23 October, 1917.

Of course, I don't quite agree, and it is very difficult to express exactly in what your passing reference to Socrates and Christ, I won't say offended my sensibility, but makes me for the moment suspicious that I am in a certain manner more of a poet than you. There is a poetry of life, a poetry of narrative, so to speak, as vibrant and, perhaps, more exquisite and sublime, than that of thoughts detached (as Keats's "Ode to a Grecian Urn") or of mood, however eternal, as that of the "Ode to a Nightingale." The life of Socrates, to my mind, is not. More substantial, in a philosophical interpretation, more enduring even, one may say, with respect to your quality of the "human," as Socrates' "message" is, the "message" of Christ, the purpose, the teachings, the genius, and, so to speak, the formula of this life, touches and indeed attains something infinitely greater, more sublime, more eternal still. It is not that Christ spoke alone of the spiritual, in a large sense, while Socrates, by touching all things, was necessarily unable to deal to such an extent with that side of life; but, taken in entirety, each life and teachings in whole, the life of the Nazarene *must* become to one the life of the most supreme endeavor, the most ultimate aspiration the world has known, bearing at its heart an ascending quality so pure, so sincere, that to sneer at it or ridicule is to sneer at all that is celestial in earth. No written poem ever brought to my mind the supreme, tragic poetry of the birth, the early years, the magnificent (I can use no other word) end-

ing. When you object to that last terrible cry of despair preceding the final and ultimate realization of the union of *his* spirit with that of the God, you forget, I think, that it is a human spirit in face of its last crucifixion, the last, tremendous, sublime *realization*. It is not, in such a life, what is actually accomplished (though, as I have said, *what was* accomplished, is perfect to me) but what is attempted, what the moving genius or formula of the spirit, whose manifestations are yet imperfect and dimly seen.

Unlike most persons, you won't think that, by such statements, I mean to place the Greek "attitude" lower than that which followed it. As Pater says, our civilization may be described as one of color, while the Greek is essentially one of *light*, and what we may have added or acquired since the 5th Century would be like trying to beautify a crystal stream by dropping coloring matter into it. The very lack of our complexity, our orientalism, and, in the last sense, our morbidity, would, if grafted to the Greek genius, kill the very growth we sought to make more varied and rich.

23 October, 1917.

I am wondering whether you have by now received my ill-expressed defense of Christ, and are framing some sort of anti-defense in return, not uninfluenced, however, I hope by my views, since you are, as I am, partially malleable. It gives me great satisfaction to know that at least you will comprehend, even if you do not agree with me. The beauty of narratives — most especially the tragic — holds me at present with great fascination: the story of Christ's life, certain of the Greek myths, such as Orpheus and Eurydice, for example, or of Persephone, become, more and more, things about which the mind may play and draw out new meanings, new interpretations, new beauties, as it cannot about more definite facts or incidents or material objects. This late development of a love for story, which I have heretofore regarded as rather puerile, may be the result of my natural desire to derive pleasure from as many

sources as possible (and comes in this sense as a sort of reward for this selfish and laudable wish), or it may be that, being, I am convinced, quite deficient in any creative ability in this line, it now looms up as that very part lacking to my artistic vision, or perhaps rather as the crystal through which I can let whatever of worth there is in my thoughts, shine through, dissolve, and become visible. My admiration for Christ's life is, to a certain degree, purely aesthetic; I cannot accept all his ethics nor much of his theology. But, aside from what I do accept, which I believe is much, however, the aesthetic aspect, the merely dramatic, the symbolic, the lyric or better, melodic, is incomparably beautiful. As I have so very often said, to let the theory or formula of life which one has evolved, just as to let one's own theory of composition, or art, blind one to the possible excellence and worth in things not inspired by those theories is the last stage of pedantry.

I am not sure that Christ's life story does not seem inspired by the same theories which I (or for that matter, you) hold; yet, even to the contrary, I should admire it aesthetically.

29 November, 1917.

The point is, that just as I am being drawn into this terrible whirlpool of military things, from which there appears now to be so little chance of escaping, for the present at any rate, I am growing tremendously enthusiastic about life, history, art, — everything, it seems. My vision seems to be enlarging almost day by day, my sensitiveness, and my sense of proportion — after all, perhaps pretty much the same thing — continually growing. I imagine that, introspectively, the fact, itself, of being comparatively shut off completely from the world one formerly lived in, has some effect upon this heightened view of my present "condition." There is no need — even, my dear M., in military life — of completely deluding oneself.

The sense that comes out most strongly, in my alienation from life — as one might call it — is that historic sense, the

feeling that I ought, or wish rather, not only to put each book or picture or whatever else into its proper place, to tie it in, that is, to the period to which it belongs, to the growth of a "feeling," or thought or belief of which it is a part, but to *place it* as regards its importance, its *accomplishment*, its merit, in that particular growth: to see it not only as an isolated production, but as a production fitting it to a continuous pattern, as a bit of glass or enamel into a border of mosaic, working and worked upon by its surrounding productions, and even gaining perhaps some form or color from pieces some distance from it. This is the historic sense, *voilà*? The other, that of regarding it as an isolated work is, we may say, the human. This concerns itself with the more eternal aspects of the work, the aesthetic and the intellectual or spiritual; the former is the relativistic, this latter is in comparison the absolute. Usually a mediocre critic sees from only one of these points; he talks about the man's masters, his environment, his physical disposition; it is all very instructive, very interesting; it *explains*, it often has even the air of excusing; it is all appropriate, and it is all *about* art, and not at all *on* art. A great critic realizes this; with all his historic knowledge, — events, schools, philosophies, etc., — he knows that his is not the ultimate point of view, and that the human, the parts of the work which make it eternally a great work, is the side on which his concentration is to be most largely directed. Any intelligent person can get the first; it takes more or less of a genius to have the second.

The thing I find hardest to rid myself of is vulgar prejudices, generalizations; such absurd things as the notion that Christianity burst on a darkened world like the rising sun, to which all turned as with one accord, etc. Vulgar conceptions of this sort, and those of historical personages and events and the like, are not only, I find, those of one's own time, that is, the opinions of our own generation, but come bouncing up from other generations, even from the very times and peoples one is studying.

February 1, 1918.

When I am set free again from war, I shall study the *great* humanities, history, psychology and religion: then I shall feel more at ease with literature and art. Would n't that be a tremendous, Herculean preparation for life? Life is our study, yes; but in that regard we are all like Browning's Grammarian. For some of us though, Art is our real study; life is the model we draw from; but Art is the real study. One may as well admit *that* much integral life to art. For the artist, life, even great life, is not all. Then is the portrayal of that life — to perceive and to reveal is the mission of the artist.

All "real" people are in a sense, in this sense, more or less, artistic. They like to get outside of things, above the workings and machinery of things, to watch things going on below, even if, the next moment, they see themselves down there in the mechanism and a part of it. The charming woman who watches to see your having enough sugar, or a full cup of tea, is the artist in spirit; she knows exactly how her little party is going, and she directs its path subtly, as the creative artist; but in the end she has produced a work, in this sense, or art, because you leave, with what she intended, a pleasant remembrance.

This is the working of the artistic mind. He perceives and knows his material; and he produces from it the impression he seeks to give. It is not always a pleasant impression that he wishes to give, his material is not always a tea party; but if it is a tea party, he tells you essentially all there is to be told about that party, and if it is a funeral he does n't confine himself to saying that somebody wept. Somebody usually does weep at funerals; it is when somebody does n't weep, or does n't weep as much as might be expected, and we are shown why he does n't, that we begin to have something real, something honest, and, if there is the sense above the whole of something beyond actual tears, beyond actual death, even, then you begin to have something great. That something, you see, is not easily defined, and I do not here attempt to define it at all. So possibly, too, all

my talk is futile. But that something is, I think, the artist's philosophy, which colors the whole of what he sees, tempers the idiosyncrasies and extremes. *He* is after all the master of his work, not life.

On February 3, 1918, the last day that Couch was on duty at Fort Leavenworth, he began a diary, from which the following sentences are taken:

I suppose when I come to look back on myself in this period of training, it will be to find a rather unpleasant, sensitive, introspective young person, who is rather conceited than not — I imagine in the distance that is how I will appear. . . . It won't be a pleasant picture; it is n't a pleasant experience. . . . But I have quieted down a lot — I suppose it's permissible to be conversational in a diary — since the early days; since the first dazzled, stupid, blind encounter, or the period of almost hysteric fear and rebellion when I used to lie shivering in the dark, after the lights were put out, secretly, in bed. I've actually done that — and I've known what it was for — was it Coleridge? — to know people at school by the buckles on their shoes. And hating yourself all the while, wondering where your will is, or your manhood. That is the greatest suffering, almost I am inclined to think,— to suffer and to see and analyse at the same time that [you are] suffering. And yet I can't give up this looking on at oneself. Some day it will bear some sort of fruit. And some day, possibly, I may be able to live above these repugnances I feel — never in sympathy, but rich enough to lay them aside as unworthy of acting upon.

"Some day it will bear some sort of fruit." So, indeed, it might well have done, for from such natures as Couch's all manner of possibilities may be evoked. At the Harvard Commencement of 1920, he was enrolled, through a

war degree, among the graduates of the college, as a Bachelor of Science, of the Class of 1919. His architectural studies before he came to Harvard determined his degree. In reality a mastery of the arts would have been his goal.

ALBERT DILLON STURTEVANT

LAW SCHOOL 1916–17

THE captain of a Yale crew which defeated Harvard occupies a singular position in such a collection of memoirs as this; but Albert Dillon Sturtevant holds his place on the Harvard Roll of Honor by every right, and the story of his life and death is one that illustrates so well the qualities which each of the sister universities most values in its sons that Yale surely will not grudge a portion of him to Harvard. Aside from this double interest in his record, the fact that he was the first aviator serving with the American forces to lose his life in action is of historical importance.

He was born at Washington, D. C., May 2, 1894, the son of Charles Lyon Sturtevant, a lawyer of that city,

and Bessie (Dillon) Sturtevant. On his father's side, he was a direct descendant of James Chilton, one of the signers of the Mayflower Compact. On both sides he was of New England stock, his maternal and paternal grandfathers having been born in New Hampshire and his grandmothers in Massachusetts. His maternal grandfather served throughout the Civil War and received the Congressional Medal or Honor for gallantry in action on two occasions.

After attending the public schools in Washington, Sturtevant, in 1910, entered Phillips Academy, Andover, from which he graduated in 1912. A memorial article about him in the *Phillipian* soon after his death contained these sentences: "'Al' Sturtevant was exceedingly attractive in appearance, and possessed personal magnetism which drew to him many friends. Many of the teaching staff remember well his cheerful smile and his unostentatious, yet very effective, way of meeting duties and responsibilities. While he was in Phillips Academy, he was young and had not yet shown all his power; but it was quite evident to all who met him that he had the potentialities which later made him so successful in college." In 1910 he had become a member of the Presbyterian Church through uniting with the Church of the Covenant at Washington.

From Andover he went to Yale, entering with the Sheffield Class of 1915. At the end of the freshman year he decided to take the four-year course, which gave him his degree of Ph.B. in 1916. He was a member of the Delta Psi fraternity at "Sheff." As an undergraduate he was conspicuous as an oarsman. In his first year, he

rowed on the freshman crew, and in the other three years on the Varsity. He was captain of the 1915 crew which went through the season without defeat. At the same time he attained a high standing in scholarship, and, in the words of a prominent member of the Yale faculty, represented "the finest type of college man, being both a scholar and an athlete." Guy Nickalls, the Yale coach, in commenting upon the spirit shown by Sturtevant in dropping back from captain of the Yale crew into the ranks in 1916, at a time when that crew was having a bad season which culminated in the defeat by Harvard, said of him, "He always gives the best there is in him, no matter how discouraging the conditions are." Mr. Ralph D. Paine, an older Yale oarsman, writing in the *American Boy* Magazine (October, 1918), of Sturtevant, as a Varsity oarsman in his sophomore year, gives the following reminiscence:

At the time of the gruelling Yale-Harvard race of 1914, in which Yale won by a margin of only a foot or two, the change of Sturtevant from the second crew to the first crew was the last change made by Guy Nickalls before the race — as a last resort, for this boy was quite young and inexperienced in racing. About midway of the course, it looked very much as though "Number 5" was about all in, but he pulled himself together and finished out, as fresh as any of them when he got through. As he explained to his father:

"Dad, if at that moment, when I thought I was going to crack, I could have passed into utter oblivion and never come to, I should have been perfectly happy, but it flashed across me in a second that if I did that the race was lost, so I stuck it out and in a few seconds felt all right." That was the sort of a fellow Sturtevant was.

In the summer of 1916, anticipating the possibility of war between the United States and Mexico, Sturtevant, with several other members of the Yale crew, learned to fly, first at Mr. Harry Payne Whitney's place on Long Island, and later at Governor's Island, on the Army machines. In the autumn he entered the Harvard Law School, and during his few months as a law student joined the Story and Lincoln's Inn Clubs. In the same autumn he enrolled as a member of the Naval Aviation Unit, known as Aerial Coast Patrol Unit No. 1, organized by Mr. F. Trubee Davison, son of Mr. H. P. Davison. Late in March, 1917, this unit was enrolled for service at New London, Connecticut, and Sturtevant received his commission as ensign in the U. S. Naval Reserve Flying Corps. On April 1 the unit went to West Palm Beach, Florida, for training; there it remained until about the first of June, when it was ordered to Huntington, Long Island, and became known as the "Huntington Unit." As its members received sufficient training they were ordered abroad by twos and threes, and Sturtevant was in the second pair to go. He sailed September 1, 1917, and spent about two months and a half in France at intensive training on seaplanes.

About the first of November, 1917, he was detailed by Admiral Sims to the British Naval Station at Felixstowe, England, already known to readers of this book as the scene of the death of Phillips Ward Page, '09. In due time, about December 1, Sturtevant was put to work on the North Sea, patrolling for submarines and acting as an aerial convoy for vessels going back and forth between England and the Continent. The large British seaplanes

on which he served usually carried two pilots, of whom he was one, and a crew of three men for machine gun work.

On February 15, 1918, two flying boats went out from Felixstowe to escort a convoy of British merchant steamers to Holland. Sturtevant was one of the pilots of one of these boats. While waiting for their convoy, they were attacked by a number of German planes. One boat escaped, but the other, of which Sturtevant was pilot, was brought down and no trace of the machine or of any of the crew, of whom there were four beside himself, was ever found. A graphic account of his last fight is found in Mr. Ralph D. Paine's article in the *American Boy*, from which quotations have already been made. Other passages in it testify to the strong bond of friendship and admiration between Sturtevant and his British comrades. The closing paragraphs of Mr. Paine's account are as follows:

> The other flying boat, with the British pilot, somehow escaped from this tragic turmoil and was able to return to its base. This is how the news of Sturtevant's death came back to England. The American ensign had preferred to stay and fight and die, and you may be very sure that his fellow officers at the long mess table held him in higher esteem, when they looked at the vacant chair, than they did their own British comrade who had not elected the supreme sacrifice. There are no braver men than these British naval aviators, but in this instance it was the youthful, untried ensign from across the sea who was awarded the laurel crown and the palms of victory.
>
> Destroyers were sent out in the faint hope that Sturtevant might be alive and clinging to the drifting wreck of his boat, but no trace of him was found. Other stories, rumor and conjecture, received from Dutch and German sources, told that

Sturtevant had not been shot down at once but had escaped and engaged in a running fight which carried him a long distance toward the English Channel before he was headed off again and finally killed. This, after all, is not essential. Alone, one against ten, he faced the enemy without flinching, and gladly, daringly, offered up his life for flag and country.

Mr. Paine visited Felixstowe while Sturtevant was stationed there, and refers to him also in his well-known book, "The Fighting Fleets."

When the news of Sturtevant's death reached Washington, the Secretary of the Navy wrote to the young man's father a letter ending with these words: "The Navy is proud to have had your son in its service and to count him among its heroes." A destroyer launched July 29, 1920, and christened the *Sturtevant*, bears witness to the reality of the sentiment which Secretary Daniels expressed.

In a speech at New Haven, Mr. Daniels referred again to Sturtevant in the following terms:

We have had a new vision of Youth in these days when the world has turned to them as the saviors of liberty. We have looked upon Nathan Hale as standing apart from New England youths, a beautiful figure separate from his kind. He could not be revered too highly. The lesson of his regret that he had "only one life to give to his country" has been a beacon to American boys in all our history. But we have come in this town to see that the spirit of Nathan Hale of the Revolution is the spirit of Young America of 1917. From Yale, in the flush and glow and ardor of the passion that moved Nathan Hale, went young Albert Dillon Sturtevant. With eager patriotism and enterprise, he sought the most daring and hazardous service, enrolling in the Naval Flying Corps even before war was declared,

March 26, 1917. A month later he was ordered to active duty and in the autumn was sent to England, for service on the British coast. In February came the news that he was "missing in action," his machine having been shot down in flames. Later came particulars in a dispatch from Admiral Sims. Sturtevant had gone out on reconnoissance of the enemy coasts. While flying in his seaplane in this dangerous area, he had been attacked by an overwhelming force. Surrounded by ten enemy planes, pouring their shot into him, his machine was riddled and set on fire. Fighting terrific odds, he fell to death in a blaze of glory. It is deeds like his which illuminate the records of our Flying Corps, and make it a body of heroes.

The Navy Cross was awarded posthumously with the following citation:

For distinguished and heroic service as an aviator attached to the Royal Air Force Station at Felixstowe, England, making a great many offensive patrol flights over the North Sea and was shot down when engaged in combat with a number of enemy planes.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER, Jr.

Law School, 1914–16
Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, 1916–17

War

A moment from the burnishings of arms
The marchings and the rests — the hurried call,
I draw to nature, where the water charms
The forests with its ghostly rise and fall,
While the sweet breath of spring is over all.

And now the glinting sunlight seems the flame
Of youth that dared and died in years before,
Or guerdon of a new untarnished fame —
The spirit of the goal we struggle for:
The noble freedom that I thought no more.

Where now the cautions and the mocking lies
That bound us in the slavery of days?
Where now the fears the coward deifies?
Ah stand we proudly now on other ways —
Now dare we look on life with level gaze!

Bursts forth anew the eager song of life,
The ecstasy of blossoms and the sheen
Of evening light on meadows shadow-rife —
Of elm and willow clothed in shimmering green —
The eternal surging of the force unseen!

I yield myself to thee — O sweep me on
Across the seas of life — I am the flame
That burns undimmed in ages without name —
I am the breeze the swallow drifts upon:
All I have loved and lived for can I gain
With one swift shining stroke, nor count the pain!

It is fitting that a memoir of a great-grandson of that American writer whose name he bore should be introduced by a piece of his own writing. The poem that has just been quoted is taken from "Afterglow," by James Fenimore Cooper, Jr., Captain, F. A., N.A., a volume of verse and a single prose essay, "Religion," published in 1918 by the Yale University Press, with a "Foreword" by Professor Henry Augustin Beers of the English Department at Yale. The publishers describe the book as "of interest both for promise and performance and as the expression

of a singularly fine spirit," and the book itself abundantly justifies the description. It is further indicative of the esteem in which Cooper is held at Yale that he is one of the three Yale poets, Francis Bergen being another, to whom "The Yale Book of Student Verse" is reverently dedicated.

James Fenimore Cooper, Jr., was the son of James Fenimore Cooper, of Albany and Cooperstown, New York, and Susan Linn (Sage) Fenimore Cooper. He was born in Albany, March 10, 1892. The events of his life are chronicled, and the character of the man is clearly suggested, in the following passage from Professor Beers's "Foreword" to "Afterglow":

He was prepared for college at the Albany Academy and the Taft School, Watertown, Connecticut, and was graduated from Yale with the Class of 1913. As an undergraduate, he won high social and academic distinction: was a member of Alpha Delta Phi, Phi Beta Kappa, Chi Delta Theta, the Elihu Club, the Class Day Committee, and secretary of the Elizabethan Club — a list of honors which will serve as testimony to the range of his literary and scholarly activities, for all who are familiar with Yale life. At the time of his death he held the position of class secretary. He was the first member of his class to die in the service. After graduation Cooper spent a year or more in Europe and the West, and somewhat over two years at the Harvard Law School. He was a diligent and successful student of the law, but the profession did not appeal to him as a career. His health had never been robust, and after a nervous breakdown, he left Cambridge; and, late in 1916, went to Mesa, Arizona, where he occupied himself for a time in teaching at the Evans School. His plans were somewhat unsettled, but his real interests and ambitions were those of a man of letters; and at the time when his country entered the war, he was look-

ing forward to the life of a farmer, with leisure for writing and study; and expecting to live at Cooperstown, a locality singularly beautiful in itself, for which he had the deep affection of a lover of nature, and which was dear to him on account of generations of family association.

The war, which brought him death, brought him also opportunity — opportunity for unquestioning and decisive action. He entered the first officers' training camp at Madison Barracks, and graduated in August as a first lieutenant of Field Artillery. Early in the winter of 1918 he was promoted to a captaincy. He showed great aptitude for military work, and became so much interested in the artillery service, that he had made up his mind, if he survived the war, to remain in the army until he had thoroughly mastered that branch. His strong desire was to get to France and into active service at the front, where, at this writing, his battery (Battery B) is under the command of his younger brother. But it was not to be. The exposure of artillery drill and camp life brought on an attack of pneumonia, which proved fatal in less than two weeks. The uncomplaining fortitude with which he bore the sufferings of his last days made a deep impression upon his doctors and nurses; and hundreds of letters, written to his parents by his school and college mates and instructors and by a wide circle of family friends, all expressing a sense of personal loss, bear witness to a singular sweetness and generosity, frankness and courtesy which endeared him to all. In them is shown unusual recognition of a character which never departed from the determination to do what was right and to be kind and just to all.

Cooper's connection with Harvard University is not quite accurately given in this passage, for he was a student at the Law School only from 1914 to 1916. At the beginning of the academic year of 1916–17, he took up the study of psychology in the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. Then came the brief experience of teaching to

which Professor Beers alludes, and then, all too soon for the fulfilment of his varied promise, his death from pneumonia at Camp Dix, Wrightstown, New Jersey, on February 17, 1918.

Other poems than that which introduces this memoir of Cooper show him to have been seriously thoughtful, sensitive to the appeals of beauty, and both gifted and skilled in poetic expression. His brief essay on "Religion," found in his portfolio after his death, reveals an intellectual vigor and independence which augured well for the career of study and writing to which he looked forward. These are the final words in this statement of his faith: "Self-realization is the one rule of life — it cannot be resolved into principles of conduct — its progress can never be weighed, measured, tabulated, or directed. He who denies this denies himself — which is the most wretched thing in the world."

PHILIP COMFORT STARR

CLASS OF 1914

THE "College Charter" of 1650 established the Corporation of Harvard College, consisting of the President, the Treasurer, and five Fellows. One of the original five was Comfort Starr (called "Consolantius Star" in ancient catalogues), a graduate of the College in the Class of 1647, a son of Dr. Comfort Starr, an early settler of Boston, from whom Philip Comfort Starr was a descendant in the ninth generation.

He was born in Chicago, January 28, 1890, a son of Merritt Starr, a lawyer of that city, who, after graduating at Oberlin, had taken both the A.B. and the LL.B. degrees at Harvard in 1881, and of Leila (Wheelock) Starr. The family lived at Winnetka, and here Philip Starr had his

first schooling, beyond the primary grades, in the New Trier High School. In a summary of his school and college life prepared by Judge Thomas Taylor (Harvard, LL.B. 1885) it is recorded that he attended next the Thacher School in the Ojai Valley, California, where he became strong and hardened physically, and grew to more than six feet in height. After his death Mr. Thacher wrote of him: "His name stands on the tablet in the parlor as the best horseman and best shot in the School." Two years in California were followed by one year at the Milton Academy, Milton, Massachusetts, where he made up his mind to pursue engineering and studied mathematics with special zeal. From Milton he entered Cornell University, where he joined the Sigma Phi fraternity, and in 1910 came to Harvard, with advanced standing in mathematics, as a member of the Class of 1914.

He had played football at Milton, and at Harvard became a member of the second team. But neither study nor athletics appealed to him so strongly as engineering, and when he received an offer of a position in an engineering firm after two years at Cambridge, he accepted it, and worked for a year in an office. The longing for an outdoor life then became so strong that he turned to scientific farming as a profession.

"The mental and spiritual development of manhood," his father wrote soon after his death, "came rapidly in the last three years. The call of the great war came to him before it did to any of us." Anticipating that his family would oppose his wish to bear a personal part in the struggle, he left home while his parents, with whom he was staying, were absent over Saturday and Sunday,

June 12 and 13, 1916, and enlisted as a private in the 70th Battery, Canadian Field Artillery, at Toronto on June 15. Then he wrote home:

> I knew I had to go to make myself better. I had to go because it has been coming up before me ever since a year ago. I mean the war, my responsibility, the place where I ought to be, the chance I was losing. . . . It knocked the deuce out of my work and everything else. When your job comes up, keeps pounding at the door for over a year, you might as well be business-like and go and do it. . . . I'll have the chance to do the unselfish thing for once.

Another letter written while his training in Canada was still in progress contains a passage testifying to the reality of the faith that Philip Starr expressed when he became a member of the Union Evangelical Church of Kenilworth as a boy of seventeen. He was writing of the camp services he attended, and said:

> We sing hymns, we say over always the Ninety-first Psalm. . . . After a while you know that it does n't mean that you won't be hit by a German shell. You come to feel that the important thing is to "dwell in the secret place of the Most High," no matter what comes.

Starr's training for service at the front lasted a year and a half. Nearly all of the first was spent in Canada where he was promoted a gunner, bombardier, corporal, sergeant, and after four months in the Royal Artillery Officers' School at Kingston was commissioned lieutenant, March 10, 1917. This was followed by a course in military engineering at the University of Toronto. On June 1 he sailed for England, recommended as a military engineer, and on July 1 was admitted to the Royal School of Mili-

tary Engineers at Chatham. On October 1 he graduated and was gazetted lieutenant of Royal Engineers, with commission antedated to July 1, 1917. From October 3 to December 14 he was at the Aldershot Training Camp, except for the time in October when he made a tour of England with the Mounted Engineers. Throughout this period of English training he made an admirable record. There is, however, a note of relief at its completion in the cable message he sent to his family on December 16: "Arrive France fifteenth. Soon all address care B. E. F. On the job at last."

Starr's service at the front, after this long period of training, lasted but little more than two months, for he was killed near Ypres, February 20, 1918. Two of his letters home reflect his experiences with the Royal Engineers:

37th Div., B. E. F., France,
January 1, 1918.

Dear Father:

I had the job of conducting a small draft of reinforcements for the infantry from a base-rest or training camp to the rail head. This was a good thing for breaking me in after a week's freezing discomfort at the base. You had the job of looking after the men, their rations, their kits, your own kit, and yourself at the points of entrainment and detrainment. You learn a good deal about the army transportation methods in this way and get some conception of what the various lines of communication service are and where those in charge are to be found.

I finally got the draft to its destination and its various component parts (batches of men from three different battalions) were dispatched in several directions. I then settled down to replacing my sleeping valise and some toilet articles which had been lost in the shuffle of detrainment and arranged to have the

lost articles sent on to me if found. In the course of the various short side trips, I had to make at the end of the journey to deliver the rolls of the parties of men I had brought with me, I found out where my unit was located. Putting my kit into a motor lorry I went in quest of the way to my unit. Arrived there noon December 31. The O. C. of the Company, Captain Horsfield, a young regular, is a very keen young man and knows his job very well. A young Canadian named Mitchell, from Toronto, is the Second in Command, and looks after the horses, lines, and transport. The O. C. took me out to see the works today and showed me the jobs I would be on for the next week. We had a shell drop near us which was a good send-off for the first morning. Broke me in to the philosophy of discipline and shelling. You know you are really doing a bit of fortification which is important in the big scheme of things though it may seem very trivial and the effect of your work may not be felt for weeks. I couldn't have struck a better first day or better O. C. to break me in.

There is a very nice little fellow from Johannesburg, South Africa, (mining engineer) whose work I will be completing this next week. I have to finish a screen for a trench tramway, deepen a trench and replace the A frame supports for the sides and the corrugated iron and expanded metal revetment. The South African's name is Jardine. He has helped me a great deal by answering my innumerable questions. The O. C. is a young fellow, only a Captain (the O. C. of a Field Company is usually a Major, one rank higher) and has designed one of the details of trench revetment, using the pickets and expanded metal and thin corrugated iron, all of which are available continually.

Yours, PHIL.

P. S. Send some cake, phonograph records, a book or two on concrete construction, some cigars, Londres shape, for the mess. A box is very thankfully received here.

PHILIP COMFORT STARR

154th Field Co., R. E., 37th Division, B. E. F.,
February 3, 1920.

Dear Papa:

Mamma's cable was a fine warming thing to get. I was just recovering from four days in bed with influenza. I arrived at my unit nine days before they were to go back 15 miles or so for their month of rest.

They had been at work in the line on different sectors of a 10 mile front since July. A Field Company usually has a brigade front (that is 3 or 4 battalions) to look after, to site trenches and wire in case of an advance, as well as any special machine gun emplacements, etc.

I was given a section (four sections to a Field Company) as soon as I arrived. This is supposed to be rather a stiff thing to hand out to anybody on first arriving in the line. I was given the job of finishing a bit of screening for a trench tramway (18 inch gauge light hand-car railway, 6 men or a mule sometimes used to take the cars up to a forward R. E. dump about a thousand yards behind the front line).

I was lucky in getting through the job without any serious shelling. I mentioned in my first letter having a 4-inch high explosive shell drop 20 feet away when my O. C. was showing me round, and it was on this job that it happened. I naturally expected a daily attention by the Boche, but for four days he left that bit of screen alone while we were on it, and put a dozen or two over on another piece which lies a few hundred yards away. We were lucky enough to finish it before the snow came and showed it up.

I finished out the last few days on odd jobs of deepening a trench and putting some finishing touches on some dug-outs. In a R. E. section you have a variety of tradesmen available; there are 37 men in a section, two or three carpenters, three masons, plumbers, electricians, blacksmiths, etc. We were ready to move and the transports, about twelve four-horse vehicles, were ready to move back a day ahead of the men of the company, who were to travel by rail. I was to have gone with

the Second in Command in charge of the transports to help get things settled in our billets at several French farms which had been assigned to us. I came down with a bit of temperature, so our Medical Officer put me in the hands of the nearest Field Ambulance. I went through to a Casualty Clearing Station ten miles back, spent the night there, and was sent on by hospital train to a hospital on the coast.

I had four or five days in bed with a bit of a head. It was very comfortable. There was a fellow from Durban, South Africa, who had been with one of the English Cavalry battalions called the Yeomanry. He described being just behind the last wave of an infantry advance with his troop of cavalry. They had to come over the top of a hill and German observers could see them. They were in sight of the breaking-through point. The Infantry did n't manage to make the break so they sat there, as he said, "like fools in full view on their horses." Finally they decided to retreat. They got well started, and the Boche put down a "box barrage," an expressive term. He then began to search the box with a second creeping barrage, the system of this war. They dodged this creeping barrage by a grisly sort of checker game. Then they found a hole in the box.

We are billeted in three farm houses which adjoin a quaint little château with finely laid out grounds, about ten acres, groves of trees with rides of rough lawn stretching out in three directions from the house. The country is so low that they have to fill in these strips of rough lawn to keep them dry. The tone of our mess (nine officers counting myself) is the best and quite heartwarming. There is n't a selfish or filthy note in any of them. . . .

I may be taking charge of the transport and nominal "Second in Command" or Captain's job (Transport Officer). I had a very valuable experience this noon at trying to save two horses which I found hitched to a wagon and standing in a canal between a barge and the banks with an admiring but helpless audience of some fifty men about. I lost one of them, drowned,

but got the other out with the help of an old veteran officer who came up later. I won't lose one again in just that place. They were n't our horses. I was going home from this town and saw them in passing. I know practically, and finally, just what to do in such a case again. As it was, it was only very bad luck and a second's wrong decision, which lost the one. One of the horses was in up to his neck, five feet of water, and the other, half unharnessed, kicked him under when we had him almost out if we had only known it.

I am taking the transport in moving up to our new job on a defensive line. We have finished our three weeks back in rest and training; and the last week has been a very happy one for me. Mamma's cable was wonderful to get. I have been very selfish in not writing. I have been attempting to study Civil Engineering, Calculus, and Bookkeeping at odd times, and have been very dull gray and pestered about the future. I decided I may as well try and get a ground-work job of Engineering and some idea of accounting, and then try for a job after the war. I seem to have spent an unsurpassed time without getting fitted to hold down a job. There is a great deal of bluff in the army; and you do learn self-reliance, quick thinking, and the art of tackling unknown matters with a clear head.

Love to all. Tell them I will write to every one of the family and all friends and relatives.

When this reaches you we will probably be doing quite humdrum safe work and for a month after.

Your son,

PHILIP.

On February 25 the Secretary of the British War Office announced by cable to Lieutenant Starr's family his death in action on February 20. This was followed by a letter, dated February 23, from his Commanding Officer:

154TH FIELD COMPANY, B. E. F.

As your son's Commanding Officer, I write to break some dreadful news to you. Your son and I were doing work together in the front line on the night of the 20th inst. We had about half finished our tour when we were fired upon as we crossed some wire. We of course fell flat but the second and third shots passed through Starr's helmet and killed him. He did not suffer at all, I believe. It was all so sudden. I got his body back and he was buried in a cemetery with military honours and I will erect a cross over his grave. The cemetery is known as the Bedford House Cemetery and lies on the side of the road St. Eloi, Ypres, about a mile from Ypres due south.

All his belongings are being packed up and will be checked by me and dispatched to you. They may take some time to arrive.

I cannot say how much we felt his death or how sorry I feel for you, but please accept my greatest sympathy. If there is anything else I can do, please let me know it and I will do my best.

It was only the second or third time he had been right up the line.

Yours sincerely,

H. S. HORSFIELD,
Major, R. E.

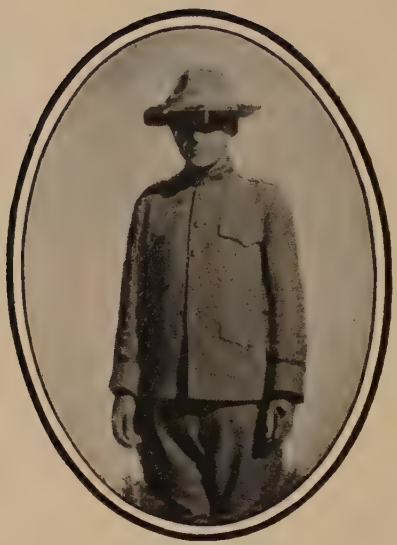
Another officer of his command wrote:

He was up in the line with a section in January and showed considerable nerve and fearlessness. During the short period of training he showed considerable promise and was conspicuous for his keenness in entering into the men's sports and games.

The circumstances of his death were particularly sad and the sympathy of all Starr's comrades in the division is with his people in their loss. His was a most promising career, in fact he was quite the best of a good class of officers who were under

me at Aldershot last December, so I should like to specially add my personal sympathy to the deep feelings of those who lived with him here.

His grave was registered in the British War Office, and marked by a durable wooden cross with an inscription bearing full particulars.



EDWARD McCLURE PETERS, Jr.

Class of 1916

Edward McClure Peters, Jr., was born at Jersey City, New Jersey, December 25, 1892. His parents, who survive him, are Captain Edward McClure Peters (National Naval Volunteers), a manufacturing chemist, now a resident of Brooklyn, and Eleanor (Bradley) Peters, who has followed her humanitarian and patriotic work in France during the war by returning to that country to continue it. His paternal grandfather was the Reverend Thomas McClure Peters, rector of St. Michael's Protestant Episcopal Church, New York City. In his remoter American ancestry there are English, Scotch-Irish, and Huguenot strains, with such individual figures as three participants in the Lexington fight, an officer of the Con-

cord company which marched to Boston for the overthrow of Andros, a Mayflower pilgrim, and Roger Conant, one of the original settlers of Salem.

Before entering Harvard in the autumn of 1912, Peters spent five years at Berkshire School, Sheffield, Massachusetts. He was one of the boys who entered the school at the beginning of its first year, 1907. Soon after his death, Seaver B. Buck (Harvard, '98) headmaster of the school, writing in *The Dome*, the school paper, recalled the boy known in school, college, and the army as "Pete," in the following terms:

> There are no boys here now who knew him, but the Faculty and many alumni will feel in his death a keen personal loss. In those early days of the school, our little group was so closely associated that the ties grew swiftly and strong, and "Pete" held a warm and firm place in our affection. He was a fair scholar and studied well, but his outside interests included almost every activity of school. He was one of the earliest and one of the most prominent members of the Dramatic Club. In some form or other he was connected with every athletic sport of the school. During his senior year he was editor-in-chief of *The Dome*. This will indicate that he had a catholic taste, an eager interest in life, and gave his service gladly. He was not an athlete in the ordinary sense, but he was unusually fond of sport, and a splendid cross-country runner. . . . His love of the woods and hills of Berkshire, his constant delight in the "open road," recall many of the most delightful memories of those early years of the School.

A schoolmate at Berkshire, later a classmate at Harvard, adds this to the picture of Peters as a boy:

> Time and again his courage was shown at school by his hazarding the most dangerous coasts on the hillsides and

mountain side, and by his fearless climbs among the hills. I remember one time when we were on the way home from a tramp in the hills and we had to cross on a narrow ledge of rock or walk around a cliff for a distance of two or three miles. The best athlete in the school was with us, and, after a glance at the ledge and drop below, he lost his nerve and started on the walk to circumvent the cliff, whereas Pete hazarded the ledge first one, and it really, as I look back at it now, was a mighty dangerous proceeding.

Though not on most of the teams at school, Pete was usually a substitute, which everyone knows is a mean sort of job, but he put just as much into it as though he was captain of the team, and in football I have often seen him tackle men who were literally twice his weight.

Mr. Buck, in the article already cited, went on to speak of Peters's boyish ambition to enter the army, which was not taken seriously by his friends. It persisted, however, through his college course, and in the "Memorial Report" of the Class of 1916 it is said of him: "From his early school days he took to heart the country's lack of interest in its military and naval traditions, and was himself ambitious to enter the regular service. Never missing an opportunity to study military and naval history, he did it so quietly that many even of those who knew him best hardly realized how deep that interest was. On reaching Cambridge, he joined the National Guard." A corresponding consistency between school and college interests is found at other points. The Class Report just quoted says also: "Particularly fond of nature and adventure, he never missed an opportunity for a long walking trip in the back country or a cruise on the Maine coast, and the greater the natural obstacles to be overcome, the better

he was satisfied. Actively interested in human nature in every walk of life, he found fascination in archaeology, history, and dramatics, and delighted at every opportunity to visit new parts of the country and observe the varying characteristics of the people." He was a member of the track team in his freshman year, but after that did his running and walking at his own behest. His other college affiliations were with the St. Paul's Society, the Berkshire School Club, and the Harvard Dramatic Club.

His sustained interest in military matters, quickened by the course of events, took him in the summer of his graduation, 1916, to Washington, where his studies prepared him to pass examinations at Fort Myer, on August 21, and in November to receive his commission as second lieutenant (Infantry) in the United States Army. In January, 1917, he was ordered to the Army Service Schools at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and, at the end of March, to Eagle Pass, Texas, where he joined the Third Infantry. Late in May he was transferred to El Paso and attached to the Sixteenth Infantry, Company D, a machine gun company. With this company and regiment he sailed for France, June 14, 1917, among the very first of the American Expeditionary Force to cross the Atlantic.

In all the experiences of these early followers of General Pershing to the soil of France, Peters bore his part. In November he took his examinations for promotion from second to first lieutenant; but, except for brief periods in January and February of 1918, when he served as gas officer and intelligence officer, he was for the most part performing the duties of a captain in a machine gun battalion. At the time of his death, March 11, 1918, he was

commanding the Second Company, Machine Gun Battalion, First Brigade, First Division, of the United States Army, and was commonly known as Captain Peters, though he had not yet officially received that title. On January 18 the first real American unit, the First Brigade, had entered the trenches north of Toul. Peters was then serving as intelligence officer of the Machine Gun Battalion of this Brigade. These were among the first American troops to hold a sector of their own on the western front, and Peters was one of the first American officers killed in action.

Of the manner of his death at Seicheprey in Lorraine, a soldier of his command wrote soon after its occurrence:

It was shortly after midnight when Captain Peters and another officer (not of our command) came into the dugout, which was to be the post of the Commander for that night. The Captain was feeling very well pleased. He had placed his men and their fighting machinery in the most advantageous position obtainable. His part was done, he was ready and only waited the starting signal to see his plans, now of a definite shape, mature. As I remember, he remarked about it at the time and mentioned how glad the boys were to be able to do something. The Captain talked quite freely to us during the ensuing hour or more of different things. It was a custom he had, and probably accounts for much of the support that he always received from his men. I am not sure about the exact hour, but think it was nearly four o'clock when a most violent shelling of our position took place. The Germans had been shelling us intermittently all night and we had had several gas alarms, received through the telephone, but our own sentry had not given a warning as yet. From within the dugout it was hard to distinguish whether the bombardment was from the German or whether our own batteries were opening up ahead of the ap-

pointed time. The Captain and I went to the dugout entrance to ascertain just what was going on and while standing in the entrance a six inch high explosive shell struck within six or eight feet of us.

A portion of the shell struck the Captain, and he was killed instantly. He never knew what struck him. The shock of the explosion might have killed him, but I believe not, as I was standing beside him at the time and felt no effects from the explosion. He was killed doing his duty for our country and looking to the welfare of his men. No man could do more. A machine gun officer's duty is little understood by civilians. It is not like artillery or infantry, but a duty peculiarly its own and calls for daring, resourcefulness, ingenuity, and quick perception. Captain Peters died doing his duty.

He was buried in a small American cemetery not far from where he fell.

"When first I read of his death," wrote a friend of his boyhood days, "a talk we had long ago flashed across my mind. He and I were walking on the hills of Vinal Haven. I remember the path between two rocky knolls sparsely grown with evergreen, out of sight and hearing of the sea. We were discussing death. Edward said, 'I want my death to accomplish something in itself, to be a climax and not a mere ending of my life.' Words of high resolve had little meaning then, but when I saw his name in the list of brave ones who had crowned fine lives with glorious deaths, I thought of a wish fulfilled, a noble tragedy."

BRIGGS KILBURN ADAMS

CLASS OF 1917

THIS member of the Harvard "War Class" was unusually endowed with the gift of self-expression. His letters, brought together in a book, "The American Spirit," with a Preface by Arthur Stanwood Pier (Harvard, '95), constitute a remarkable biography of the spirit, a document deserving a high and permanent place among the chroni-

cles of youth and the war. The facts embodied in them are of less importance than their spontaneous revelation of their writer's nature; but certain facts must be given here before the letters themselves are drawn upon to illustrate what has just been said.

Briggs Kilburn Adams was born at Montclair, New Jersey, May 6, 1893, a son of Major Washington Irving Lincoln Adams and Grace (Wilson) Adams. Through his father he traced descent from the early Braintree ancestor of Samuel and John Adams; through his mother from the Virginia family of Wilsons of which one fighting member was killed at Monmouth, another in the War of 1812. In the World War not only Briggs Adams but his father, as Major, Q. M. R. C., and two brothers took part.

He received his schooling in the public schools of Montclair, and entered Harvard from the Montclair High School, in the autumn of 1913. His college interests, outside the curriculum of studies, were largely musical. In 1914 he was elected an active member of the Varsity Musical Clubs, and took part in their Western trip in the Christmas vacation of that year. The next year he was chosen director of the Banjo and Mandolin Clubs, and conducted their concerts in his junior and senior years. As a senior he also led the University Musical Clubs. He was, besides, a member of the Western, the D. K. E., the Institute of 1770, and Speakers' Clubs. In the summer vacation following his junior year he drove an ambulance in France, and before returning to America for the completion of his college course enrolled for service with the Lafayette Escadrille in the following year. He intensely wished to see his own country a participant in

the war. When it did join itself with the Allies, Adams left college, in April, 1917, with a scholastic standing that entitled him to an A.B. degree, and failing to gain entrance to our own aviation service, went to Canada, became a British subject, and in August, 1917, joined the Royal Flying Corps, of which he remained a member until his death in March, 1918.

Mr. Pier, in his Preface to "The American Spirit," records that event as follows: "On March 14, a stormy and misty day, Briggs Adams was flying at the front with a comrade of his squadron. The comrade missed him; and, descending, found him dead in his airplane in a field. It is not known whether he was brought down by an enemy projectile, or was the victim of an accident. All that is certain is that he was killed in active service while flying on the battle front."

The place of his death was near St. Omer, in France. He held the rank of Second Lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps in the British Army. His training for this service began at the Flying Camp in the Province of Ontario, was continued at the University of Toronto, at other Canadian Flying Camps, at Fort Worth, Texas, in England, in Scotland, and finally in France, where he had been only a fortnight when his death occurred. Through all this period of preparation he worked with intense interest and application. He wrote frequent letters to the members of his family, narrating not only the outward circumstances of his life, but the spiritual experiences which give them their distinctive place among the war letters of young men. Passages from them were printed first in the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin*, then in the *Atlantic*

Monthly, and at length were more fully assembled in that volume, "The American Spirit,"[1] to which allusion has already been made. They should be read entire for their unconsciously drawn portrait of Adams himself, the devoted son and brother, with horizons widened by his own engagement to be married, the aviator who could really tell what flying is, the soldier with a vision of war and its meaning which only the more sensitive and expressive could communicate to others. Instead of citing the words of others about him, or words of his own such as others might have written, let us look, through the rest of this memoir at some of Adams's most characteristic pages:

R. F. C., Cadet Wing, South Residence,
University of Toronto, Canada,
August 28.

. . . I make it a practice to think only in the present, getting what little I can out of it and taking whatever is handed out, without comment or question, and doing it in a sort of mechanical way. That is what they try to give you by discipline, so that when you are told to do something which you could never in the world do, ordinarily, you won't think anything about it and will have done it before you realize it. Most of the things that one thinks offhand are impossible are perfectly possible if one will just go ahead and make the effort that is necessary. . . .

Squadron 85, Camp Rathbun,
Deseronto, Ontario,
September 23, 1917.

Dearest Mother:

. . . We had to get up this morning as usual, though it is Sunday. It was still dark with the stars shining when I went over to get my coffee and sandwiches, and I was in the air before the sun came up. After the war, machines will be very cheap because of the big production which the war is causing,

[1] Published, 1918, by the Atlantic Monthly Press, Boston.

so I will have one and take you up some early morning to see the wonder of a sunrise above the clouds. It is indescribable. I had not thought when choosing this branch that besides the cleanliness and other attractive features there was such marvelous beauty connected with it. Even war cannot look horrible from up there. And there is such a wonderful feeling of exultation over the universe; to fly along at a high elevation where there are no bumps, the machine seemingly suspended by an invisible thread which gently gives and sways as you pass through different currents of air; driving a machine which responds like a muscle of your own body to the slightest thought of the brain. "What is that town like over there to the left?" — already before you have scarcely seen it the machine has turned and is going closer. "What is that queer-looking object below?" — at once the engine is shut off and you are gliding down like a bolt one, two, three thousand feet till you can make it out. "I wonder how it is up there above that cloud?" — up the machine goes steadily climbing like a willing slave to execute your every whim.

You and all the family are going to ride with me after the war, for after the first time you will not have a moment's nervousness. It seems twice as secure and just as natural as sitting in a car. . . .

CAMP BORDEN, ONTARIO
October 8, 1917.

. . . If anything happens to me, it would n't matter. It is n't *when*, but *how*. A good "how" can go a long way toward making up for a "when" for all concerned, and of course this is looking at the extreme, which need not occur necessarily.

CAMP BORDEN, *October 16, 1917.*

DEAR MOTHER:

This afternoon the sky was full of those great broken masses of thick puffy white clouds with sky appearing so clear and deep blue between them. I climbed up between some until I

was on top a thousand feet, then I flew along for an hour or more with the wheels just touching their upper surface. I could almost imagine they were turning. It seemed like riding in a mythical chariot of the gods, racing along this vast, infinitely white field stretching off endlessly in every direction. The clear, open sky above veritably is heaven as we imagined it in childhood. Occasionally I would pass over an opening so I could look down and get my location direction, but except for these occasional breaks the world was completely shut out. The celestial illusion was perfect, and it was hard to come away from it — really quite a tug. Then came the glide down — a wonderful sensation to pass through the air with engine shut off so that you really seemed to be floating, or rather swimming like a fish in water, making great sweeping spiral curves. . . . Sometimes I would drop and tear through the air like a meteor at 150 miles an hour, with the wires shrieking with the wind, then nose up again and slow down. Oh! I wish so much you could have been with me on that ride, for you would have enjoyed it. It was so beautiful, and to get away above the world that way — outside of it in a heaven of absolutely unmarred beauty! . . . You seem to expand with it — where there is no measure there are no bonds. . . .

I went up again just before sunset and remained until the sun had gone down. I flew towards the sunset until I was actually in those frail mists of vapor which assume such exquisite colors. When seen from the ground they seem to be color painted on the plane surface of the sky. Up there the different strata of color and irregular bits of cloud seem to stand out in relief like the figures in a picture seen through a stereoscope. Flying close to one of these wisps so intangible in substance and yet so clothed in color, I felt the impulse to put out my hand and touch it, touch and feel color in its substanceless essence.

Tenderest love.

CAMP BORDEN, *October 23, 1917.*

. . . I have felt when I was above there with the world shut out that I might meet Carol, for it does not seem as though I were in this life at all. The beauty and unreality and the absolute aloneness are so totally different from any known experience in all the world's history that you cannot feel yourself. It seems as if it was just your spirit. The grotesque, fanciful shapes of cloud projections as you wind in and out among them are so incomparably white, the air is so cold and so devoid of dust and moist particles, that it seems as if there were no air at all. With the illusion of absolute, awful stillness, little wonder that I could feel that I might come upon her on the other side of the next cloud. . . .

CAMP BORDEN, *October 24, 1917.*

MOTHER DEAR:

I feel no bitterness against the Huns as individuals or as a race. It is war that I hate, and war that I am willing to give all to end as permanently as possible, for it is n't the men that war kills, it is the mother's heart which it destroys, that makes it hateful to me. War personified should not be the figure of death on a body-strewn battlefield, as it so often is. It should be pictured as a loathsome male striking a woman from behind — a woman with arms tied, but eyes wide open. To kill that figure because it has struck my own mother — that is why I am exerting myself and all the will in my being to accomplish. It hurts me so to think of the ever-growing hopelessness that a mother has to bear. The impotency to do anything — just sit and wait, wait, wait. It is so immeasurably harder than to go out and risk death, or meet it, as we can. . . . To me it seems like a great final examination in college for a degree *summa vita in morte*, and it challenges the best in me — spurs me on to dig down for every last reserve of energy, strength, and thought. As I said in my letter to Dr. Mills, — a thought suggested by Dr. Black, — "Death is the greatest event in life," and it is seldom that anything is made of it. What a privilege then to be

able to meet it in a manner suitable to its greatness! Once in your life to have met a crisis which required the use of every last latent capacity! It is like being able to exercise a muscle which has been in a sling for a long time. So for me the examination is comparatively easy to pass. But for *you* the examination is so much harder and the degree conferred so much more obscure. . . .

I found it was a great help to work with another fellow preparing for examinations in college, even if he knew less about the subject than I, for there were always things he could help me with, in return for something I could help him with, and just the fact that we were working together gave comfort and strength. *We* will buckle to it for a long "grind," and if I should complete my course before you, which means that your exam will be even longer and harder, then don't give up; work all the harder. I think I realize how much harder it will be, but I count on you to do it. That will be your life's great opportunity, to live on when the weariness is so great everything in you cries out for "eternal leisure." If that occasion arises, you must hear in it the supreme challenge and hold up your head and respond to it, and then when the time comes you will have lived a life infinitely more worth while than mine can be at best, because it will present so much larger an opportunity. It is because as a rule men's lives never have such an opportunity presented that they look to another life hereafter. But with a righteous struggle such as this, life would be complete. There would be no need for another, and if there is another, so much the better; but it can take care of itself and there is no need to bother one way or another about it.

Deepest love and affection always.

November 23.

. . . I can't express to you how much I appreciated all you said in your letter. It is such an incomparable joy to feel I am coming up toward your standards; for it is only in this way that a son can repay his mother for what she has given him, literally

everything. And it is going to make things so easy to feel that we are backing each other up through the fight, right side by side, regardless of the miles between us, for this bond diminishes any distance to nothing.

December 14, 1917.

Even if I don't come back, it is all right Mother, for you know we can't hope to gain such wonderful ends without paying big prices, and it is not right to shirk payment. I know you will come to the top and see all the many wonderful things to be glad for, and not grieve any more, and that you will accept bravely and gladly whatever may come, without worry or foreboding. And my chances are really good that I can return; for I have learned my work well and driven into myself a course of conservation, unwavering determination, which is going a long way toward bringing me back. I have n't relied on hunches or chance or luck; and if I had, I should have as good chances as any other. This way I believe better.

ENGLAND, *January 10, 1918.*

. . . It was a bit hard on Mother to have me go, but my sister writes me she has adjusted herself admirably to the situation, so of course I am very proud of her. For I learned in the summer I spent in France that it is you mothers who have the hardest fighting in this war; it was that, really more than anything else, patriotism, invaded neutralities, etc., altogether, which got a rise out of the easy-going old Briggs of Cambridge days. It is war on war that I am after, and it is my particular good fortune to be attached to a long-distance bombing squadron which has for its purpose the destruction of war-manufacturing plants. I shall be here for a couple of months flying different types of machines, and then we go across.

TURNBURY, AYRSHIRE, SCOTLAND,
February 19, 1918.

I have often wondered what we shall do when it is over and we go back to the little things. I don't think the new growth

and breadth it gives will be lost in a reaction of apathy. I believe after the war this energy will keep on and will never be lost. It will be turned toward making the little things of life bigger in each individual's case, and we shall see a rate of progress and achievement in the peaceful work of the world never before approached.

February 22.

I interested myself the other day by trying to analyze the spirit which has actuated each country to fight in this war, the spirit which is the consummation of nationally characteristic human nature. The German seemed to be the spirit of a big, husky, mentally limited son of the big man in a small country town, a fellow who has a strength and position earned by his father, but which he is too limited and too arrogant to know how to use worthily. The American Spirit as I see it from speeches and editorials, etc., is the spirit for a simple principle, believed in coolly and consistently, the principle of a business man who deals honorably because all must if there is to be any security and confidence in the market.

The Colonials have the spirit of a perfectly independent son, who supports his mother out of free loyalty to his filial bond. The English spirit is a pride in their traditions which were made by Drake and Wellington and Gordon, etc. It is not an unworthy pride. With France it ceases to be a spirit and becomes a *soul* — the soul you can see so near the surface in a person who has suffered almost beyond human endurance and has risen above and become strengthened by this suffering. It will never die.

February 23.

I go about as it were, *hands with palms out,* all about my heart, holding things outside of it. I am conscious of things I don't like, or discomforts sometimes, and things I wish could be true, etc., but I won't let them get into the inside where they hurt. If I can change them, I can do it just as well keeping them outside, and if I can't change them, well, what does it

matter, it's outside. It does n't make me indifferent to things which deserve consideration, merely insensible. You must do this, it's not hard, and you will find how much more quickly a day goes by, and after all how pleasant it is. So much for your concern about outside things.

Of course, being my mother, you feel concerned about me; but, except for just missing me, I don't want you to have another uncomfortable feeling in your heart, no worry about my health or comfort, or happiness, nothing of this sort. For any limitations of physical comfort are so ridiculously slight, especially compared with most, that it would really be good for me if I had more. And little petty annoyances are good for one's self-control; besides, as I said, I don't let them get inside. I have never been in better health. And I am completely content, for it seems as if I was never so rich or ever hoped to be. I have absolutely nothing in the world to ask for, for myself. My friends and family have never meant as much to me, and you are all so good to me. And in addition, the interest and satisfaction of my work is of such a nature that nothing that can happen matters to me.

You see you have no need to feel anything but gladness for me, so no more must you have any troublesome feelings in your heart except harmless missing, which does n't hurt when you know I am happy as I am. Don't say to yourself, "I must n't let him see my depression or worries." Don't even get all braced and say you *won't* let yourself feel them. Just relax and *don't* feel them. Even when I'm Out There you must n't feel any dread or worry. We get better food out there and are done with the petty things of training, and we will be right at the real work, so I shall be even happier than now. And if it should happen that — I just stopped being conscious, it would n't matter, because there was no regret and no dread, just perfect content. And you will not dread any such event, for it is not a bit likely to happen. My examination mark has n't been reached yet by the two groups which have passed

out since my group. It was 94 per cent, the average on all the tests we had, and they never give much higher. But if the Event came you may miss me, but it won't hurt, for there will be no vain regret, because I am so perfectly content. So remember, Mother mine, you are going to relax, begin at once and keep it up, and people will wonder at you, that you are so serene and can do so much because your strength is n't being wasted by groundless or ineffective troubles, and when they ask your secret you can say that we are both so content with our situation as it is, that one can't be otherwise than serene.

You spoke of being more conscious of the grim realities than heretofore. To me the grim things somehow fade into unrealities in comparison with the realities of the heart and mind which are so vivid to me. I spend so many long happy hours with you all every day that my heart is completely filled with them, and I am very happy. I am glad you sent the little farm album, for so many of my hours are spent over it. I often go way back to the days when we were kids, with Ned, and the Blodgetts and Miss Noyes, over at Hilltop, and again later at the Knoll when Vincent and the Platts and the slews of kids gave plays and had picnics. There *is n't one single unhappy memory* anywhere in the whole review. And I often roam there in the future planning the things I shall do and the fun it will be to show all the corners to Grace, and the little trips we can take to Lost River, etc. And those drives up back of Harvey hill, and down into Lyman, etc. That wonderful ride we had with Betty and Mrs. Dodge was such fun.

It does n't do any harm to live in these things at this time if I wish, so long as I do my work well, does it? You see, I never realized what a happy life you had made for me till I had this chance to get away and look at it. Now when I come back I shall be able, I hope, to give some of it back to you, because I think I know better how to do it. I sometimes feel as if I am taking too much good out of such a rotten thing as war. But still if we all do, then it will be worth the cost, and there must not

be another, because it is n't fair to mothers. You must tell me all the feelings you have. Don't hide them, but do abolish them. . . .

To a Younger Brother

18th Squadron, R. F. C. B. E. F., France,
March 4, 1918.

Dear Linc:

I have been meaning to write you for a long time, but I am carrying a rather large correspondence with the various spread-out members of the family; so I decided to let yours go until I got out here, believing you would be pleased to know I am actually in active service at the Front, at last.

Father enclosed one of your letters to him, written in January, and I am glad to hear from it that you are getting along so well in track. But a recent letter from Mother, telling me of her visit to Mr. Meigs, and your results since, have pleased me more; for you seem, at last, to be playing the game, and that is the right thing for you to do. If you can make good at Hill in *studies*, as well as socially and in athletics, then you will have acquired the habits of mind and morals to insure your success in anything else you may undertake — war or business.

But you must remember to be cautious, and not be content, or relax after one week of good record; it means day after day, month after month, never relaxing your pace, to get anywhere near the top. The man who is at the top has no better equipment than you have, but merely used what he had to the utmost; and you must learn that there is absolutely nothing you cannot do if you set your mind to it. It is a case of ambition and desire sufficiently strong to make untiring effort worth while.

In this flying game, for instance, I have felt that my individual excellence would do much toward insuring my return. There, you see, was the desire — life or death — as incentive to make my utmost effort to master all my work. As a result, I am glad to tell you that I went through the gunnery school in

Scotland with an average mark of 94 per cent, which was the best of my group of twenty fellows; in other words, mental as well as physical superiority. Yet I was not so well equipped as some. I did n't waste my time, or let myself be content with "well-enough," but only with the best.

You may see no value or connection in your doing likewise in the matter of Latin verbs, and such things; but there is a connection; for it is not the verb which you master, it is the dent in your brain which the effort to master has put there, and it will make the next job you tackle that much easier for you to do.

When so much besides your own welfare depends upon your playing the game to the limit, — the ease of mind and gratification it will mean to Mother and Father; the increased freedom which I can feel to meet whatever may come to me, knowing that my absence, if I should fall, will be no permanent loss, and that you are learning to live so that you can fill my place in the Adams line; I am sure you will do your best.

Also, when you flunk a job, you are not getting out of it the value equivalent to the money which Father puts in. That is a waste, and even that waste, indirect as it may seem, does affect the total, and so is wrong in times like these. I am confident you will do the right thing, but you must remember that a succession of spurts will never win the race. That just wears you out. It is the steady pace, which all the time grows a little stronger, that pulls you out ahead. Stick to it!

March 7, 1918.

. . . Every morning our batman reports on the weather prospects, and when it is clear we have to get up a bit earlier. After breakfast a conference is held at which the purpose and objective of the trip are given and any details arranged for. Then the men who are going put on their flying kit and go out to the machines. These have previously been rolled out of the hangars, filled up with fuel, guns loaded, bombs, cameras, etc.,

attached, and everything shipshape. Each pilot gets in, the engine is started and warmed up, finally the chocks are pulled away from the wheels and the machines taxi out on to the aerodrome and line up ready to take off, the engine snorting and sputtering impatiently.

As they wabble over the ground the machines look so clumsy and ill at ease, with tails dragging and bumping, noses up in the air. The leader takes his place on the line, his machine indicated by some streamers. There have been no farewells or good-luck wishes, the men have started off as if they were off in a car to go to an office; it is not masked indifference, it is simple matter of course.

All are ready, and the leader, followed immediately by the others, opens out the throttle, and the machines move faster and faster, tails up now and noses low and level, like a runner stooping a bit on his run before a spring. The wheels trip along, each time touching more lightly, till with a final bound the machine is clear. What a fearful roar they make, great powerful engines unmuffled, wide open!

One after another they leap into the air and at once are transformed from ugly ducklings to beautiful swans, at home and happy in their natural element, as they arch round and round, ever higher. Finally when they are sufficiently high they move off in their close formation in an arrow line for their objective, finally fading out of sight.

Some hours later they come in sight again and glide in, some as fresh as when they left, others so badly cut up you wonder how the machine could hold together. Then we hear the story told in the form of a simple report, still all as a matter of course. How they flew undisturbed to their objective though noticing a large number of Huns in various parts of the sky as they flew along. But when they turned to come back the Huns had gathered over thirty counted against our four, a veritable swarm between them and home.

And yet without hesitation our machines fly straight at

them! They break up into groups and surround our machines on all sides, above, below, each side, before, behind, all discharging their venomous sting when a good sight is obtained, darting in for a burst of shots, soaring up or diving away one after another, a continuous *mêlée*. Our machines zigzag from time to time, but always progress toward home unless some Hun more persistent than others has to be turned on.

Meanwhile our men, scarcely knowing which machine to pick out to fire at, keep sending off bursts whenever they get a good sight. When a Hun receives a burst a bit too close he dives for home, and when a machine is hit, several others accompany it down for a way to cool off. They are no sports, these Huns, they will never attack unless with overwhelming odds, and even then they never come across the lines, so in case of engine failure they are sure to get safely home. Yet our few machines over hostile territory fly straight into the swarm of them, bring down six, and all return and have but one man hit. It is n't luck that they come through; it is superior shooting due to a large steady machine, a sporting blood in the men that makes them play the game, no matter what the odds.

Though the Hun has a decided advantage fighting over his own territory, it is a large factor in his defeat, for it is an open acknowledgment of his inferiority, and it only takes a little spirit and some cool shooting to make him sick. You see, Mother, no matter what the odds, we have all the advantage, and, after all, it is seldom that they get as large a bunch as that together. For instance, on the "show" today not a single one was sighted. So at their worst you see you have little to worry about, and they are seldom at their worst. Also we never fight except defensively, only when they interfere with our work or try to keep us from getting home, and then they regret it, for we are well equipped for defense.

I would n't have given all these details if I were not sure you would extract the interest and not let the exciting features make you worry. For I want you to know all about the work and yet

see in it the small element of danger and the very great interest which you could n't have if I told nothing about it for fear of worrying you. There are some Hun machines which will go higher than these we use, but there is no machine made by any nation as fast at the high altitude where we work; and speed is king.

Must get to bed now. Much love to all.

It was one week after writing this letter that Adams, who was constantly reassuring with respect to the safety of his work at the front, met his death.

ROBERT HORNER HOGG

CLASS OF 1906

ROBERT HORNER HOGG, son of William James Hogg, of the Hogg Carpet Mills at South Worcester, Massachusetts, and Frances (Happoldt) Hogg, was born at Worcester, September 2, 1883. His earlier schooling was received at the Dalzell School, Worcester, his later at St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, from which he graduated in 1902. While there he was captain of the

Delphian football team, a member of the Halcyon crew, of the hockey team, and the banjo club. He also received the Gordon Medal as the best all-round athlete among the three hundred and fifty boys in the school. After only one year at Harvard, in the course of which he played right halfback on the freshman football team, he left college to enter the carpet business with his father. Instead of carrying out this purpose, he studied for a year at the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, and then, to learn the business of abrasives, entered the employ of the Norton Emery Wheel Co., of Worcester. In 1908 he became a salesman for the Carborundum Company, of Niagara Falls, New York, and after devoting a year to New England and the Middle West, became general agent for the railroad trade of his employers in the region east of Chicago. On June 2, 1911, he married Lilian Belle Vining at Detroit, Michigan.

On April 7, 1917, the day after the declaration of war by the United States, Hogg enlisted as a private in the army, and on April 13 became a member of the First Corps of Cadets in Boston, soon transformed into the 101st Regiment of U. S. Engineers. When it was suggested to him to go to Plattsburg and seek a lieutenant's commission, he declared his preference for serving in the ranks with men he had known at Harvard over commanding others with whom he had no associations. On July 24 he became a sergeant (Company A), and on September 1, after a special course of study at the Wentworth Institute, Boston, for soldiers of the 101st Engineers, was promoted to sergeant, first class, serving as instructor at the Institute till his regiment sailed for France.

This silent departure from New York occurred September 26, 1917. From the landing of the regiment until February 3, 1918, Hogg took his part in the regular work of the Engineers, and on that day General Edwards, of the 26th Division, selected A Company to go to the front line trenches. During February and March, Hogg took part in severe engagements, in which members of his company were wounded and killed. In an action at Ostel, northeast of Soissons, on March 18, Hogg himself was killed. There had been a call for volunteers to span a canal with a pontoon bridge at a place under constant fire. Eleven men were chosen to do the work, under the command of Lieutenant Cornelius Beard (Harvard, '09), and Hogg was one of them. Reaching their perilous objective, and finding the bottom of the canal studded with barbed wire, they nevertheless performed their task. Just as it was completed a German shell exploded in the very midst of them, killing Hogg and one other, and wounding all the rest with the exception of Lieutenant Beard. For rescuing the wounded and bearing Hogg's body back to the American lines, Beard received the Distinguished Service Cross. To the men of his command an order of the French Army awarded the *Croix de Guerre*. Hogg's posthumous citation read as follows:

Volontaire pour un coup de main sur les tranchées ennemies a fait preuve au cours de l'opération de beaucoup de courage et de dévouement. Tué au cours du raid.

Two days before his death Sergeant Hogg had written in his last letter to his family:

OSTEL-AISNE, FRANCE,
March 16, 1918.

We are going out with the French and H Co. of the 101st Eng., U. S., to make a raid. Ten of us from A Co. are to build a raft and transport the American and French Infantry over a canal so that they can make the raid and capture some Germans for purposes of information. The French Engineers do the same about eight yards below us on the canal for another party. Whitman and I go over first and paddle the raft to shore and pull the raft over each time (back to Boches) till the entire gang of thirty-five infantry is over, R. and J. L. pulling the raft back to refill. We wait till they (infantry) return and W. and I are the last to jump on the raft — so I wanted to say a few last words to all of you so precious to me in case of accident. At least you will know that I "went out" doing my duty as I saw it, and that it may be of help in this war to right matters and bring peace, even though we ten are playing a very small part in it by so doing. . . . We are covered by a heavy barrage on *all* sides by our guns, so I imagine the din will be terrific. . . .

The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, and if it is His will that I go now, we will abide by this decision. . . . I think I will come back O. K., but one never knows. . . . It is hard to go, but if God will — so be it — I will go bravely, knowing that I have your love and trusting that I did my duty to my country.

The Colonel of his regiment, George W. Bunnell, used no merely perfunctory words when he wrote of Hogg: "His courage, heroism, and devotion to duty as a true soldier, even to the giving up of his life, will always remain as an example to the officers and men of this regiment, and help them to do their part as nobly as he did his."

SAMUEL WALTER ARNHEIM

Class of 1910

Samuel Walter Arnheim, only son of Marks Arnheim and Frances (Lewald) Arnheim, was born, April 21, 1889, in New York City, where his father was the president and sole owner of the important tailoring house of Marks Arnheim, Inc. He was prepared for college at the Sachs Collegiate Institute in New York, and, entering college with the Class of 1910, took his degree in three and a half years.

His classmate and friend, A. S. Macdonald, has written that Arnheim was a boy of wonderfully sunny and cheerful disposition, always seeing the bright side of any situation, and care seemed to rest very lightly on his shoulders.

Throughout his college course, however, he never lacked seriousness of pupose, but fully appreciated the responsibility that was awaiting him in connection with his father's business. In his senior year he played on his class football team, which won the class championship. Otherwise he was rather a keen follower of college athletics than an active participant in their organized practice. Yet he formed good habits of exercise while an undergraduate, and continued them through boxing, skating, and other sports, on leaving college. His traits of loveableness and generosity and rare devotion to his own domestic circle were characteristics enthusiastically recalled by the friend already cited. These qualities he carried with him from college to his father's business, into which he plunged immediately after graduation. In the factory on East North Street he began at the bottom, and worked so hard and intelligently that on his father's death he became president of the corporation, well qualified for the duties involved.

When the United States entered the war, Arnheim tried to enlist in the American Flying Corps, but was refused on account of his age. This did not deter him from joining a Yale aviation unit on Long Island, in the summer of 1917, and fitting himself for a pilot's license. Thereupon he offered his services to the Royal Flying Corps at Toronto, was accepted, and entered upon preparatory military training in November, 1917. After passing through the early stages of this service at Toronto and in Texas, he was appointed an instructor and received his commission as lieutenant in the Royal Flying Corps of the British

Army. His death at Camp Hicks, Fort Worth, Texas, on March 21, 1918, a few days before he expected to return to the East, occurred through the unexplained fall of the machine in which he was flying at a height of four thousand feet.

RALPH JEFFERSON FEIGL

CLASS OF 1918

THE name by which this young officer was commonly known and will long be remembered is preserved in the "First Division Lieutenant Jeff Feigl Post" of the American Legion in New York City, with branches, also bearing

the name "Jeff Feigl," in many other places. According to the information provided for the purposes of this memoir, he was the first American artillery officer to fall in battle, and the only American killed in action on March 21, 1918, the day on which the German Army began the offensive on which the fate of the world appeared to hang.

He was born in New York City, July 23, 1895, the only son of Colonel Fred Feigl, political editor, and Jane (Mauldin) Feigl, writer of plays and verse. As a boy he attended the Cutler School, in New York, from which he graduated with high honors in 1913. In 1914 he entered Harvard College, but, suffering a serious accident which endangered his life, he was compelled to give up his studies for that year. In the autumn of 1915 he again took up his studies at Harvard. He became a member of the freshman baseball squad, won a Harvard College Scholarship, joined the Chi Delta club and Kappa Sigma fraternity, and, besides attempting enough courses to enable him to graduate with his class, threw himself heartily into the work of the Harvard Regiment, in which he acted as lieutenant. In the summer of 1916 he attended the Plattsburg camp, and when the United States entered the war promptly volunteered for service and returned to Plattsburg, where he joined the Officers' Training Camp, May 15, 1917. On August 10 he received his commission as Second Lieutenant, Field Artillery, U. S. R.

When a tablet in his memory was dedicated at the Kappa Sigma house in Cambridge on the third anniversary of his death, one of his instructors in English at Harvard, Arthur Stanwood Pier, '95, thus recalled him as an undergraduate:

RALPH JEFFERSON FEIGL

I am glad to have this opportunity to speak of Jeff Feigl. I knew him in 1916–17, chiefly though not wholly through his writings. These were of a revealing character for he wrote of his experiences, his home, his friends, and after I had read the first one or two items I felt a desire to know personally the fellow who had such a friendly, kindly, affectionate outlook on life, and who wrote with such spontaneous humor and unconscious charm. And when he came one day to see me, he proved to be just the sort of fellow in appearance that ought to have written those themes. He was handsome; he had grace of manner; he had a twinkle in his eyes and an engaging smile.

In his themes he wrote sometimes of the war — with the intensity of feeling, the passionate indignation, that only the gentlest and most tender-hearted felt — not with the detached disapproval of the pacifist. He was among the first to wear the R. O. T. C. uniform.

In April, 1917, I knew that he would not be much longer in my course. As he had been among the first to join the R. O. T. C., so he was one of the first to leave Harvard for Plattsburg. He came to me one day to say good-bye. He was cheerful, as always — in high spirits. He said that he should have to give up all thought of writing for a while, but that he hoped some day to come back to it. While we talked I kept thinking how wrong it was that a boy so affectionate, so gay, so gentle, should have to go to war. And then a line of Bayard Taylor's came to me, "The bravest are the tenderest." Jeff Feigl was one of these.

Well prepared for active service, Feigl was immediately ordered to France and assigned to the French Artillery School at Saumur. Three months later he was offered an instructorship in France for the period of the war. This post of safety, carrying with it a promotion in rank, he refused, and on January 1, 1918, his real desire was fulfilled when he was assigned to duty in the Toul sector of

the front with Battery F, Seventh Field Artillery, First Division, U. S. A.

In his brief career as a line officer, Lieutenant Feigl filled nearly every post of duty in his battery. After a short experience at the front, he was assigned to liaison duty with the infantry, the first officer of his regiment to take this important post, involving responsibility for both the morale and the lives of the troops. Though the usual term of this trying service was seven days, Lieutenant Feigl performed it without relief for twenty-one days and rendered notable service. On one occasion he detected a German signal, and, realizing its significance, telephoned an order to his battery. Fifteen seconds later the American guns checked the carefully planned German surprise. After Feigl's death General Summerall issued the following citation and recommendation to the French Government:

CROIX DE GUERRE WITH PALM

Second Lieutenant Jefferson Feigl (deceased), 7th Field Artillery, near Beaumont, France, March 10th, 1918, while on liaison with the Infantry, 6th, during an intensive enemy bombardment of our front lines, exposed himself to a terrific fire while making his way to the Artillery telephone line for the purpose of calling for a barrage, which was quickly and effectively executed. Displayed exceptional courage, devotion to duty, and an utter disregard for his personal safety.

Of the spirit in which he did his work, one of his men wrote, after his death:

I was Lieutenant Feigl's orderly, or in Army slang, his "dog-robber," but I would rather have worked for Jeff than any other officer in the A. E. F., regardless of rank. He was known to the men in the Battery as the officer who wore the smile that

never came off. He went to bed with that smile, woke up with it, and smiled and smiled when he went to meet his supreme commander. He was not like most Army officers; when I waited on him in the officers' mess, he would say, "No white dishes for mine, give me the old tin mess kit." He even seemed to enjoy Army slum, never kicked about anything, and anything you did for him he showed that it pleased him. A cross word no one ever heard him say. I remember, when we first took the sector, Lieutenant Feigl was always kept busy. I'm sure Lieutenant Feigl did not get twelve hours' sleep in three days, but that same smile was on his face, and if you would ask him when he was going to sleep he would say, "Oh, I'll get it some day."

His own letters from the front reveal the same spirit. Thus he wrote to his parents:

It made me laugh to hear all you have been saying about me. If any of you could see me now, you would n't recognize me, let alone speak to me. I have n't had a bath since January first. I have n't had my clothes off for twenty-seven days, and I live in, on, and look like mud. Not that all artillery men are like that — quite the contrary. I am now doing liaison work for my battery. That is, I live with the Infantry and brace up their morale by my inspiring presence. In other words it is a sort of diplomatic job.

The United States soldier is quite a different person than he was when he left the States. Spiral leggins and hobnailed boots change the lower part of him, while the trench cap and helmet, leather girdon and two gas masks (French and English), always worn at "alert," make the upper part of him entirely different.

I never felt better in my life, nor enjoyed myself more. The only drawback is that whereas the "Doughs" get relieved every eight days, I stay on indefinitely. That's the reason I can't write, wash, or change my clothes. We are not allowed to undress nights as "Heinie" sleeps only a few hundred yards

away from my sumptuous abode, and it is one of our social duties to be always ready to receive him.

On the first day of the big German drive, March 21, 1918, just as Feigl was on the point of relief from his arduous duties, and was looking forward to a brief leave of absence, he was instantaneously killed, at Beaumont, by a fragment of a German high-explosive shell. He was buried with full military honors in the French cemetery at Mandres. Shortly after Feigl's death a letter to his parents from General Summerall declared that "his unfailing attendance to duty, his efficiency in every feature of his daily life, and his qualities of leadership rendered him an invaluable officer of the command, and his loss is deeply felt." A few days later General Pershing issued the following citation:

Second Lieutenant Jefferson Feigl, 7th Field Artillery. For distinguished gallantry at Lorraine, France, on 21st March, 1918, in the operations of the American Expeditionary Forces. In testimony thereof, and as an expression of appreciation of his valor, I award him this Citation.

Awarded on 27th March, 1918. JOHN J. PERSHING,
Commander-in-Chief.

These were but the first of many posthumous honors. At the Harvard Commencement of 1918 the war degree of A.B. was conferred upon him. Letters from President Wilson and members of his cabinet, from General Pershing and many others, bore testimony to the high esteem in which Feigl's memory was held. After the signing of the Armistice, the Seventh Field Artillery, then stationed at Coblenz, acquired and equipped an amusement hall to which they gave his honored name. At about this time

General Pershing and General Summerall issued the following memorials:

UNITED STATES ARMY
Memory of
Lieutenant Jefferson Feigl
Seventh Field Artillery, A. E. F.

Who was killed in battle, March 21st, 1918. He bravely laid down his life for the cause of his country. His name will ever remain fresh in the hearts of his friends and comrades. The record of his honorable service will be preserved in the archives of the American Expeditionary Forces.

JOHN J. PERSHING,
Commander-in-Chief.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION
In Memory of
Lieutenant Jefferson Feigl
Battery F, 7th Field Artillery

Who met his death upon the Field of Honor of the First Division.

The unfaltering sacrifice of such soldiers as the above has been the price of the achievements of the First Division, American Expeditionary Forces, in the War.

C. P. SUMMERALL,
Major General.

The naming of a New York Post of the American Legion for Lieutenant Jeff Feigl has already been mentioned. In August, 1919, when the newspapers throughout the land were still lauding the First Division as "first to reach France, first to reach the fighting line, first to take part in an offensive action, first to sacrifice men and officers in the World War, first to cross the Rhine, and last to come home," a handful of men, the vanguard of the great First Division, arrived in New York City and began the work

of organizing this Post. It played an important part in the reception of the First Division on its arrival in New York, and presented General Pershing with a thoroughbred Virginia saddle-horse which he rode in the First Division parade in New York on September 9. In acknowledging this gift, General Pershing wrote on October 7 to the President of the Post: "He is an ideal mount and performed beautifully in carrying me through part of the New York parade and through all of the Washington parade. I look forward to many rides on him, and have christened him 'Jeff' in honor of the young officer who lost his life while serving in your division during the first days of its contact with the enemy."

The third anniversary of Feigl's death was celebrated, not only by the dedication of the Kappa Sigma Tablet in Cambridge, but also by a memorial service held by the Seventh Field Artillery at Camp Dix, New Jersey. A similar service was held at the Presbyterian Church at Mount Kisco, New York, which Feigl had attended as a boy, and a pew, over which a bronze tablet commemorating his war service is placed, was dedicated in his memory. The Cutler School in New York is giving yearly a gold scholarship medal inscribed in his honor. The Lieutenant Jeff Feigl Post has, moreover, recently acquired sixty acres of mountain land in Orange County, New York, to be called the "Jeff Feigl Camp," where it is intended to provide recreation and summer vacations for members of the Post and to establish a permanent hospital for its sick and wounded. The Post has also endowed in perpetuity a room in the Lutheran Hospital of New York City in Feigl's memory.

Another posthumous event, strangely romantic in character, remains to be recorded. When the effects of Lieutenant Feigl were received in New York it was discovered that a small handbag containing letters and private papers was missing. After twelve months' search, the War Department reported to Feigl's father that the bag had been found, and two weeks later it was delivered to him. Among its contents was Jeff Feigl's will bequeathing to his parents all his possessions, with the exception of his military belongings which he devised to his fellow-officers of the 7th Field Artillery. One letter found in the bag, couched partly in a whimsical dialect which he often employed when he wished to touch lightly upon serious things, was addressed to his parents. It read:

DEAR PARENTS:

I suppose you all's will be feeling pretty low about the time this arrives. If my instructions have been carried out, you'll already have received a cable telling you of the death of your one and only son. Please believe me, fond parents, that I realize just what the loss means to you and what a void it is going to leave in your lives. Therefore, I won't ask you to cheer up, 'cause I know it would n't do any good.

As far as I am concerned, however, it seems as if Dame Fortune could n't have picked a nicer or more gentlemanly manner for me to make my exit, and if it was n't for the grief I know I'm causing you, I would be more contented now, in leaving this life, than I ever could have been while living it. If I may have a final request, it is this: that any love you had for me you'll turn towards each other, thus filling, in some part, the gap I leave behind. Love, SON.

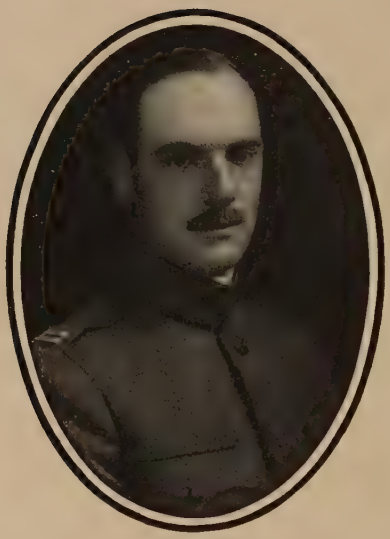
Though this extraordinary letter, which has been much quoted, came thus to light, a diary Feigl was known to

have kept, did not. Accordingly his father caused the following advertisement to be inserted in the *Paris Herald* and other foreign papers:

> A reward of $100 will be paid for the recovery of a small diary belonging to the late Lieutenant Jeff Feigl. The diary was taken from his handbag some time between March 21st, 1918, and February, 1919. Address Col. Fred Feigl, Hotel Knickerbocker, New York City, U. S. A.

Handbills to the same effect were distributed widely through France and Germany. The military authorities and detectives in America interested themselves in the recovery of the missing diary. Some months after the search began, Colonel Feigl received from Boston a mysteriously worded letter from one who described himself as "The only member of the A. E. F. that knows of the diary of Jeff," but giving no address or definite information. A Boston detective took the matter in hand, with the result that in August of 1919, the writer of the letter was induced to meet a friend and classmate of Jeff Feigl's in Cambridge, within a stone's throw of the spot where they had parted at the beginning of the war, and there the diary was delivered into the hands of the friend, who delivered it in turn to Colonel Feigl. It was found to contain graphic descriptions of the diarist's experiences in college, at Plattsburg, and in France, up to December 31, 1917, when he wrote: "Thus endeth the most eventful year of my young life, though I have n't the slightest doubt that 1918 will prove to be even more interesting."

Into less than three months of 1918 all the crowded remnant of his life was packed.



RALPH SHERMAN HOPKINS

Class of 1911

Ralph Sherman Hopkins, born in New York City, September 24, 1889, was the son of Dr. Frederick Eugene Hopkins and Harriet (Sherman) Hopkins, and the older brother of Frederick Sherman Hopkins (Harvard A.B., 1915, M.D., 1918). When he was four years old, his family moved from New York to Springfield, Massachusetts, and here he was prepared for college, entering Harvard from the Springfield Central High School with the Class of 1911. At Harvard he became president of the Freshman Banjo Club and a member of the University Mandolin and Banjo Clubs, of the Lampoon board, of Theta Delta Chi and the Pi Eta, of the Senior Lacrosse

Team and the Senior Crew, in which he rowed bow oar — a healthy diversity of college "activities."

On graduation he was employed as a bond salesman in Western Massachusetts by the Boston firm of George A. Fernald & Co., and of White, Weld & Co. In 1913 he went to New York and entered the banking and brokerage office of Hemphill, White & Chamberlain, afterwards Hemphill, Noyes & Co. In the 1915 Report of his Class he was described as "promoter with American-Philippine Co., New York City." At the outbreak of the war he was still associated with the business of Hemphill, White & Chamberlain. On June 3, 1914, he had married in Springfield, Eleanor Bliss Southworth, of that city. A son and daughter were born of this marriage. The home of the young family was in Montclair, New Jersey.

As war approached, Hopkins felt a keen interest in military preparedness. He enlisted in the Montclair Battalion and became an expert marksman. In August, 1916, he attended the Plattsburg Camp. In August, 1917, he joined the Second Officers' Training Camp at Fort Myer, Virginia, and there, on November 27, won a captain's commission. He was sent directly to Camp Meade, Maryland, where he was stationed with B Company of the 313th Infantry of the 79th Division. Here he worked to the limit of his strength. The winter of 1918 was exceptionally severe throughout the East, and many of the buildings in the cantonment were poorly heated. This, besides the great exposure to which all the men were subjected, induced a severe throat infection, probably influenza, from which Captain Hopkins died in Baltimore on March 21, 1918.

From among the many letters received by his family after his death two quotations show better than any other words the love and esteem in which his friends held him:

"I have rarely met a man to whom I was more completely drawn at once. He represented the finest type of American manhood, handsome, cultured, high-minded, and of unusual grace. His combination of virility and gentleness, of sincerity and courtesy, made him a man of vast charm. We have not many of his kind."

"He was a wonderful man, an inspiration always. We shall all be better men for having known him and loved him. His smile, his cheery voice, his good jokes will never be forgotten, and his manly character may well be our ideal."

WILLIAM BAILLIE FRASER-CAMPBELL

CLASS OF 1911

THE name of William Baillie Fraser-Campbell clearly indicates his Scottish descent. He was born at Staten Island, New York, March 18, 1889, the third and youngest son of the late Evan James Fraser-Campbell, of Dunmore, Argyllshire, Scotland, and Edna (Arnold) Fraser-Campbell.

In 1899, at the age of ten, he went to Bishop College School, Lenoxville, P. Q., Canada. Here he entered into the healthy life of boarding school with a zest and aptitude for making friends — a knack that increased rather than diminished in later years. He engaged actively in sports of all kinds, winning his school colors in cricket, hockey, foot-ball, and basket-ball. In his last year at school he was head prefect.

He entered Harvard in 1907. There his high character, and lovable qualities won him many friends. He was a member of the Institute of 1770, the Fencing, D. K. E., Phoenix, Hasty Pudding, Mandolin, and Fox Clubs, and of the Tennis Team, of which he was captain in 1911. In the autumn after graduating with his Class in 1911, he went into business in New York, where he held positions with a firm of general merchants, with the American-Philippine Company, and, at the time the war began, with the banking house of Brown Brothers. A fortunate business career seemed clearly in store for him.

In December, 1915, he applied for a commission in the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. On February 23, 1916, he was married to Elizabeth Hare Powel, daughter of the late Robert J. Hare Powel (Harvard, '78), of New York and Newport, and sailed with his wife for Scotland early in 1916. He was detailed in July to the 10th Officers' Cadet Battalion at Bristol for training and completed his course in September. In October, 1916, he was gazetted Second Lieutenant in the 8th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and ordered to the reserve depot of that battalion at Ripon, Yorkshire. That he must have proved himself an apt pupil may be gathered from the fact that he was

one of the few in his class to be offered a commission in the Guards, which, however, he declined. At Ripon he made so good a record that he was selected to proceed to France early in January, 1917, and served for five months with the 11th Entrenching Battalion, the hardening battalion for the Highland Division, in which recruits got their necessary acclimatization for active service. In June he was attached to the 7th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in the 154th Brigade of the 51st (Highland) Division, and with this he served until his death in action, at Beaumetz-les-Cambrai, France, on March 23, 1918.

Through Fraser-Campbell, Harvard men, especially those who knew him personally, may feel that they are linked with some of the most stubborn fighting of the war. During the fifteen months from January, 1917, to March, 1918, through which he was in active service, his division took part successively in the Battle of Arras, more popularly known as Vimy Ridge, the Battle of Ypres, 1917, of Cambrai, 1917, and the German onslaught of 1918. It was during this period that the Allies, and particularly Great Britain, were trying by a prodigal use of their resources of men and material to break down the German defenses and gain a decisive victory. It was during these same fourteen months that defections in Russia, Italian reverses, and the long waiting for American support threw the whole burden of the defense of civilization on the shoulders of the British and French Armies. By its courageous attacks in 1917 and its tenacious, inspiring defense in 1918, the British Army went far to bring about the ultimate defeat of Germany.

In this cause the 154th Infantry Brigade of the 51st (Highland) Division made a record which called forth an order ending with the words: "The Army Commander wishes all ranks to know that the good work in defense as well as in attack is fully realized." Young officers like Fraser-Campbell contributed greatly to the spirit which made such a record possible. An outstanding element in his military service was the complete devotion he inspired in the men under his command. He shared all their hardships, he treated them with tact and patience, but always with a just authority that won their respect. It was through a petition signed by the men of his company after the third battle of Ypres that his gallant service in that engagement was brought to the notice of his commanding officers, and that he was recommended for a reward. No less conspicuous was his detestation of fighting and horror at the war. Intensely as he resented all its suffering and waste, he threw himself into it with unbounded spirit. After visiting Arras one afternoon he wrote in his diary:

The Cathedral is the most appalling sight of needless destruction that could be imagined, an eloquent witness to the Boche determination to wipe out everything of beauty and historical interest. The ecclesiastical library and museum, the Bishop's Palace and the remaining walls and rooms are all equally destroyed. As there is nothing of military importance within five hundred feet of any side of the big group of buildings, the Boche intentions are obvious.

Of life in the trenches he wrote:

The new communication trench from B. H. Q. to the Sunken Road was almost impassable in spots, and the front line wholly

so. I have never seen such a mess in my life. The mud was everywhere half way up to the hip. I discarded my kilt and used only my apron. Gum boots were useless as they were sucked off by the mud. So bad was it, that while the week before it was quite possible in one's tour of duty to visit all the parts in half an hour, now it was impossible to do it under three hours. By night I always did my tour of duty on top. Luckily we had a bright moon which meant only defensive patrols. Nothing could be done to the trenches except clean up around the Posts.

Greatly needing rest after nine months of active service, he went on ten days' leave to England. Upon returning he found his Battalion again on the Arras sector, occupied in trench warfare. Shortly after rejoining he was ordered to Flexicourt to take a five weeks' course at the 4th Army Infantry School. Here he did very creditable work, besides taking part in the sports that formed an unofficial adjunct of the School. He engaged in hockey, tug-of-war, cross-country running, and helped his "squad" to win the cup emblematic of the School championship in sport.

Upon his return to the front he found the Division stretched across the Bapaume-Cambrai Road and engaged in straightening out and strengthening a part of the line made necessary by the recent advance on Cambrai. There were many rumors afoot of the big German offensive impending, and the excellent work of the 154th Infantry Brigade was recognized in an Army Order from which a quotation has already been made.

On January 27 he got a month's leave which he spent at his home at Dunmore, Scotland, shooting, walking, and the rest and quiet of the Highlands quite made him over, and at the end of February he returned to the front in

splendid health and spirits. His battalion was in the same sector, on the Bapaume-Cambrai Road, but now the work of defensive preparation against the imminent attack was well under way. He was not destined to live to see the check and destruction of that movement, for on March 23, 1918, two days after the German onslaught began, he was instantly killed by a shell. All the superior officers of his company had been killed in the two preceding days, so that he was in command at the time, and was in the act of organizing his company to resist an impending attack on its immediate front.

The commanding officer of his regiment wrote after his death: "He was a very brave and capable soldier, and a thoroughly good fellow, and greatly liked in the battalion. The N. C. O.'s and men of his company all said how magnificently he was fighting when killed, and it was by the gallantry of such men that the German advance was stemmed sufficiently to allow an orderly withdrawal. So their lives were not given in vain."

His utter indifference to fear, his gaiety of spirit, his charm of personality gave him a special place in the admiration and affection of his fellow officers and men. It was one of these who wrote: "Lieutenant Fraser-Campbell was the bravest of officers, loved and adored by his men, from his brother-officers down to the private, who in his company would have gone through fire and water with him. He was the pride of the 7th A. & S. H."

With his record must be joined that of his brother, Captain Arnold Fraser-Campbell (Harvard, '08), also of the 8th Argyle and Southern Highlanders, who "joined up" in February, 1915, was wounded three times, and

lost his arm in action. His eldest brother, Evan (Harvard, '06), was a second lieutenant, and saw active service in the Royal Engineers. His wife, prepared by a surgical course in New York in 1915, qualified as nurse in the Volunteer Aid Detachment of the British Red Cross, and served almost continuously at Bristol, Edinburgh, and London from July, 1916, to March, 1920.

RAYNAL CAWTHORNE BOLLING

Class of 1900

Here was a man whose abilities and character marked him early for a career of distinction. He was in his fortieth year when the United States entered the war, and not only were the foundations for such a career securely laid but its walls were steadily rising higher. While the coun-

try was still at peace he had, however, been preparing himself for war, and under its conditions he attained the distinction to which he was destined. This he did in the United States Air Service, in the organization and conduct of which he played a part of great importance. He was killed in less than a year from receiving his major's commission in the Air Service. A colonel for six months before his death, he was the first American officer of high rank to give his life in the Great War.

Raynal Cawthorne Bolling was born at Hot Springs, Arkansas, September 1, 1877. His parents were Sandford Coley Bolling, born in Mobile, of Virginian descent, successful and well known in the business of life insurance, and Ada Leonora (Hart) Bolling, born in St. Louis. He had his preparatory schooling at the public schools of Little Rock, Arkansas, and Alameda, California, and at the Penn Charter School of Philadelphia. His western boyhood bred in him a love of horsemanship and other outdoor pursuits, and in all his later devotion to studies and affairs he maintained a constant habit of physical exercise. In college this took the form of rowing. In 1898 he was captain and bow oar of the Weld Boat Club crew which won the Metropolitan A. R. A. Regatta. In his senior year he was president of the Weld Boat Club, and rowed in races on the Charles. He belonged to the Institute of 1770, the Hasty Pudding Club, the Amphadon, the Student Volunteer Committee of the Y. M. C. A., the O. K., of which he was librarian, the Signet, of which he was secretary, and Phi Beta Kappa. He was also an editor of the *Harvard Monthly*, and in 1898 was a member of the Harvard Debating Team which won the joint

debate with Yale. In his junior year he won a Harvard College Scholarship, and in 1900 delivered the Oration on Class Day. His Southern origin gave him, prophetically, the college nickname of "the Colonel." He received his bachelor's degree *cum laude*.

Bolling entered the Harvard Law School at the beginning of his senior year, and took the degree of LL.B. in 1902. In 1901 and 1902 he rowed on the Law School crew. At the same time he was assisting Professor George P. Baker in his course on argumentation and debating, and, during Professor Baker's sabbatical absence in the second year, conducted the course himself. At the Memorial Day exercises in Sanders Theatre, in 1901, under the auspices of the Harvard Memorial Society, Bolling delivered the address, which was notable both in itself and as coming from a man of Southern birth and breeding. There was more than one passage in this address in which the speaker, in his references to the Harvard men of 1861, expressed the spirit that animated such men as himself in 1917. The following sentences are typical:

> The hour was come; the need was clear; their duty was plain; — they did it and were sure, sure of it and sure of themselves. And in that utter absence of self-distrust, they were uplifted till no sacrifice could cloud their supreme happiness. Life had not grown less sweet, former purposes no less worth while, homes, friends, families no less dear. Only there had come one stronger power, — the right that men call principle; one deeper love, — the love of a true man for his country! So great were these that he who went at the highest cost was happiest.

Bolling's six years at Cambridge were notably filled with vigorous activities of body and mind. After spending the

summer of 1902 in France and England he entered the New York law office of Guthrie, Cravath, and Henderson, and remained there until December, 1903, when he joined the law department of the United States Steel Corporation, then in process of organization. In 1907 he became assistant general solicitor, and in 1913, at the age of thirty-six, general solicitor for this largest industrial corporation in the world. In all his work for the Steel Corporation he was far more than a mere legal adviser. To his duties as chairman of its Safety Committee and of its Pension Committee he brought a strong sense of social justice joined with administrative abilities of a high order. It may not be generally realized that the Steel Corporation was a pioneer in certain enterprises of this nature, that state laws in a number of instances were modelled upon plans adopted by this organization, and that Bolling's mind and heart were the source of many of them. A minute adopted by the Corporation's Board of Directors after Bolling's death summarized this service: "He took a deep interest in the care of our employees and gave unselfishly and without stint of his time and thought and labor to the intricate problems of welfare work and pensions." In the words of Thomas W. Lamont (Harvard, '92), "to all these problems Raynal Bolling brought a singular clarity of mind and nobility of vision."

At the same time he was establishing himself as a speaker heard gladly by audiences of various types. An address on Lincoln delivered at a public school in Brooklyn, February 12, 1909, afforded an admirable example of his power. Near the beginning of it he declared: "I count it a deep gratification, as a Southerner by blood

and birth, to testify here to an abiding belief that no American has greater claim than Abraham Lincoln to the honor, pride, and love of all his countrymen North and South alike." These were typical words for such an American as Bolling to utter, for they spoke sincerely for that devotion to a united country which such as he were ready to offer it in its hour of need.

In 1907 Bolling had married Anna Tucker Phillips, a sister of his classmate William Phillips, now United States Minister to Holland, and Dr. John C. Phillips (S.B. 1899). Of this marriage five children, of whom four are living, were born. The home of the family was in Greenwich, Connecticut.

Such is the bare outline of a civilian career obviously justifying what was said at the beginning of this memoir. Of the distinguished military career which followed it there is an admirable record, written by Colonel E. S. Gorrell and Lieutenant-Colonel Phil. Carroll, and published in the issue of *U. S. Air Service* for March, 1920. After some paragraphs dealing with the phases of Bolling's life before the war, it speaks of him, in 1914, as "an extremely busy and successful lawyer," and proceeds:

> To the outward eye he differed in no way from other successful men of affairs in or about New York. But the first shot fired in Europe struck in him at once a chord to which so many Americans were later to respond. In spite of his arduous legal duties he had always maintained a keen interest in military affairs. He had been a member of Squadron A of the New York National Guard, and had excelled in horsemanship and shooting. From the very outbreak of the War he foresaw that American intervention was inevitable and, pointing out the road along

which we were later to travel, spoke and wrote vigorously for the ideals for which this country fought.

With a view to preparedness for the conflict, which he deemed inevitable, he organized in 1915 a motor machine gun company, which proceeded by road as a military unit from New York City to Plattsburg, N. Y., where it trained with the First Plattsburg Camp during the month of August. During this summer he was also instrumental in establishing an Air Service Training School, at Mineola, Long Island; and, in spite of nearly insuperable difficulties, organized the First Aero Company of the New York National Guard. As no provision had been made by the Government at this time for the instruction of civilians, he was forced to learn to fly at his own expense on the undependable and unsafe machines then available, and provided by private enterprise.

During all this time, although the burden of work assumed by him became enormous, he continued the practice of his profession. To find time for flying, he often rose from his home in Greenwich at 5 A.M., flew to Mineola, where he attended to his air service duties, and then took the train to town and plunged into the business of the day. For social relaxation or amusement he allowed himself practically no time whatever. Everything he possessed was contributed to the great end in view. Thus prepared in temper and training, Bolling did not hesitate, as soon as America entered the war, to leave home and family, to give up magnificent professional and business opportunities, and to throw himself into the struggle.

In the spring of 1917, he was mustered into the Army as a Captain of the Officers' Reserve Corps, but his activities and his knowledge of aeronautics had already made him almost a national figure in the preparation of the Air Service campaign. Under the plan of organization then effective, reserve air squadrons were to be put in the field, and shortly after the declaration of war Bolling secured permission to organize the First Reserve Aero Squadron from men recruited in New York

City, the reserve officers to be supplied out of a number of civilians who had previously learned to pilot an airplane.

So valuable a man could not, of course, be confined to the duty of organizing one squadron and Bolling was soon called to Washington where his legal and business training were of the greatest service in connection with the preparation of legislation on which the air service programme was founded.

Early in the spring of 1917 it became apparent that only by obtaining the most complete and accurate information from the air service of the Allies could the programme of American aviation become effective in June, so Bolling was logically placed at the head of an Aeronautical Mission, was sent to Europe for the purpose of selecting the types of aeronautical equipment which America should manufacture and of submitting a manufacturing programme that would enable this country to contribute its proportional part to the Allied effort. The work of this Commission lasted until August 15, 1917.

It is impossible here to give even an outline of the enormous amount of work done. Suffice it to say that the mission accomplished its purpose and established with the Allied Air Services relations of incalculable benefit which could not have been established without the clear vision and commanding personality which Bolling brought to bear on the difficult problems involved.

Upon the submission of his final report on August 15, 1917, Bolling, who had then been promoted to the rank of Colonel, was placed by the Commander-in-Chief in charge of all air service matters within what was then called the Zone of the Interior, A. E. F. His title was later changed to Assistant Chief of Air Service, Lines of Communication, and his duties covered all Air Service activities except those properly belonging to the Zone of Advance. As the American Army had at this time no air service in Europe, the work assumed by Colonel Bolling covered practically the creation of the entire combat arm of our Expeditionary Forces. It is impossible to set forth the difficul-

ties which confronted this undertaking. The establishment of schools for the training of pilots, the provision for instruction and classification of enlisted personnel, the procurement of airplanes and equipment from European governments, the gathering and forwarding to the United States of all information as to materials and types of aeroplanes, motors, and equipment, the distribution and allocation of raw materials furnished by the United States to the Air Services of the Allies, and the creation of a personnel to carry out these activities only present a small part of the problems involved. How those things were done cannot even be outlined in this article. It is enough to say that, with nothing to build upon, the foundations were laid by Colonel Bolling with such excellent judgment and such a clear conception of the future needs that they formed a satisfactory basis for the enormous expansion of the American Air Service which took place a year later.

[It should be interpolated here that Bolling, as head of the Aeronautical Mission, reached England only two weeks after General Pershing, and at once entered into the most fruitful personal relations with the Air Ministries of England, France, and Italy. He bore with him two general letters of introduction, one as an officer of the Army, the other as a civilian, who could hardly fail to be identified on acquaintance as an official of the most powerful industrial corporation in the United States. In each of these capacities he was in a position to coöperate to invaluable purpose with the air commands of the Allies, standing as they did in imperative need of materials for the production of aircraft. His plans for a unified control of the entire air service of the Allies had gone far towards realization when he was superseded near the end of December. There followed a period of most reluctant inac-

tivity in Paris, when he wished himself with all his heart on the fighting front, and was writing home: "Once again write the word 'Steadfast' on your heart and hold to that. Sometimes I think that is the only motto I have left in life, but, God helping me, I will hold to that, come what may."

It should be said also that General Pershing, whom he admired greatly, had a strong confidence in Bolling's powers. In the expectation that they would be exercised in an important position of active command Bolling was sent to the British flying headquarters.]

In the mid-winter of 1918, Colonel Bolling was assigned to the headquarters of the British Royal Air Force to study operations preparatory to assuming tactical command of the American air units which it was contemplated to place on the British front in the spring of 1918.

On March 21, 1918, the great German offensive began. The British line in front of Amiens crumbled and, for the first time in modern warfare, there was presented the problem of handling the Air Service in a war of movement. Prior to this time, Air Service bases, landing fields, and hangars had been behind fixed and stable lines. It had been difficult enough, even under these circumstances, to insure supplies to squadrons in such measure as to render them efficient. How this could be done when the location of aerodomes, shops, and bases was being changed at a moment's notice, war experience had not so far shown. This problem was being worked out in the drive on Amiens, and Colonel Bolling, realizing its importance, threw himself, as might have been expected, into the thick of the fight in order to get at first hand the information for its solution. True to everything he had ever done, willing to give unstintedly all his powers to the cause to which he was devoted, he calmly incurred the greatest danger in order to secure for his service information of the greatest value.

Bolling was near to completing his assignment, when, on March 26, 1918, he started from Amiens in a motor car driven by his military chauffeur to his observation duty at the fighting front. This was five days after the Germans had begun their terrible drive, when the enemy was sweeping forward in some sectors as much as ten miles in a day.

According to information received months later from Bolling's chauffeur, when the Colonel inquired of French and British officers whom he met, as to the distance to the front, he was told that the enemy was three miles away; but he had progressed scarcely a mile before falling into a machine gun ambuscade. With his car disabled, he commanded his chauffeur to jump, and the two escaped the hail of machine gun bullets by occupying adjoining shell holes. Coolly loading his revolver, Colonel Bolling shot dead a German officer who was firing at the chauffeur. At the same instant one of many German officers sent a bullet through Bolling's heart.

The chauffeur was later captured and taken to Germany. The exact manner of Colonel Bolling's death was not known until this chauffeur arrived in Paris from a German prison camp.

The blow of his death to the growing American Air Service was severe. Dependent as it was at this time upon the British and French Air Services, the loss of a man who had so generally inspired their affection and regard could not but have a serious effect, and the place which Bolling held in their esteem could not easily be filled. "Bolling is our best," said Lord Northcliffe, and so saying, simply voiced the expressions of other leaders of the Allied Services.

The Distinguished Service Medal was awarded to Colonel Bolling posthumously, for meritorious service, by the Commander-in-Chief, A. E. F., and the French Government in recognition of his heroic struggle in the face of certain death conferred on him the *Croix de Guerre*.[1] So striking was his work

[1] The *Légion d'Honneur*, and apparently not the *Croix de Guerre*, was conferred upon Colonel Bolling. The decoration of an Officer of

and so inspiring his example that his officers and friends and those who labored with him in his great undertaking are erecting to his memory a statue, which will be placed in the town of Greenwich, Connecticut.[1]

May it long stand in this quiet village a living memorial of the spirit which caused America to send her sons to war for the rights of humanity.

The terms in which Colonel Bolling was cited for the Distinguished Service Medal were these:

Raynal C. Bolling, colonel, Air Service, United States Army. For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services. His service to the United States aviation was distinguished for an accurate and comprehensive grasp of aviation matters; for a sound and far-sighted conception of the measures needed to establish an efficient American air service in Europe; for initiative and resourcefulness in attacking the problems of a young air service; for brilliant capacity in arranging affairs with foreign governments; for boldness and vigor in executing determined policies. In all of these he has rendered service of great value to the Government.

The naming of Bolling Field, the important aeronautical station near Washington, for this distinguished officer gives further, and permanent, expression to the Government's appreciation of his services.

Beyond the official tributes to Bolling's remarkable qualities, there was the more intimate feeling of his immediate circle of friends. This was memorably expressed in a paper written for the Class Records of 1900 by W. M.

the Legion was decreed to him by the President of the French Republic, April 4, 1919.

[1] A photograph of the statue, designed by Edward C. Potter, is reproduced to illustrate this memoir.

Morrow, of that Class, and in the letter of Bolling's classmates to his son which it embodies. After narrating the circumstances culminating in "the stunning certainty of irreparable loss" this paper goes on:

To family, friends, classmates and business associates, the news came with that inevitable shock, that conviction of deep personal loss that could not and still cannot be denied, that could not and cannot yet be estimated.

His classmates in New York met in groups over and over again to talk it over, unable to reconcile themselves, unable to express what the loss meant to them or how large the figure of "the Colonel" had loomed in their outlook in life. When we tried to send a message to the family, one understanding classmate urged that it be sent to Bolling's son, saying that if ever the men of 1900 could write about him what we must write about Colonel Bolling, he should like his boys to have the message. So a letter was written and signed by as many classmates as could be reached; and every signer was conscious of the hundreds more, fighting overseas, preparing in distant camps or working for the cause in far off cities, who would have subscribed to this or some more adequate tribute to a beloved classmate and an honored citizen. So, to the Colonel's eight year old son, this letter was sent:

"Dear Carter Bolling:

"We were classmates of your father at Harvard. We loved him and admired him. We knew then that he would be a great man and would do great things. He did all we expected, and more, for we never imagined he would fight in a war for everything we all cherish and believe in. We called him 'Colonel,' in college days, not knowing that our affectionate nickname was prophetic of the actual title he would so honorably earn. His was the highest glory of giving himself, nobly, bravely, simply for the saving of his country and all his country stands for.

"We grieve for him. We mourn with you, but as his friends we share your pride in his life and deeds.

"To you, to your mother, and to your sisters we offer heartfelt sympathy. We write especially to you so that you may remember that the friends of Colonel Bolling are and always will be the friends of his son."

It is too big a task, certainly for one not blessed with the abilities of the trained writer, to attempt an appreciation of Bolling's character or an estimate of his achievements. But this we all recognize. With all the charm and the courtliness which few could resist, he was an upright, straightforward man who made no compromise with himself and hated to compromise with persons or conditions that to him were unworthy or unwise. He was a strict critic of himself and his own acts, holding steadfastly to ever enlarging ideals and learning steadily through wisdom born of experience how to progress toward his goal. Whether as student, varsity debater, clubman, college editor, oarsman, president of a rowing club, instructor, orator, lawyer, student of life and politics on the East Side, responsible official in a great corporation, soldier, patriot, or simply as a man with all a man's obligations, he was ever loyal to the cause in which he was enlisted and to the beliefs he held. And in so far as there was sternness in him or the appearance of strictness with others, it was due to the demand that they too should be loyal, impersonal, and unselfish.

He faced the facts of a real world in which men, being what they are, must do their best with things as they are. For him there was no taking refuge in a dream world with ideal conditions; no futile longing for impossible changes that might right all wrongs. He helped make things right, as far as he could, in the place in which he found himself. When the great call came for his country to help make the world right for men to live in decently and in freedom, his course was clearly seen, he was ready to do his part intelligently, effectively, without grudging the ultimate price.

The materials for that much more detailed account of Bolling's remarkable career which it justifies are abundant. Fortunately this will be forthcoming in a biography now in preparation by Professor Henry G. Pearson, (Harvard, '93) of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

QUINCY SHAW GREENE

CLASS OF 1913

THE facts about Quincy Shaw Greene and their interpretation have fortunately been provided for this volume by his brother-in-law, Samuel Eliot Morison (Harvard, '08), Lecturer on History in Harvard College.

The memoir written by him and printed here may be supplemented by a few specific statements regarding

Greene's undergraduate interests. He was captain of his freshman "soccer" team, and a member of the University soccer team in the two ensuing college years. He belonged to the Freshman and University Banjo Clubs in his first and second years at Cambridge, and held membership in the Cercle Français, the Deutscher Verein, the Cosmopolitan, D. K. E., Institute, Hasty Pudding, Stylus, and Zeta Psi Clubs.

Mr. Morison's memoir may be preceded also — in violation of the canons of chronological sequence — by a passage from a letter written by Greene in March of 1916, from Belgium, where he was then serving as lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, of the British Army. His description of "a typical night's work" presents a dramatic contrast with the life he had been leading in Cambridge only a few years before.

Our work is about three miles away, in a communication trench to the front line; most of the work has to be done from the outside, for it is in very bad repair, but, bar stray bullets and an occasional burst of machine gun fire or sniper's work, it's not bad — the anxious part is taking the men up there when Fritz is sloshing shrapnel over all the cross-roads at dusk to try and catch working parties, reliefs and ration wagons. I'll try to give you a description of a typical night's work such as we do, each platoon on its own, so as to have as few men massed as possible.

The platoon lines up behind their dugout in single rank, and I give them a short inspection to check their tools and see that they have rifles, bayonets, bandoliers, and gas helmets, also steel helmets instead of caps, and rubber waders; then "Move to the right! Right turn! In single file — Advance!" and we move through the dusk, cross country for a bit; after a couple

of minutes I trip over a telephone wire to some battery or headquarters, and nearly break my neck. (They have just started shelling here again and I have now transferred to the dugout where I shall continue this till Fritz gets tired) and amid curses I yelp: "Signal wire here," and they pass down the line "Mind the wire!" and we trudge on, coming out on a road. We pass the first cross-roads unmolested, but the next is being searched with shrapnel, so I give "Left of the road, all, and keep near the ditch." — (Fritz was only trying the road for wagons — the purple marks on this are from the drips at the dugout entrance). — But luckily they stop to check their range or something, and we get by again. Then we cross a stream where there are some dugouts. — (Am again in dugout for Fritz has resumed). — and "'Alt, 'oo are you?" comes out of the dusk. "Coldstream Guards Pioneers," I sing out. "Advance, Coldstreamers," says the sentry, and I can just catch the glint of a bayonet by a road barrier. A little further on there are two cross-roads close together and we step out to get past quick, shortly after which we come to some exposed ground, and I pass back: "No more smoking." Then we go cross country again, but there is a new shell-hole since last time in the path, so "'Ware hole!" I say, and "Mind the 'ole" goes back along the line. (Back to the sooty messroom again.) We get on a road again after a bit and we're just round the last corner, when *peooooo-flang!* goes a shrapnel shell over the spot we've just passed and thankfully we plod on till we're challenged again near our dump, where I fall out a corporal and his section as carrying party to follow on with wood, sandbags, etc., for the work, and we go on along the road till suddenly *fst Bang!* goes one of those beastly things fifty yards away, and we take to the ditch, where we stay till Fritz has put over a couple more on or near the road, and when he seems to have done, we lead on. My sergeant comes running up from the rear and tells me Smith has been grazed on the back of the hand by a splinter, "but nuthin' bad, Sir," so I send Private Smith off with one of my

two stretcher-bearers to have it properly dressed at the advanced dressing-station with orders to rejoin unless detained by the doctor at our trench store. Finally we get into the trench and I heave a sigh of relief, for now it will be bullets only.

We work for six hours, some on the flooring of the trench, others outside, banking up earth or sandbags. *Ftack!* goes a bullet between one of the outside men and me just as I'm scrambling over to see what's doing. "Bad luck to ye, Fritz, ye bleeding swine!" says a man and calmly goes on with his work. Later a machine gun trying to catch a relief party starts humming and rat-tatting over our heads, and "Bob down!" says someone. But one or two are standing on the parapet heaving sand-bags, and can't be bothered, so I admonish them not to ask for it, but keep low till Fritz switches off.

Then I go up to the support trench to look up a friend in the —— Guards, who are holding the trench, and he gives me a drink and a bit of cake, and a warm-up over his brazier, likewise a cigarette; then I splosh back to see how the work is getting on, and the sergeant tells me the stretcher-bearer has rejoined but the man who got nicked has been told not to use his hand for a day or two, so he is waiting at the dressing-station till we pass on our way home. About 1 A.M. we have a general clean-up of the trench and stow away our material in a disused dugout, and then I say, "Get dressed" (which they gleefully do). I go to the head of the party, sending up word to my stretcher men to get ready to fall in in the rear from their shelter; then the sergeant behind passes up "All closed, Sir!" and we start home meeting a relief half-way to the third line, whereupon much tripping over each other's feet, catching in wire and cursing ensues (I've heard and used more bad language in that trench in a week than I usually hear in six months). Smith rejoins us as we pass the aid-post, having had a warm and cozy evening of it, and bar an occasional *bzzzz* of a stray bullet we go unmolested with an occasional challenge at barriers we get to the big town, when I pass back "Smoke!" and everyone lights up.

We get in round 3 A.M. and I have some cocoa and cold grub with the other officer (two up with their platoons on alternate nights) and then turn into my flea-bag on a cot made of rough boards and wire netting, to sleep, shells permitting, until 11 or so. Last night a division five or six miles away sprang six mines and then attacked at dawn, and as the guns took it up all along the line and kept it up all morning, my sleep was intermittent, but this is my night in. By the way, I'm in the dugout again with Peto, finishing dinner there, for Fritz is putting them over at ten-minute intervals, and we've popped in and out till we're tired.

I'm starting a young garden behind the hut, in case we stay long, and Elsa [his wife] is sending me flower and vegetable seeds for it. I hope a shell won't come and send my young carrots and radishes to glory. A private soldier who has been a fruit farmer does the heavy work for me, and my servant looks about for plants from ruined houses.

It is really wicked the way they have smashed up poor Belgium; ruins everywhere, churches particularly, and when digging or working, a corpse is quite a common thing to come across.

Of the writer of this letter the Colonel of his regiment might well say after Greene had fallen: "He was a volunteer in the very best sense of the word, as he came to us in the beginning of the war because he felt it his duty to do so. His spirit and work have been wonderful, and he has splendidly upheld our very highest traditions."

The elements of Greene's record in peace and war are woven into a fabric of a single texture in Mr. Morison's memoir:

Quincy Shaw Greene came of a stock noted for a combination of idealism and fighting qualities. His first American ancestor, Dr. John Greene, followed Roger Williams from Boston to the

more liberal atmosphere of Rhode Island, and founded the family known as the Greenes of Warwick, who have furnished many eminent soldiers to the colonies and the United States. Quincy's dark hair, swarthy coloring, and physical beauty came from the "black Batchelders" of New Hampshire, whose blood flowed in the veins of Webster, Hawthorne, and Whittier.

Quincy's grandfather, William Batchelder Greene (1819–78) of Boston, attended West Point, served in the Florida war, then resigned from the army and became the Unitarian minister at Brookfield, Massachusetts. He was interested in the Brook Farm and abolitionist movements, and argued for woman suffrage in the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention of 1853. His wife was an aunt of Colonel Robert Gould Shaw. In the Civil War Mr. Greene was colonel of the 14th Massachusetts Infantry, afterwards the First Massachusetts Heavy Artillery.

Quincy's father, also named William Batchelder Greene, was born at Brookfield in 1852. His mother, Sarah Sargent Austin, was descended from Elbridge Gerry, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and Jonathan Loring Austin, one of the prominent members of the patriot party in Massachusetts and a soldier in the Revolution. Quincy's parents settled in France shortly after their marriage, spending a winter or two in Dresden where Quincy was born, July 19, 1891, the youngest but one of six children. He was sent to the Chater School in Kent, England, when about ten years old.

His father died in 1904, when Mrs. Greene returned with the family to Boston, and Quincy was sent with his older brother, Gerry, to St. Paul's School. He entered into the school life with great zest, was an excellent athlete, a fair scholar, beloved by the masters and popular with the boys. I first knew him at the age of fifteen, when I took him on a short cruise along the Maine coast, the first of many sailing trips we enjoyed together. His orderliness and precision made him an excellent sailor, and his bright, artless humor, love for the sea, and buoyant spirits in fair weather or foul, made him an ideal cruising companion.

He took a keen interest in all things maritime, and in the summer of 1912 cruised in Newfoundland waters with "Pat" Sturgis.[1] Almost the last time I saw him was at San Francisco in 1914, when we spent many hours inspecting wind-jammers at the wharves. If the English navy had been open to Americans, I have no doubt Quincy would have preferred it to the army.

Quincy entered college with the Class of 1913, and went through easily in three years. He belonged to several undergraduate clubs, and took a keen interest in association football, then in its beginnings as a minor sport. Already a good French and German scholar, he acquired a taste for Spanish literature. Yet, to be perfectly frank, I feel that Quincy gave more to Harvard than he got. This was largely if not wholly the fault of the social group into which he fell, and which at that time set the pace for undergraduate life on the "gold coast." Although on the whole a clean, manly group of young men, their social conventions, to which Quincy's strong group loyalty made him defer, took the edge off his spontaneity and individuality, repressed his natural democracy, and discouraged his intellectual bent without deflecting it into any other channel. Consequently Quincy got little more from college than a good time, and graduated with no more definite idea of his vocation except that it must be among gentlemen, and preferably out-of-doors. He drifted, until the European war filled his sails for a final cruise. The intervening two years were spent largely in travel. Quincy found English people more congenial than the average American, and gradually evolved the idea of acquiring a ranch or plantation, preferably in the British West Indies, where he could combine pleasant society with out-door life, and be near his beloved ocean. For politics and economics, Quincy cared nothing. He subscribed to a Boston paper when spending a winter at Porto Rico, but read only the shipping news. Books like Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," and Captain Clark's "Clipper Ship Era," were his special delight; and he could discuss the

[1] Richard Clipston Sturgis, Jr. (Harvard, '05).

rigging of studding-sail booms or the sending down of topgallant yards with all the zest of an old shell-back.

The outbreak of war found Quincy in England. He decided at once to enlist in the English army. Quincy knew Germany well; he had spent a winter at Dresden before entering college, had kept up his membership in a Dresden athletic club, and retained several German friends: but he saw the issue clearly, and was never neutral for a moment. "I hate and abhor the doctrine that might makes right," was his simple way of expressing it.

In the confusion at the beginning of the war, a nondescript Anglo-American corps was formed at London, the members doing a little perfunctory drilling, and looking out for themselves, while waiting for the War Office to give them definite status. Quincy joined this corps with his friend "Wick" Draper,[1] but after weeks had passed without a decision, and the prospect of active service receded, he resigned. England had not yet awakened to the immensity of her task, and Americans were not wanted in army or navy. Returning to the United States, Quincy visited California, Hawaii, and Samoa, with the object of finding an opportunity to purchase a fruit ranch amid pleasant surroundings. Deep down in his heart he hoped that no such peaceful opening would be found, and it was not. The European war, and the feeling that it was his duty, being unmarried and financially independent, to do his part was always in the back of his mind. In the early spring of 1915 he returned to England with good letters of introduction which obtained for him a trial commission in the Coldstream Guards.

Quincy took at once to army life. Always a great reader of Kipling, the British Army and its way of doing things appealed to something deep down in his nature. He fairly ate up drill regulations, ceremonies, and all the minutiae of military life and discipline that fatigue the average civilian. His keen in-

[1] Wickliffe Preston Draper (Harvard, '13).

terest in the work, and quick mastery of it obtained him a commission much earlier than was expected; and before the end of 1915 he had been sent to the front as second lieutenant in the Pioneer Battalion of the Guards. It is worth noting that he expressly avoided renouncing his American citizenship.

From the close of 1915 to his death in action, Quincy was constantly at the front, except during the periods of convalescence from wounds. In one of these intervals he married Miss Elsa Flack of London, who bore him a son posthumously on May 22, 1918. Quincy had no illusions about the war. He found it a dirty and disgusting business, as he expected. But the pluck and cheeriness of the British Tommy was the constant theme of his letters. His brother officers have spoken warmly of his own constant cheerfulness and buoyancy under the most distressing circumstances. That victory was always a few weeks or months away was an illusion that he constantly cherished. It was less than eight months away on March 28, 1918, when his brave, simple soul took flight,[1] and his body was given a soldier's burial near the Ayette Bapaume road.

[1] Of the manner of his death, it should be added that he was shot through the heart by a sniper's bullet while going from G. H. Q. to the front line trenches, and died instantly.

LIONEL DE JERSEY HARVARD

CLASS OF 1915

BEFORE Lionel de Jersey Harvard entered Harvard College in the autumn of 1911 the name of Harvard had not once appeared on the list of students and officers of the University. It would not have made its appearance then but for a strange circumstance which has been related before but must be given again in this place, for

without it any account of Lionel Harvard's connection with Harvard College would be incomplete.

For several years before 1908 I was at work on the "Life and Letters of George Bancroft," published in that year. One day I found in the voluminous files of Bancroft's correspondence a letter written to him in 1847 by Edward Everett. Bancroft was then United States Minister to England, a post in which Everett had immediately preceded him. The letter requested Bancroft to seek out a Reverend John Harvard, a Wesleyan minister at Plymouth, and to give him a copy of Quincy's "History of Harvard University" and other volumes which Everett was forwarding to England for this purpose. There was nothing to show whether Bancroft succeeded in finding the John Harvard of 1847. It has since been learned that the books were duly delivered. But it occurred to me that even in 1908 it might be possible to ascertain whether any of his descendants, of the Harvard name, were still living in England. At about that time it happened that my friend, Mr. Louis A. Holman, of Needham, Massachusetts, was planning a visit to England, with antiquarian investigations especially in view. He acceded to my request to make inquiries in Plymouth about the Harvard family that had lived there many years before — with the result that he found his way in London to the house of Mr. Thomas Mawson Harvard, a son of the Plymouth minister, and entered into the friendliest relations with his family. The elder of Mr. Harvard's two sons was a boy in his fifteenth year, who particularly charmed and interested the American visitor. This was in 1908. After Mr. Holman had re-

turned to the United States with the report of a young Harvard, of marked promise, ambitious to attend a university, perhaps to enter John Harvard's college, Emmanuel, at Cambridge, he made the suggestion that the boy might be brought to the American college bearing the name of one of his own blood, though not a direct ancestor. A small group of alumni gladly made the necessary financial response to this suggestion. The outcome of an ensuing correspondence, conducted with untiring interest by Mr. Holman, not himself a Harvard man, was that Lionel Harvard landed in Boston just before the opening of college in the autumn of 1911. When I met him at Mr. Holman's house on his first evening in America, it seemed like the realization of a fairy-tale that the chance discovery of a letter written more than sixty years before should have had its results in this embodiment of English youth, poised, sincere, and charming.

The boy was born in Lewisham, London, June 3, 1893. His father, Thomas Mawson Harvard, of London, is a descendant of Robert Harvard, a contemporary second cousin of John Harvard. His mother, who has died since Lionel's death, was Maude de Jersey (Thompson) Harvard. A younger brother, Kenneth O'Gorman Harvard, was killed in action near Ypres, August 1, 1917. An older brother, John, had died long before the war.

When Lionel Harvard finished his preparatory studies at St. Olave's Grammar School, and St. Saviour's School, Southwark, where John Harvard had been a schoolboy before him, the family resources did not permit the fulfilment of his hope to enter Emmanuel. He accordingly went to work with a London firm of marine insurance

brokers. Finding in 1910, when the plan of his coming to America took form, that his English schooling had not prepared him to pass the examinations for entrance to Harvard, he returned to school for a year, and in June, 1911, took these examinations in London with success.

When he landed here three months later our local newspapers did everything in their power to spoil him, if he had been spoilable. His arrival and history were glaringly chronicled. One journal even offered him a handsome remuneration for the signing of his name to a weekly Harvard letter which somebody else was to write. His quiet response to a friendly warning against the dangers thus surrounding him at the age of eighteen was, "I did not come over for the particular purpose of making a fool of myself." Before he sailed from England his father had written to Mr. Holman: "I don't doubt that to President Lowell and to other responsible men at Harvard there is just a shade of anxiety lest a bearer of that name which they hold in such reverence should in any way fail to maintain its dignity; but I have no fear on that score, although I am as jealous for the name as anyone." From the very first the young man kept his head, and it proved an uncommonly good head to keep. In his junior year he won a First Boylston Prize in Elocution, and as a senior he was chosen to write both the class poem and the baccalaureate hymn. He did not take part in organized athletics, but his range of college interests was wide. He was a member of the Institute of 1770, the D. K. E., Hasty Pudding, and D. U. Clubs, the Signet, the University Glee Club, the Dramatic, Musical, and Cosmopolitan Clubs, the Social Service Committee of Phillips Brooks

House, the Chapel Choir, and the Memorial Society. In his junior year he was treasurer of the Musical Club, Secretary of the Signet, President of the Cosmopolitan Club; in his senior year, secretary of the University Glee Club, vice-president of the University Christian Association, and vice-president of D. U. In June of his sophomore year, 1913, he took the part of John Harvard in a pageant written by Professor George P. Baker to celebrate the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the building of Hollis Hall, and enacted in the rear of that building. If anything was needed to fix upon him the nick-name of "John" Harvard, this occasion provided it, and thenceforth he went his way through college under the appellation of its first benefactor.

For one so sharply separated by the accident of birth from all the other sons of Harvard, it would have been easy to make mistakes, if nothing more, which would have given the "John" Harvard of 1915 an unenviable notoriety. This bearer of the name not only avoided any such fate, but acquitted himself so creditably throughout his course that a few hours after his graduation he was called upon to address the assembled graduates of the College at the afternoon exercises of the Alumni Association. "I have had four years here," he said, "full to the brim of happiness. For all the kindness shown to me I can never say enough in gratitude, and when I say 'I thank you,' never was that word charged with more fervor." With these and other expressions Lionel Harvard met the strange ordeal for a member of the graduating class in a manner which caused the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* to declare, of his speech, that "its modesty, simplic-

ity, and sincerity were the crowns of a college career altogether unusual"; and further to say: "Two days after his graduation, he sailed for England to enlist in the army of his country. It is all of a piece with the devotion which the best young men of Europe are rendering to their flags, which our own undergraduates rendered so freely a half-century ago. Harvard has had good reason to be proud of her sons, but seldom more than of that son who bears her very name. Whatever may befall him, the romance and reality of his career must win him in peculiar measure the Godspeed of his fellow alumni."

It had been Lionel Harvard's intention to prepare himself for the work of a medical missionary, and this work would have been a fitting medium for the expression of his genuinely Christian character. But when he spent the summer of 1914 in England and made an unsuccessful effort to join the fighting forces of his country, he returned to the United States determined to try again so soon as his final year of college should be accomplished. Within a week of his reaching England, early in July, 1915, he accordingly enlisted in the Inns of Court O. T. C., and went into training at Berkhampstead. On the 11th of September he married Mary Barker, in London. In the same month he was gazetted to the Grenadier Guards. After five months of further training at Chelsea he went, in February, 1916, to Flanders, attached to the First Battalion of his regiment, then occupying positions in the Ypres salient. The Guards Division was later transferred to the Somme front. There he took part in the great advance, and on September 16 received a bullet wound in the chest at the taking of Les Bœufs. In November, 1916,

he was promoted to First Lieutenant, with seniority from January 26.

A letter from the front to his friend, Mr. Holman, dated July 3, 1916, speaks for the young soldier's spirit:

It is queer to think that a Class Day and Commencement have already gone by, and I've had a whole year of soldiering, and seeing nothing of my American friends either. Funnily enough, it was on the anniversary of our singing on the steps of Widener that night that my sergeant and I had a lively little brush with the Boche in No Man's Land!

But all along I've been awfully interested in all the Harvard news — in fact, all American news, that comes fairly frequently. Harvard seems to be getting very military with a regiment all her own — and very good it is, too, from all accounts. More and more men are coming over here in various ways. Only this week at least six fellows I know very well are sailing for the American Ambulance or else for Y. M. C. A. work in prison camps, etc. In the Brigade of Guards alone, you know, there are five Harvard men, and another is just transferring to the Coldstream from the cavalry.

As you will have been reading we have been annoying the Boche a good deal along our front, what with our nightly raids and the biff down south; and this spot here is among the liveliest. After big bombardments for two nights, though, everything is quiet enough this afternoon, and I am sitting out in the sun on an upturned box of bombs surveying a very peaceful scene. The horrors of war are represented by pestilential mosquitoes, and the only missiles coming anywhere near are chunks of dirt that some private soldiers are shying at the nimble rodents of the shell-holes. My back is leaning on the parapet, so in my foreground of vision is a dump of hurdles and trench boards; in the middle distance a vista of shell-holes, and a gorgeous setting sun in the distance. Two perfectly undamaged red poppies are rearing their heads on the brink of the nearest

shell-hole but one, so the scene might be described as eminently pastoral! You can get a bit of amusement from watching an air-fight which is peppering the sky with puffs a little way down the line, but it is n't near enough for the bits to come whooping down on top of one. All very different indeed to last night, when the battalion on our left made a raid, and the whole place was livid with a ghastly bombardment which one could watch fairly complacently, except for the few stray shells and the machine guns which came our way sometimes. . . .

A passage from a letter to another American friend, written June 19, 1917, after several months at home, is also significant.

The latest air raid over East London has angered the men out here almost more than anything else the Hun has done yet. Nothing can be imagined for more sheer diabolism and fiendish spite, as the airmen were too high up to be able to make any pretence at aiming for anything military and naval. When a crowd of mothers have to line up to identify seventy mutilated little bodies in the school playground, the men see red, if they never saw it in their lives before. Personally I think similar reprisals would be a terrible mistake, but public opinion is getting so strong that I doubt whether the government will be able to ignore it much longer. I hope to God we shall keep our hands clean from that sort of curse, but after all, in the face of such facts, one can't blame public opinion.

It was in June, 1917, that he rejoined his battalion in France. In July he was back at Ypres and took part in the taking of Pilkem Ridge and other important engagements. In the Cambrai advance he saw heavy fighting at Fontaine Notre Dame, and later in stemming the enemy's onrush when the British line was pierced. At home he had now, besides his wife and his parents, a son, Peter, to

think about. Early in December, 1917, he wrote from the front to Mr. Holman: "My family is splendid. My wife is well, and young Peter is developing heroic proportions and mastering all the arts of speech, locomotion, and mischief. I am hoping for leave early in the New Year." From that leave he returned in February, 1918, and was sent to the Guards Reënforcement Depot. Soon he rejoined his old battalion and was placed, as before, in command of a company. When the Great Offensive of March began he was in the front line at Arras. On March 30 his company was heavily attacked, and suffered many casualties. He himself was killed, instantaneously, by the explosion of a shell, and was buried in the French civilian cemetery of Boisleux-au-Mont.

His commission as captain, though dated before March 30, had not actually been granted before his death. One of his superior officers, writing to Harvard's widow a few days after his death, left no doubt that the promotion was well earned. "I knew him well," he said, "as we had been so long together in the battalion, though he was never actually my subaltern. Everyone recognized his great capabilities, and I knew him to be one of the most conscientious and fearless officers I have ever known. He commanded a company at various times with great success, and had he lived he was to have been made a captain in a few days."

One bit of the record of Harvard's relation with the College remains to be given. About a month after his graduation in 1915 he wrote to me: "I have never been able to find out who were the gentlemen who have been so generously looking after me in money matters whilst I

have been in Cambridge. It has been awfully generous of them, and I do appreciate it. You will tell them, won't you, how much I thank them. I hope I shall be able to repay the kindness of you all in many more ways than one."

There was only one — to lay down a life of rare promise, a life peculiarly embodying the joined sacrifice of England and America to the common cause. Thus he repaid all that Harvard gave him, and left, in overpayment, a fragrant and noble memory.

EDWARD HALE PERRY

Class of 1909

Edward Hale Perry, a younger brother of Gardner Browne Perry, '03, and William Graves Perry, '05, was born in Boston, January 23, 1887. His parents were Georgianna West (Graves) Perry and the late Charles French Perry, a Boston importing merchant with large interests in Argentina. He prepared for Harvard at Noble

and Greenough's School in Boston, and spent a year of travel in South America and Europe between school and college. At Harvard he was manager of the freshman crew, and became a member of the Institute of 1770, D. K. E., Hasty Pudding, and Phi Delta Psi Clubs. In the 1915 Report of his Class he gave the following account of himself:

In the fall of 1909 I returned to Cambridge to take up Mining Engineering, and received the degree of M.E. from the Graduate School of Applied Science in 1913. During this time the winters were all spent in Cambridge, except part of that of 1913 when I was at an iron mine in New York State, working on a problem in connection with the School work.

The summers of 1910–12 I spent in the West getting some practical experience in mining and geology. In 1910, after a trip through the Yellowstone Park and several weeks of geological work in Montana, I went to Goldfield, Nevada, where I got my first underground experience. This was as a mucker (shoveller) in the Goldfield Consolidated Mine. I shall never forget my first shift underground when I was given a shovel as my only companion and told to muck out several tons of ore before lunch. I almost gave up mining engineering then and there.

The next summer, after a few weeks at the Harvard Mining Camp in Vermont, I was in the assay office at the Copper Queen Mine at Bisbee, Arizona.

The first part of the summer of 1911, I spent at the Detroit Copper Mine at Morenci, Arizona, working as a timberman underground and later joined the geological force for a while. At Morenci I gathered material for a thesis on the disseminated copper deposits, and during September visited Ray and Miami, Arizona, and Bingham, Utah, for the same purpose.

Since June, 1913, I have been on the Secondary Enrichment Investigation. This is under the auspices of the American

Copper Companies, Harvard, and the Carnegie Institution of Washington, and takes up the geological study of nearly all the copper mines in this country to find out in each case as much about the ore as possible both from the scientific and the economic points of view. While on this investigation I have spent one year in the West, in Montana, Utah, Nevada, and Colorado, and one year in the laboratory in Cambridge. This work will continue until September, 1915, and after that I shall be doing geological work for some mining company in the West.

I am now a candidate for the degree of S.D. at Harvard and expect to come up for it next October.

Member: American Institute of Mining Engineers.

This record of a man's first six years out of college was a clear presage of achievement. A "Bulletin" of the American Institute of Mining Engineers for October, 1918, contained a biographical sketch which tells the same story, with the greater detail which a competent observer could supply, and carries the narrative to the end of Perry's life. It was written by Louis Caryl Graton, Professor of Economic Geology at Harvard, and is reprinted here almost in its entirety:

It might have been regarded as the natural thing for Perry, upon graduation, to choose a path that would lead to a business or professional career at home, but there were in his character a solidity, a horror of sham, a contempt for the "soft" things, and a love of the open which caused him to be attracted to a life of stern and sturdy reality. Accordingly, he entered the graduate mining school at Harvard, and received the degree of Mining Engineer in 1913. In the meantime, two summers spent in Western mining camps had attracted him particularly toward the geological aspects of mining so that the latter part of his course was directed definitely toward mining geology.

Because of his evident aptitude for geological problems, his

mental and moral integrity, and his boundless enthusiasm, Perry was asked upon his graduation from the mining school to join the staff of the Secondary Enrichment Investigation. This he did, giving his services without compensation, though relinquishing in consequence an attractive opening in the geological department of one of the large mining companies of the Southwest. For two years he was thus engaged in intensive geological study of the principal copper mines of the country. During this period, his scientific development and his growth in judgment and poise made a profound impression on those most closely associated with him. And the value of his efforts and his spirit in the work of the organization is beyond measure or recompense.

At the conclusion of the field work of this investigation in 1915, Perry joined Dr. Augustus Locke [Harvard, '04], who had been associated in the same research, and took up professional practice in mining geology. In this Perry met with instant and conspicuous success, winning as much by his personal force, his ready grasp of every phase of a situation, and his ability to bring men to his point of view, as by his conscientious study and keen understanding of the conditions of ore occurrence and his sanity in interpretation and recommendation.

Notwithstanding his unusual success in commercial work, Perry maintained, with keen relish and devotion, his interest in the scientific aspects of geology. With Dr. Locke, he contributed a paper on "The Interpretation of Assay Curves for Drill Holes." He sacrificed time and income in order to spend two or three months each year in continuing his special research upon the relations of rock alteration to ore deposition. His last days at home, even to his last hour before going to Plattsburg, were spent completing in outline the record of four years of study upon this subject, which Dr. Locke and the writer of this inadequate tribute to his memory will enjoy putting into final shape for publication, and which is certain to prove a noteworthy and valuable contribution to the science.

While Perry was in the midst of a professional engagement in Arizona, our country entered into the European War. He immediately advised his closest associates of his intention to enlist, and as soon as he could, with added help, complete the work then in hand, he came East and entered the Officers' Training School at Plattsburg, in May, 1917. In June, because of his technical training and experience, but particularly because of his application and ability, he was transferred to the Engineer Officers' Camp at Washington, and soon thereafter was commissioned First Lieutenant in the 6th Regiment Engineers, as reserve officer in charge of mining, sapping, and demolition.

Perry's work of instruction with his men won quick recognition and commendation. He was offered positions as instructor in this country, carrying with them higher rank than he could hope to reach in the regular army, but believing that his duty lay at the Front, he declined to consider them. He sailed for Europe in December, 1917. In January, Companies D and B were detached from the rest of the Regiment and, because of the ability of their officers, were brigaded with the 5th British Army and sent to Peronne to build heavy steel bridges over the Somme. While this work was going on, the Germans launched their great drive on March 21. For the ensuing few days it was the duty of the Engineers to stand by their bridges until the retiring British Army had crossed, and then demolish them. This they did, Perry and his platoon being the last to leave after the British Artillery had all passed. Then, on the 27th, these two companies joined that motley but determined and immortal band which General Carey, realizing the imminence of disaster to the entire Allied forces due to the crumbling and withdrawal of part of the British line, picked up and threw in to close the fast-widening breach. Lieutenant Perry had command of a section of the front line trench between Hamel and Villers-Bretonneux near the middle of this gap.

The energy and devotion which Perry put into his work as a

soldier, and the spirit and fine courage with which he faced and paid the Great Price,[1] may best be revealed by extracts from letters written to relatives by his associate officers since his death.

His fellow-Lieutenant of Company B wrote:

"I have never worked with a man who put as much spirit and energy into his work, and who inspired men under him, causing them to exert their best efforts to help a common cause.

"The officers and men who were privileged to know Edward feel that they have lost a true friend, and the men under him knew they possessed a leader of remarkable qualities, one who knew their wants and who cared for them before thinking about himself and his own comforts."

Perry's Captain said in part:

"During the previous months he was a tireless worker, never satisfied unless he was doing his own job and most of his neighbor's. In the early part of March, when we were on heavy bridging operations, he used to leave camp at 5 A.M. and return at 8 P.M. while two shifts of men worked under him; then he would spend a good part of the night on plans and lists of material.

"No officer in the regiment was so trusted and looked up to by the men; they gave him their money to keep for them, asked his advice on all sorts of affairs, and besieged me with requests to transfer to his platoon. In his ability to get work done by leading instead of driving, he had no equal. And as a friend and brother officer, he leaves an unfillable gap that is brought to our attention every day. He had been recommended for promotion not long before his death.

"He died as he had lived, helping others. It was Saturday, March 30. We underwent a good preliminary bombardment

[1] He was killed at Warfusée-Abancourt, defending the Bois des Tailloux, March 30, 1918.

followed by the infantry attacks, supported by heavy barrages. Our trenches were pretty poor, as we had to get underground at the same time that we were keeping Fritz out of the way, and the artillery smashed a good deal of our defenses. A shell had demolished a traverse in Perry's section of trench, killing four men. He was working in the gap repairing the damage with his own hands, when a bullet, probably from a machine gun in an enemy aeroplane which was raking the trenches, penetrated his skull.

"We all feel that his place in this organization, which he helped to build up, will never really be filled, but we draw what satisfaction we can from the circumstances of his death; as we must all go sometime, I know of no straighter, cleaner way than his."

Colonel J. M. Hodges, his regimental commander, has written:

"At a critical time during the German offensive in March, this organization was given a section of the front-line trench which was essential to the scheme of defense, and orders had been received that it was to be held at all costs. Lieutenant Perry was commanding a platoon of his company in the front line. He was killed instantly by a bullet through the forehead. At the time of his death, he was engaged in reconsolidating a section of trench that had been demolished by a previous bombardment and in arranging for the burial of his men who had been killed.

"Lieutenant Perry was an excellent soldier and an exemplary officer. I had always considered him as one of the best, if not the best, of the young officers of the Regiment. He had real ability and could be counted on for results. At the critical time he did not weaken; I saw him shortly before he was killed; his conduct under fire was splendid and an inspiration to his men. His loss is felt deeply by all ranks. Thanks to him and to others, who, like him, paid the full measure of devotion to

their country, our line was held until the critical situation in that vicinity was at an end. He died the true death of a soldier, with his face to the enemy."

As we now look back, it is easy to believe that this holding of the line of defense intact by General Carey and his men was a determining factor in the outcome of the war. To have played so important and noble a part in this vital effort as that taken by Perry is assuredly the privilege of few. Our lives, it seems, are like capital entrusted to us to be expended as wisely and effectively as we may. With them we purchase whatever of accomplishment the stuff that is in us permits. It is impossible to escape profound regret that a career so full of the highest promise, and a personality so overflowing with all that is fine and lovable, should have been cut short at the age of thirty-one. Yet who can doubt that in a few months Perry bought with his life the fullest achievement of a life-time — a glorious part in the salvation of Liberty and Justice and Decency, indeed of Civilization itself!

When this paper of Professor Graton's was written, it was hardly realized to what an extent the American Engineers who joined in checking the German advance must be regarded as volunteers. Nor was the scope of their work in the building of "tank bridges" across the Somme — bridges strong enough to bear the colossal tanks — and in the destruction both of these and of the engineering materials used in their making, appreciated to the full. It bore a relation of the first importance to the British retreat and to the ensuing stand by which the forces under General Carey averted an imminent disaster. A certain color is added to Perry's part in all this purely military work by the knowledge that during his time at

the front he interested himself both in forming Bible classes which his men attended with a keen interest and in organizing, with the aid of a local priest, an entertainment of "minstrels," greatly relished by the French peasants in spite of the fact that they could not understand a word that was said.

To the expressions of Perry's fellow officers, cited by Professor Graton, it is possible to add the words of soldiers who served under him. One of these privates declared, in the emphatic terms of the doughboy: "He sure was a regular little fellow." "He was of short build," said another, "very strong, light hair, a blond, was real of character and habits. He was never known to swear, and was liked by all, as he was just like a father to us all in the Company, even with his youngness." And they told of speaking to him just before his death: "When I told him how sorry I was, he replied, 'I, too, am sorry, Louis, but I am so proud of my boys.'" Still another reported: "His last words were to stay with the trenches and keep a sharp lookout. 'Don't let them come!'" Best of all was the testimony of the private who said: "He was the most gentle man I ever saw, and then at the front he changed and was every inch a soldier."

The Army's recognition of his heroic service at a critical moment of the war was expressed in the following citation:

First Lieutenant Edward H. Perry, Company D, 6th Engineers.

For Distinguished and Exceptional Gallantry at Abancourt, France, on 30 March, 1918 in the Operations of the American Expeditionary Forces.

In testimony thereof and as an expression of appreciation of his valor, I award him this Citation.

Awarded on 27 March, 1919.

JOHN J. PERSHING,
Commander-in-Chief.

A war certificate for the degree of Doctor of Science was awarded to Perry at the Harvard Commencement of 1918.

ROBERT BAYARD CUTTING

CLASS OF 1897

THERE is a singular aspect of unity in the record of the life and death of Robert Bayard Cutting: his work in the war was not a thing apart from all that had occupied him through the twenty years that followed his graduation from college, but the rounding out of a career of devotion to the welfare of others.

He was born in New York City, December 15, 1875, a son of Robert Fulton Cutting, distinguished both in affairs and in philanthropy, especially as President of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. His mother was Nathalie Charlotte Pendleton (Schenck) Cutting. As a boy he attended the Cutler School in New York and the Westminster School at Dobbs Ferry before enter-

ing Groton School, from which he proceeded to Harvard in 1893. In college he was a member of the Institute of 1770, Hasty Pudding Club, and Cercle Français, and took part in the work of the Prospect Union. He received his A.B. degree in 1897 *cum laude*.

The year after leaving college Cutting travelled abroad, in Europe and in Egypt. On his return he spent a year in a New York banking house, and then became an assistant master at Groton School, where he remained for three congenial years. At their end he entered his father's office in New York, and from that time forth devoted himself to affairs and to activities connected with social betterment. Work of this character took him for five months of 1910 to Hansford, West Virginia, and for some years from the formation of the Intercollegiate Civic League in 1906, he was its chairman and, subsequently, its treasurer. For his Class Report of 1917 he wrote: "Outside of business occupation my chief interest for the past few years has been the problem of feeble-mindedness. I am chairman of the New York Commission on Feeble-mindedness and treasurer of the National Committee on Provision for the Feeble-minded."

The form of help which Cutting felt that he could best render to the Allied cause when the United States entered the war was through the French Y. M. C. A., and in August, 1917, he went to France as an assistant organizer of this work. After some months he associated himself with the *Foyers des Soldats*, and before his death was transferred to the American Y. M. C. A. A fellow-worker in the *Foyers*, Thomas Amory Lee (Harvard, LL.B., 1913) who was with Cutting on his first night at the front, in a

camp at Suippes, has thus described the experience, and his companion:

As anyone who was in Northern France in the winter of 1917 will remember, it was bitterly cold, and that December night was no exception to the rule. Our accommodations were extremely primitive; and Cutting slept in the office, wearing of course practically all his clothing, and shivering under his meagre two or three blankets. I admired extremely the way in which he bore the hardships. He had absolutely no complaints to make of anything, and was full of praise of everything which could be praised. The next day or two after he came, we received a large number of the "Class of 1918," and they made things extremely interesting around the camp for a time. Cutting talked with a large number of them, and I think enjoyed meeting them very much. Quite a large number of them were young chaps from Paris with white hands and very good manners, and they in their turn admired Cutting's innate good breeding and courtesy.

Cutting left Camp "I" a day or two before Christmas and took charge of three small *Foyers* between Camp "I" and Châlons with his headquarters at St. Hilaire, as I remember. There he quickly learned the details necessary in the operation of the *Foyers*, and I have never known anyone who so quickly grasped the principles of their operation and the way in which the supplies were replenished from time to time, — which, by the way, was rather complicated. I heard much of his work after that, and had the pleasure of seeing him several times, the last time being in Paris only a short time before his death. He was of great value to the *Foyer*. Anyone who knew Cutting will realize how extremely well he got on with the French and how much they appreciated his appreciation of their point of view. He was an ideal headquarters man for negotiations with the French authorities, and could always achieve results which would seem impossible to another American. When I met him in Paris, he had just given up his three small *Foyers* and become

a headquarters man, where his really unusual talent for intercourse with the French might be used to its full extent. He had thought somewhat of going into the Red Cross, but upon being offered this promotion he gave up all idea of leaving the *Foyer*.

It was but a short time before his death at Chaumont, on April 1, 1918, from a sudden illness which proved a serious intestinal trouble, that he was transferred to the American Y. M. C. A. At General Headquarters one of his friends was Bishop Brent (Harvard, S.T.D. (Hon.) 1913) who wrote of Cutting in the following terms soon after his death. To the facts that have been set forth nothing but these words need be added:

If Robert Bayard Cutting could have foreseen the outcome of his service in France at the moment he set sail, I venture to think the knowledge would have added wings to his purpose. His unbounded admiration for the French, and his clear-sighted understanding of the issues of the great war would have thrilled him with pride at the thought of his mingling his dust with the sacred soil of France. I can imagine his saying some such thing as Rupert Brooke in his immortal poem:

> "If I should die, think only this of me:
> That there's some corner of a foreign field
> That is forever England. There shall be
> In that rich earth a richer dust concealed:
> A dust whom England bore, shaped, made real,
> Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
> A body of England's, breathing English air,
> Washed by the rivers, blessed by suns of home."

What Rupert Brooke felt of England and her contribution to France and France's cause, Bayard Cutting felt of America. He represented the highest type of American life. His sensitive nature and his fixed habit of self-depreciation tended to obscure

from the casual observer both the virility and the delicacy of his inner life. He was a man, through and through. He never spared himself the disciplines necessary to the preservation of high ideals. His unselfishness was of that genuine sort that never knew how deeply unselfish it was. In one of my last conversations with him he expressed fear lest his motives should be considered purer than they really were, though he added, with that honesty that was part of himself, that he did not wish to be guilty of false modesty.

A year ago, he was busy looking for some way in which he might use his opportunities and gifts in behalf of the nation and the cause which it had espoused. It occurred to him as being highly desirable to do something for schoolboys and those who were between the age permitted for enlistment and the draft age. He organized a conference of schoolmasters, which met at Lawrenceville to consider the subject, and which gave an impetus to an agricultural enterprise for boys during the summer vacation.

His loyalty to immediate duty had always held him in the home circle. His affection, whether in his family or among his friends, was a living fact, and all of us who felt it can but feel the poorer now that it has been taken away from us, so far as sight and sound are concerned. It needed a very strong call for him to leave the homeland, but France, and the need of France, did what nothing else could do. Being a fluent French scholar, he was equipped to render the service which the Y. M. C. A. was fortunate enough to enlist last fall. He felt that that personal touch with the French people would both satisfy his desire and also be the best way in which he could be used. For a time he was associated with the *Foyer* work. The last part of his life, he was with Dr. Benton as his associate, preparing for new positions of the Y. M. C. A. An offer had been made to him to work among refugees, which greatly tempted him. It was the personal touch with people in need that made the strongest appeal to his unselfish desire to serve.

I have been in constant correspondence with him during his time in France, and occasionally we met and discussed things. The news of his illness came to me at a time when I was within easy reach of the hospital to which he was sent. He entered on a Saturday (March 23d) with the expectation that he would be well and at work again in a few days. Alarming symptoms developed almost immediately, and on the following Wednesday he underwent a grave operation. He knew that the chances were against his recovery, and made all his preparations for death with a quietness that was magnificent. He felt and expressed great satisfaction that his suffering should come in Passiontide, and that he was thus able to mingle his pain with that of our Lord during the anniversary of Christ's agony.

On the night of Easter Day, when he bade me "Good-bye," he knew that his mortal life was over. The next morning, only the ninth day after he was received in the hospital, he closed his eyes in death. The following day we laid him to rest under the American flag, and sounded "Taps" above his grave, which nestles among those of an increasing number of Americans who have laid down their lives for their country, though none of them more gloriously or more really than Bayard Cutting. His last week on earth was triumphant from start to finish, and of him one can say without the least touch of unreality, "Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory?"

CHARLES HENRY BRENT.

G. H. Q., A. E. F.
April 23, 1918.

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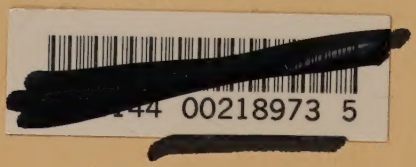

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